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FROM A MANCHURIAN NOTEBOOK

I. THE ADVENTURE OF THE RED-BEARDS

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I

I AM sitting in the quaint little office of our company in Harbin, the last important city of China before one steps over into Siberia. Personally, I should find it hard to think of facts and figures in an office which has for its outlook a curved tiled roof, with curious gargoyles and dragons holding on to the ridgepole. I am sure that in such a place as this I could not put a pin through my mind, sticking it down to business and a desk. It all tempts my fancy away to fairies, goblins, and such-like folk. Fortunately for me, I am the wife of the business man and not the business man himself, and my thoughts are free to wander.

This is an adventurous life we are leading. At present, my husband's work takes him all over the three northern provinces that make up Manchuria, and I go with him. This means that we roam from silent Siberia on the north to the Great Wall of China on the south, from Mongolia on the west to Korea on the east. Great Manchuria, at once the hope and despair of China! it is her frontier-land, and, as

such, with its potential possibilities, is the 'big chance' for the man crowded out of the other eighteen provinces. Mongolia and Manchuria are China's unsettled tracts, and are, between them, rich in all resources; therein lies her peril, for other nations are determined to get hold of this border-country. With each disturbance in her internal affairs, the foreign powers have wrested from her some new rights in these frontiers. Harbin, which I sit looking out upon, is half Russian; beyond the curved, tiled roofs, I can see the gold-domed churches of the Russians; they, and all that they signify, overshadow the city. From here, the Russians spread north and south over the land. All of Manchuria above the Amur River is now a part of Siberia, and to the south the Russians hold the railroad half-way through the province.

In the far southeast, on the Korean border, is the city of Antung; it, too, is no longer purely Chinese. Insinuating themselves among the substantial buildings of the natives, are the frailer Japanese houses. So does the Japanese insinuate himself into Chinese life, spreading his tentacles up from the

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south, farther and farther each year. Even now, his 'railway zone of influence' extends so far north that it touches that of the Russians. The little man from the tiny islands over the way wants, and intends to have, this splendid land. He checked the Russian advance, but there is no one to stop *him* and his greed knows no end. Ah, well, there is at least a little more time left to the Chinese before the Japanese bustle in and take possession, killing the personality of frontier China as they have ruthlessly killed native life and customs in Korea. While these days remain we shall roam here. For a little while we shall forget the greed of nations. To-morrow we leave them and their strife behind, for we are going to start for one of the real outposts of the world — even of Manchuria, which is an outpost itself.

From Harbin we go a day's journey up the Sungari River to Hulanho, where we drop all outside communications; then, by native cart, we travel due north to Peilintzu and on to Hailun over the great northern plain of Manchuria. A thousand *li* (over three hundred miles) by the slowest possible mode of travel, during the worst time of year, in a bandit-inhabited country: that is what such a journey implies. We shall present our passports in every important town, thus securing an escort of Chinese soldiers; but often the escort is small and the individual soldier none too brave. One never knows just what is going to happen next in this part of the globe; herein lies half the fascination of it — which confirms my suspicion that we are thoroughgoing vagabonds at heart.

In the early fall in Manchuria, the natives undergo a sort of magic change from farmer to bandit. It seems something of a psychological somersault — one day a plodding farmer, the next a highwayman. After the tall *kaoliang*,

or giant millet, is cut, and escape is not so easy over the bare plains, another clap of the hands and lo, a peaceful farmer once more! It is not only the farmer who plays this exciting game; many another staid member of the community has his little fling. Some even combine their rôles, differentiating according to the seasons. With the Oriental's disregard for conditions, a man is often bandit, merchant, and magistrate all at once.

The bandits are almost as old as the country itself. Long ago they disguised themselves with red beards, in consequence of which they have been called *hung-hu-tzu* — red-beards — ever since. Once they were orderly, trustworthy souls, taking only their 'just toll,' insuring ships and carts and men, and robbing only those who were too penurious, or possibly too independent, to pay the exemption fee. These bands had their insurance headquarters in the large towns, in the houses of many a leading merchant; and, as most of the Chinese regarded this blackmail as they regard taxes of any kind, to this day these merchants (if not their agents, who do the actual holding-up) move in the best Chinese society. But more and more, as Manchuria has become the borderland of various civilizations, the ordered ways of these brigand bands have grown disordered; countless farmers and unpaid soldiers have made themselves self-appointed members, until, along all the main grain ways, whether cart roads or rivers, the little red flag of insurance is now of no avail — every man's hand is turned against his brother. The confusion is made still greater by the influence of those bordering, so-called civilized, countries. It is whispered by those who know the inside of things out here that the Japanese furnish arms and encouragement to would-be Chinese robbers. The more disorder there is, the better the pretext for

Japan to extend her already extensive police district. Furthermore, we cannot be altogether sure that the escorts given us will not be in league with bandit groups. Strangely enough, in such a case they may prove the better protection. If soldiers who secretly belong to organized bands are appointed as escorts to foreigners, they warn the other members of their bandit group of the passport and its influence with the powers that be. It makes me feel that the gargoyles and the dragons outside have spirited me away to Alice's Wonderland — a higgledy-piggledy world where soldiers are outlaws and we seek their protection.

Like all true pilgrims, we start with light hearts and few possessions. A native cart is only an oak box with a rounded top, latticed sides, open front, and plank bottom. This structure, which, like Wendy's house, must have been measured just to fit (for it is exactly high enough and long enough for one person — if he be of medium size — to sit in), is set on heavy oak shafts. The shafts extend out in front, making a little platform for the driver, and in back, forming a place for the luggage. This substantial affair rests, exactly in its centre, without a vestige of springs, on a wooden axle, at the ends of which the great wheels turn. Of necessity, then, we curtail our living to the utmost simplicity: there is little room and less security for earthly treasure, for the springless cart jars everything into a more or less unrecognizable condition. Clothes jostle and rub until there are holes in them; bottles break, and crackers are often reduced to crumbs. After many experiments, we have finally made our baggage consist of a stout, seamanlike chest holding the minimum of clothes, a bedding roll, and a smaller chest in which we store away a few tins of meat, crackers, butter, and milk. For the rest of our food-supplies we must

depend upon the country; chickens, eggs, and rice we can always get, and there is no place in China, no matter how far afield you may wander, where you cannot get a cup of tea for a penny or two.

II

We left Harbin this morning on a little stern-wheel paddle-boat. To-night we are in Hulanho. The boat harbored all sorts and conditions of men: Russian peasants, Chinese frontiersmen, strange nomadic people, all journeying away from the confines of civilization. All day the boat, with its strange mixed load, paddled toward Hulanho. The banks, high as our heads, shut us in to the speculation of the crouching men, who filled every crack and crevice without regard to comfort. Those Russians — were they, perhaps, escaped exiles? Those squatting Chinese, silent and enigmatic — were they, any of them, members of the brigand bands that infested the region? Those nomads — like us, did they feel a restless spirit within, calling them to new country? Never had my fellow man seemed more interesting, more unfathomable. Why were we all there, and whither were we going? The inscrutable faces of the oriental throng gave back no answer; neither did the inscrutable, deep-blue sky full of marvelously white Manchurian clouds. Each man's secret remained his own, but the splendid sun shone over us all as we pushed slowly up the shallow river between the high banks.

We forgot home and kindred, we felt pagan — free; there stirred within us a sense of new life, yet strangely old — the free, wandering life rightly inherited by every man from the days when all the world roamed. Underneath the layers of modern convention, does not the wanderer's spirit lie hidden within us all? Has it not started into life at

unlooked-for moments, even when we walked a city pavement, or sat in a wholly business-like office, as the smoke of a bonfire reached our nostrils, or as we caught glimpses of night skies above tall buildings — awakening within us, for the instant, strange, restless cravings for a lost freedom? Here, with the modern world far, far away, a wild sweet spirit took possession of us. To-morrow will bring us to the long trail, the out trail, at last! And to-night I am sitting in a Chinese inn on a brick *k'ang* — a northern Chinese bed. I am writing by the light of a tiny lamp, and that of a luminous young moon, and one very brilliant star. Outside, the trail leads on, on into the moonlight; a dream-trail, a moon-trail, beckoning, enticing. Surely to-night we have touched the magic spring of the earth; earth-trail joins moon-trail.

To-day is to-morrow! The earth stirs and we wake with her, such is our close communion out here where the artificiality of our civilization is swept from us. We wake to quiet and a soft stirring breeze tapping on the paper window-panes; but as the sun rises clear of the horizon, the huge courtyard pulses with the life of a hundred journeyings. Settler and bandit and nomad start the day's business. The stir of departure tinges the very air. Even the carts look as if they were all of the same mind, anticipating the start. In a Manchurian inn there are two gates at opposite ends of the court — one where you come in, one where you go out. As the carts are never turned round in the inn enclosure, they bear now, as always, an expectant mien as they stand with their shafts toward the gate of departure. Mules and ponies and horses munch their grain at the rude stalls; servants pass with kettles of steaming tea; men and women are climbing into the tiny interiors of the 'Peking' carts; carters are harnessing their trains of

mules to the heavily loaded grain carts, one, two, three, and even four, one in front of the other. Mules and donkeys are braying, men are shouting; there is the habitual oriental bargaining and quarreling. We, too, join in the din of departure. Our two carts are soon ready. In one we store the extra baggage and the never-to-be-left-behind 'boy.' In the other my husband deftly piles sacks of grain, leaving just room enough for me to squeeze in and take a half-reclining position, with my feet almost touching the first mule's tail. A 'Peking' cart is an altogether fearsome thing to ride in, unless you are wedged in so as not to shake with each jar of the springless planks beneath you; but, as I have discovered, this same primeval vehicle, arranged by an old-time follower of the Chinese road, becomes quite an endurable means of travel.

I wriggled myself into the remaining space between the sacks, my husband swung himself onto one shaft, the driver let his long whip sing over the backs of the mules, sprang to his seat, and we jerked into motion. We rode from the thronging mules and men, through the great gate of leaving — jolting and bumping over its uneven sill, down into the ruts of the road. Our escort came riding toward us on horseback, and our procession of carts and soldiers passed from the single street of Hulanho out on the red-brown track, stretching away over the plains. We had left the other travelers behind, and we had the road to ourselves. I leaned back against the grain sacks, perfect peace possessing me, as I watched the ribbon trail ahead. There was such profound tranquillity all round us that we did not disturb it with a single word; it was the fulfillment of the restless spring striving, and amid this quiet plenty we rode on and on, without fret, without anxiety.

Nor did the little world-old villages

that we traveled through bring any bustling discord: there was the same peace and abundance. On the rounded tops of the brown mud dwellings lay great heaps of yellow corn, and through the open gates of the mud walls we saw, across the courts, strings and strings of red peppers hanging by the house doors. Now and then we met the very oldest form of cart — with the two wheels turning on a fixed axle; they were grain carts, now loaded with stalks of kaoliang, and we brushed their leaves in passing them on the narrow way, as the oxen pulled them slowly, slowly to their destination. The villages were empty now, for everyone was busy in the harvest fields; there were only a few old women drawing water at the wells or washing clothes in the stone troughs that stood near. During their age-long existence, all the villages seemed to have acquired a meditative calm. The wayside shrines with their smoking incense testified to the fact that there was time, even now in the harvest season, to worship the gods. In the open country we forded streams, and we drove through the high-standing grain and the low-growing beans. We watched the naked men working with implements of Abraham's time, and the women in bright-red trousers and blue upper garments gathering the grain into bundles, and the little children following behind, making a last gleaning of the ground in order that nothing, not even the smallest kernel, should be lost. Over us all the marvelous northern sunshine poured steadfastly, hour after hour.

At last, the morning with its simple scenes had slipped away, and we stopped to eat at the side of the way. It was the usual inn — one long room with the two k'angs, or brick platforms, running parallel down the longer sides, and the rafters blackened with the smoke from the braziers. It was cool and emp-

ty just then, so we sat cross-legged on one of the k'angs, eating our tiffin of coffee and eggs from the low k'ang table, polished and black with the feastings of travelers unnumbered. As our 'boy' came and went, lifting the bamboo curtain at the door, we caught glimpses of the heated, glimmering air of noon. Over the inn court there was now no bustle of leave-taking; everything drowsed in the noon-day. The two-wheeled carts rested on their backs, their shafts high in the air; the mules munched and munched in ruminative content. The carters lay asleep in curious oriental attitudes on benches as wide as my hand. Stretching ourselves on the matting on the k'ang, in the same untutored simplicity, our bodies and spirits loosened their hold on the actual, and we too slept. We woke at last, feeling the hard brick beneath us. It was mid-afternoon!

'Boy! boy!' we called, tumbling off the k'ang. (When in trouble in China, always call the boy.) 'You no belong proper boy. You have sleepee. Plenty piecie hung-hu-tzu kill two gentlemen, night time no have catchee place sleep.' (When you wish to vent your anger in China, vent it on the boy; that is partially why you have him — to be the scapegoat.) In answer to our wrath, the boy sat up sleepily. We hustled him, we hustled the carters. We were thoroughly aware now of the danger, for the inns are far apart in this region of Manchuria. But with all our hustling no one else hustled. Finally, remembering the fate of him who hurried the East, we forebore; but not being able to become altogether passive, we paced up and down, up and down — after the fashion of the West. In due course of time — according to the oriental mind — the mules were harnessed, the baggage in place, and we drove leisurely forth, our fellows stoically calm, we impatient.

But a little way, and the care-free spirit of the open road once more controlled us. We walked hand in hand, we sat on little hillocks awaiting the carts we had outdistanced, we felt the glee of escaped children; the day seemed a stolen day from some other existence when life was made up of roving. At last we were tired, and climbed into the cart and lay against the musty-smelling grain sacks. We were silent again; the dusk settled down, a revivifying moment when there seemed a vapor of spiritual life hovering over the earth. So we journeyed until twilight deepened into night, and the stars and the moon came out. Late in the evening, the carters drove their tired mules through the shadowy gateway into the moon-lighted inn-enclosure. We were late indeed! Fifty or more carts and two hundred travelers were ahead of us. Looking into the one common room, we saw that the two k'angs were crowded with sleeping humanity. We thought with horror of such a man-filled night after the spacious world we had lived in all day, so we made a bed of straw in the cart and lay there, close together in silent companionship. It was a solitude made perfect, out there with only one's mate, the animals, and above — the sky and the moon.

III

The next day a new life seemed stirring; the farther we went, the younger it seemed to grow. The methods of work in the fields and villages were as much of the past as they had been on the previous day, but the mud dwellings often looked new. We were touching the frontier, where men, mostly from the overcrowded provinces of Shantung, with more vision and initiative than their fellow townsmen, had come for their 'big chance'; and they were getting it! The crops were bumper ones;

the grain-towers of spiral matting that could be made high or low according to the amount of grain to be put in them, stood up high above everything else in the landscape. The men in the *hongs*, with whom we talked business, cared nothing at all for a small commission; they were used to realizing twenty and thirty per cent on their money. At noon we found our inn was brand-new — a new inn in China! The words clash to the point of absurdity. One says inn, and at once the vision of a black and age-old interior rises up before one. But there the impossible stood, with the hoops of red cloth — the infallible sign of the Chinese hostelry — swinging gayly in the breeze before the door. We entered, to find shavings on the floor, and the whole place as clean as a Dutch hearth. Furthermore, the entire town was new. The inn-keeper was a Shantung man, driven out of his own province in a year of bad crops. That was two years ago, and this year he was building a complete village, bringing men and women from his old home to people it and work for him. He and his creation were the epitome of this life, young and vital, yet even now, in its beginnings, old with the inherited traditions of the East.

Now we perceived that each day more of convention and its ways was slipping from us. We had our regular rations of crackers, eggs, and a cup of coffee — just one cup apiece, for the tiny pot that fitted into the food-chest would not hold more than two cups. That ended the eating question. We wore thin shirts and khaki trousers — just alike. That ended the clothes question. We forgot the strivings and cravings of the world, as we count it, in this country whence our civilization had so utterly vanished. We grew to want little and to know no haste. The days came to us with more and more elemental meanings, elemental appeals,

On the fourth day we reached Peilintzu. The life of the Orient surged in the streets with all its overpowering force. It was evening. From the latticed sides of the cart, as we rumbled along, I watched the dim city. The soft flickering lights threw into relief the elements of the primitive, existing everywhere, and now daily becoming a part of us. In the dark huts open to the streets, bean-oil lamps flared and flickered above families bending low over their evening meal. With bowls held to their mouths, they ate eagerly, with original, elemental hunger. In the shops were men naked to the waist, their brown bodies glistening in the light; and all the streets were crowded with vendors striking their cymbals, shouting their wares. Beggars in sackcloth and dirt limped, and groveled, and whined, holding out begging hands and raising their voices for alms, alms. High above these noises and above the creaking of the cart-wheels, came the shrilling, barbaric music of the one-stringed violins playing the wedding guests into strange, unnamed moods, and of the pounding tom-toms beating forth the wailing mysteries of death. Before our eyes, in naked simplicity, was the drama of existence which we, in our civilization, veil and disguise and ignore — the rude joy over food, the ugliness of want, the passion of love, the uncontrolled sorrow of death. In the summer night, feasting and want, love and death, all lifted their voices.

And again we passed through the shadowy gateway of the night's stopping-place, into the court with its moonlighted roof and its quiet, munching beasts. Day by day, night by night, this primordial existence was piling up its experiences within us. Life surcharged with rudimentary meanings was calling us more and more insistently to live as profoundly as we could.

But we had yet to touch the very heart of fundamental things.

We stayed a day in Peilintzu, for my husband had work to do and we must present our passports at the *yamen* (the official house and office). We were not at all sure we should be allowed to go on. From Peilintzu to Hailun was the stretch of country reputed to be full of the bandits. We spent the day in the hongs and prowling over the city. The one-storied mud buildings, baked brown by the northern sun, made the place look like an encampment of gophers. There were no pagodas, or temples, or even a city wall, to break the stretch of rounded roofs — only the high-standing grain-towers of fresh matting, which spoke of business prosperity. But for some reason Peilintzu was quite as fascinating as the more characteristic Chinese cities with their beautiful walls, half-ruined temples, and pagodas. Perhaps its charm was the freedom of the plains, of which I caught glimpses beyond the brown city; perhaps it was the daring, almost lawless, freedom of the pioneer inhabitants.

The market street was the most surprising thing of all. Away out here, where we felt as if we had come to the jumping-off place of the earth, — here where a white woman had never been, — we found a market-place as busy as Wall Street, though altogether Eastern. The long street was full of carts and mules and pack-donkeys, of buyers and sellers and money-changers. Fortunes were made and lost on that street, in grain and the great gamble in beans. Here, where man made no pose, I began to realize how ruthless business is — how innately it pertains to the savage instinct of struggle for food and shelter.

When I entered the hongs, I could scarcely comprehend the large investments with twenty and thirty per cent

returns, the very air was so pervaded with the enervating, idle ease of the wealthy Eastern gentleman. We all but stumbled in the dark rooms heavy with smoke and the odor of incense. Vassals, whose duty it was to serve every whim of those oriental business men, stood on every side. A crowd of them always ushered us into the inner offices, where sat the managers amid the dust-covered ancestral tablets and the paper panes of the sealed windows. One retainer would bring us tea, one water-pipes. Then there was always a modern touch—one would offer us British American Tobacco Company cigarettes. The smoke of Western business had penetrated even into the inner sanctuaries of these hong.

In the late afternoon, just after we had returned to the inn, the head official of the town came to see us. He was a little sawed-off Oriental, clad in Chinese clothes and a derby. We were indeed honored, for we were only merchants—and business is not one of the time-reverenced occupations here. Farmer and scholar and official stand above the merchant. After much Eastern politeness, he told us that he thought we could go on, and that he would give us an escort of two soldiers! We could have blessed the absurd little man in the long gown and derby, who put his pride in his pocket—or more correctly, as he was a Chinese, up his huge sleeve—and made going on possible for us, for we wanted with all our hearts to see the country ahead.

IV

Promptly on time the next morning, our escort appeared riding bravely up the street, their rifles over their shoulders. They were literally covered with bandoliers—one had two hundred rounds, the other a hundred and fifty. Thus we started prepared for battle,

but the day passed without event, in the same quiet as the previous days. We were not safe yet. We should have reached Hailun that night, but a rain, the evening before, had softened the roads, which were no more than paths through the fields, until our heavy wheels sank deep into the sticky mud, turning more slowly than ever. We strained our eyes into the gathering dusk for some sign of Hailun, but in vain. Had we known it, Hailun was many *li* away. Although Chinese carters have been over a road innumerable times, they can scarcely ever tell how near you are to your stopping-place. They will say you are ten *li* away, but at the end of the ten *li* they will tell you—without seeing the incongruity of it—that your destination is still not ten, but twenty *li* farther on! Why should you wish to know? they evidently wonder; it will not get you there any sooner. Just plod on and on, and by and by, if Fate wills it, you will be there. That is all there is to it. Why discuss it?

As we drove farther and farther in the dim September twilight, the mere physical needs, food and shelter, became the most important things on earth. Hailun was, to us, but a mirage of bodily comfort, forever in the distance. Cart-tired, weary beyond all expression, the whole blessedness of living was bed, and food, and safety. Our uncouth mule-drivers, who had known no other wants in all their existence, were not more single in their desires, this night, than we. Around us lay the land in perfect peace. The tall kao-liang rustled its corn-like leaves about us. Higher than a man's head, higher than a man on horseback, it stood, of fering shelter. We cried out to claim its protection, to stretch ourselves in the cart and sleep! But we knew with fear—instinctive fear like that of the natives—that the high grain could also

make safe the escape of marauding bands. There was no protection to be hoped for from the peaceful earth. Man had despoiled it, and to man we must look for help. At last we came to a little make-shift inn, but there was no room for us and it had begun to rain! But in a smaller building, where wheat was stored within the inn enclosure, we slept on top of the grain-sacks — man and woman of the West, carters and soldiers of the East.

There is no delaying, in the morning, on the Chinese road, for the carters are early astir and they see to it that you have no rest, until in desperation you, too, get up. So, despite the night's experiences, we made our tiffin place next morning by nine o'clock. So said our watches, and the sun, so far as we could tell, agreed with them. Having quickly disposed of our coffee and eggs, we pushed on to one of the many small rivers we had been continually crossing. As usual, the ferry-boat was on the other side and the boatmen were eating their *chow* and refused to hurry. Our escort, exceedingly wroth at such an indignity — as they reckoned it — to their distinguished selves, fired off their guns a couple of times. It was a fine display of empty authority, but, at any rate, we did not have to wait longer: the ferry, as we grandly called the mud-scow (with boards across the hold for the cart-wheels to rest on), slowly worked across the river by means of poles. For once, the carts rolled aboard without their wheels slipping off the narrow planks that led to the boat. For once, the mules behaved as if ferrying was the greatest joy of their lives, stepping demurely into the prow, scorning the very thought of skipping gayly into the kaoliang at the moment of embarkation, as we had known them to do. So we were quickly aboard, keeping well in the stern to avoid the mules' heels, — and across we went.

Then we started to climb. After going steadily upward for about an hour, we came out on the northern plain. It looked for all the world like 'the land east of the sun and west of the moon' of the folk-tales, a great never-to-be-forgotten country, vast and rolling, and, as far as one could see, covered with crops of all kinds — kaoliang, beans, corn, buckwheat. The oats and wheat had already been harvested, leaving large patches of rich brown earth. Here and there on the huge expanse were scattered groups of four or five mud houses. The productiveness and the immensity of that plain held us enthralled. It was as if we had stumbled into a mythical land, where things grew of their own accord, where there were not men enough to gather in the abundance, where nature appeared graciously to dispense with man and the sweat of his brow. The Manchurian sunshine, that glorious potion, fell like golden wine over those boundless stretches. Faint was our Anglo-Saxon heritage; we were lost to all but the long vagabond days, the simple living in inns, the carts bouncing along over the roads. Around us was the shining air; within us the love of the open way. We had inherited the earth! There it lay!

Then suddenly, from the quiet road ahead, a cloud of dust arose. As we strained our eyes to see, there came riding out of it three or four men. Each man was pulling after him by leading straps a number of animals: that much we could see.

'Heavenly mud!' cried my husband, shading his eyes with his hand, 'they're riding hell for leather. Something's up!'

Now we were near enough to understand their shouts: —

'Hung-hu-tzu lai — Hung-hu-tzu lai!' (The red-beards are coming! The red-beards are coming!) 'They are fighting

— ten *li* off — at an inn — they are chasing us — to get our horses — Hung-hu-tzu lai — Hung-hu-tzu lai!

'For God's sake, hurry!' cried my husband, fairly lifting me on to the high shaft of the cart and jumping after me — we had all been walking. The carters jumped to their places, simultaneously making their long whips whistle and crack in the air. Down they came on the mules' backs. The carts sprang forward with a terrific bounce. The escort were urging their horses and loading their rifles. 'Have your revolver ready!' my husband shouted to me, as he slipped his own out of his belt. It was a wild ride! Across the fields! Through the kaoliang! Over the beans! Behind and amongst us the frightened bearers of the news, their horses and their mules! On, on, over the furrows, plunged our clumsy train, the carts rocking until it seemed they must tip over. All around us the terrified men yelled savagely, and the whips hissed and whizzed. Behind, steadily getting nearer, a cloud of brown dust!

Nearer came the cloud of dust. We knew the full meaning of it. With painful vividness there flashed through my mind something they had told us in Harbin of a traveler in this country who had left his fellows, one day, to go on alone; the next morning they found him stripped of all his possessions and of his life, too. There lay the beautiful earth spread out like a feast before us, but from us, too, as from him, might go the sun, and the wind, and all the earth. I clutched more firmly my revolver. I heard the strange horsemen yell: 'A hundred in the band!' How slowly we moved! How they gained on us!

On over more beans, through another field of kaoliang we went. Suddenly, right in front of us, hidden until now by the tall grain, stood a walled-in farmhouse. We sprang to the ground. We

hammered frenziedly on the door. Would they, oh, would they, let us in? Already the brown cloud was resolving into a mass of men, furiously riding! Still they delayed within. We could hear the farmer-family talking — they thought *we* were the bandits! Precious moments were passing. Bullets were now going 'phut!' in the dirt around us. Hope was all but gone when, through a loop-hole, some one within spied us — the foreigners! Then they knew and opened their gates! Horses, mules, men — we all whirled into the court, swept on by the overwhelming instinct to live. The great doors swung to behind us, the heavy wooden bars clattered into place. We were safe!

In the courtyard of that far-away farm-house we waited, our hearts beating fast with the fear and the joy and the vision of that ride. Only a short time had passed since we had been idling along the road, but in those wild moments our souls had been saturated with the pure instinct of self-preservation. Our Anglo-Saxon world of possible conquests, possible possessions, possible fame, had been shown to us as mere trappings. In one revealing flash we had seen the beauty of naked existence, had been mad with the desire for life. It was not the sordid struggle to keep body and soul together that takes place in our own present-day civilized cities; it was the exaltation of a race for our lives amid the glowing abundance of the clean earth. That moment, surcharged with primitive vitality and vividness, had erased from our souls all the pallidity, the colorlessness, of past conventional experience. At last it had been given to us to throb with the pulsing heart of the elemental! Through it, we felt life's profound significance. Some things are made known only to vagabonds. In the open world, far away from the bustle and blinding competition for conquests, possessions,

and fame, we had tasted living in its essence.

We had little notion how long we should have to stay with the farmer and his family. The remainder of the bandits who had followed the horse-owners would probably not attack us behind high walls, unless they were reinforced. Perhaps we might go on in the morning, but there was no certainty of it: all depended on the bandits, for we dared not go on, with an escort of two, until that band of a hundred was accounted for.

My husband paced the court, his eyes full of light. 'This business is surely an exciting one,' he exclaimed half anxiously, half exultantly. The husband in him was anxious, the vagabond exultant. But both of us being largely vagabond, we dismissed care and entered with zest into the joys of our forefathers, into the game dear to all when the world was young — the game of what will happen next.

No siege was attempted that night, and gray dawn found the soldier of the last watch asleep by the loop-hole. We hoped that the Red-Beards had decided that it was better not to molest us. After much discussion, we concluded that we would wait until noon and then, if there was no sign of the bandits, we would risk going on. All the morning we watched and scouted in the immediate vicinity. No robbers appeared,

but neither was there a single traveler venturing forth on the road.

Nevertheless, at noon we started forth, with one soldier ahead, and one behind the carts. I sat inside our vehicle with my revolver loaded, watching the way ahead, while my husband, in order to see above the rounded top of the cart, stood on the narrow space in front, where he usually sat, and watched for sudden attacks from the rear. The road was deserted; no one else dared make the attempt to push forward. Evidently the historic Red-Beards were still about.

But by and by, when the tension was getting well-nigh unbearable, for me at least, we began meeting carts coming from Hailun. At any rate, traffic was being resumed.

'Greetings of the road,' we called out in Chinese; 'what of the Hung-hu-tzu?'

'Soldiers have gone out, caught some and shot them,' was the laconic answer.

We rode on until we could see distinctly, in the fading evening light, the low mud dwellings of Hailun. Crowds of people were standing on the house-tops. Coming through a field of kao-liang, in the twilight silence we saw, hanging from the branches of a tall tree, the bloody heads of the bandits.

[*Mrs. Tisdale's next paper will recount her adventures in a cart journey over the frozen Yalu. — THE EDITORS.*]

GREAT BRITAIN'S SEA POLICY

BY GILBERT MURRAY

I

An article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for October by Mr. Arthur Bullard has set me thinking. It was hard to classify. It was not exactly pro-German. Most of its general sentiments were unexceptionable. It did not seem to be written in bad faith. Yet it was full of sneers and accusations against Great Britain which almost any candid reader, who knew the facts, must see to be unfair. I did not know what to make of Mr. Bullard till at last there came across my mind an old description of a certain type, the second-best type, of legendary Scotch minister: 'In doctrine not vara ootstanding, but a Deevil on the moralities!'

Mr. Bullard's general doctrine is fair enough. There have been two types of foreign policy in Great Britain, one typified, if you like, by Lord North or Castlereagh or Disraeli, a type which concentrated on its country's interests and accepted the ordinary diplomatic traditions of old-world Europe; the other typified by Fox, Gladstone, Campbell-Bannerman, Bryce, which set before itself an ideal of righteousness and even of unselfishness in international politics. Both parties made their mistakes; but on the whole the

¹ Mr. Bullard's thesis, which he argues in interesting detail, is that America feels herself in natural accord with British Liberalism, but that the foreign policies of the Coalition Cabinet are imbued so largely with old Tory spirit that little hope at present exists for cordial relation between the two nations of English speech. — THE EDITORS.

Liberal movement in British foreign policy is generally felt to point in the right direction, and its record forms certainly a glorious page in the general history of civilization. Mr. Bullard, speaking as an enlightened American, is prepared to befriend, or at least to praise, Great Britain if she walks in Liberal paths, but intends to denounce her if she follows after Lord North. For example: he denounces the policy of the Boer War, but he praises warmly the settlement which followed it in 1906 under the guidance of Campbell-Bannerman, Asquith, and Sir Edward Grey. 'The granting of self-government to the defeated Boers will always rank as one of the finest achievements in political history.' This is all sound Liberalism, and I accept every word of it.

There is nothing peculiar, then, about Mr. Bullard's doctrine; it is only when he applies it that one discovers his true 'deevilishness on the moralities.' His method is to ask at once more than human nature can be expected to give, and then pour out a whole commination service of anathemas when his demands are not complied with. He begins, as it were, by saying that all he expects of Mr. X—— in order to love him is common honesty and truthfulness: we all agree and are edified. Then it appears that Mr. X—— once said he was out when he was really at home and busy. The scoundrel! A convicted liar, a man who has used the God-given privilege of speech for the darkening of know-

ledge! How can Mr. Bullard possibly be friends with such a man?

To take one small but significant point first. Mr. Bullard, like most people, sees the need of continuity in foreign policy, and the great objections to a system in which a new government, or even a new influence at court, may upset a nation's course. But he does not see that such continuity implies some sort of compromise. A continuous foreign policy in a country governed alternately by Foxites and Northites is possible only if both parties abate their extreme pretensions. And Mr. Bullard, if I read him aright, expects it to be continuous Fox. As a matter of fact, we have had lately a continuous foreign policy in Great Britain, because Grey, while moving always as best he could toward arbitration, equity, and a 'cordial understanding' with all powers who would agree to it, was felt also to be keenly alive to his duties as the steward of a great inheritance.

But let me begin, as an Englishman, by seeing what Mr. Bullard thinks of us. We have apparently started by 'a wholesale repudiation of legal restraints.' We have 'decided that there is to be no sea law.' Consequently we have 'alienated neutral sympathy more gradually, but more surely than the Germans.' And this alienation, we are led to suppose, is not mainly because of any selfish annoyance on the part of neutrals whose interests are crossed; it is just their high-minded disapproval of wickedness. They are all just as deevilish on the moralities as Mr. Bullard is. Naturally, however, they dislike our 'brusque denial that nations with smaller navies have any voice in defining the law.' 'The Sea-Lords have decided what they would like to do, and His Majesty's Privy Council has announced that that *is* the law.' In English opinion and action

'Might makes Right' — this phrase is constantly repeated. We are always 'hitting below the belt.' And lastly and most explicitly, 'The scrap of paper on which Great Britain had promised fair play at sea is torn up!'

I leave out certain passing accusations of hypocrisy and proceed to examine the grounds for this invective.

II

'The scrap of paper on which Great Britain had promised fair play at sea is torn up.' By the 'scrap of paper' Mr. Bullard means the Declaration of London; and he knows perfectly well that the Declaration of London was never passed into law, never accepted either by Great Britain or by any other nation. It is simply untrue to say that we promised to observe the Declaration, or that that document has in any way been violated, since it never was law. Mr. Bullard himself gives most of the facts; so it is apparently just for fun, or in the joy of rhetoric, that he writes such nonsense as this.

The Declaration of London was an attempt to codify and improve the traditional rules of warfare at sea, which have always been very fluctuating and uncertain. It was due largely to Sir Edward Grey. He summoned the chief maritime nations to a conference on the subject in December, 1908; the conference sat for less than three months, and in February, 1909, made a report which was embodied in the Declaration of London. It was greatly discussed and eventually rejected in the British Parliament. It was not, I believe, even proposed anywhere else. As a matter of fact, the Declaration did not fully satisfy any one. It was certainly a move in the right direction, but there were two large objections to it. First, many international lawyers — Professor Holland was one of them

— considered that it had been drawn too hastily and was not a satisfactory legal code. Secondly, its desirability or undesirability depended partly on certain large political problems which were obscure in 1909. They are anything but obscure now.

To take one point only, the one that specially affected Great Britain. We were then in the midst of our long negotiations with Germany for a reduction of armaments and a cessation of naval rivalry. The Liberal policy was, in general, to conciliate Germany by every possible concession that could be made without fatally weakening ourselves or betraying the rest of Europe. For example, we deliberately kept our army very small, to prove that we intended no aggression. On the other hand, we could not give up our naval superiority because we are an island power; and, if we were once defeated at sea and blockaded, we could all be starved to death or submission in a few weeks. The Germans, on the other hand, objected to our naval superiority on a number of vague or inadmissible grounds (e.g. that 'the German eagle was lame of one wing so long as her fleet was not as powerful among other fleets as her army among other armies'), and on one that had some shadow of reason. They objected to having their very large mercantile marine at the mercy of Great Britain in case of war. Consequently it was worth our while, if we could thereby avoid war and secure good relations with Germany, both to abandon the right of prize and, in general, to cut down the rights of a power commanding the seas in such matters as blockade and contraband. (When I say 'rights,' I mean practices claimed as rights by ourselves and others when in command of the sea during war, though often disputed or denied by other powers, or by the same powers in a different situation.)

That is, we, as the power commanding the seas, were arranging to give up certain traditional advantages for the sake of getting a better code of sea-law universally recognized, and in particular for the sake of ensuring the good will of Germany. What happened? In the first place the proposed code turned out to be unsatisfactory and was not adopted by any single nation. In the second place, instead of responding to our overtures of good will, Germany sprang suddenly at the throat of Belgium and France and drove us into war. And Mr. Bullard coolly assumes that we ought to put in practice against ourselves, in war, the code which no nation had adopted and which had been meant as a concession to avoid war! And not only that. I can conceive a sort of visionary, like Edward Carpenter, arguing that such an angelic example would have softened the heart of all nations and made them hasten — I will not say to help us, but at least to write us some most flattering obituary notices. But Mr. Bullard takes quite another line. He thinks we are thieves and scoundrels and tearers up of treaties, because we did not so penalize ourselves!

What we did was to announce at the beginning of the war, as a guide to other nations, that, though we did not of course accept it as a code, we should in general and with some deductions follow the lines of the Declaration. This seems to Mr. Bullard worse than nothing: it seems to me about the best thing that could be done in the circumstances.

III

But here Mr. Bullard has a very cunning point to make. It has been made also by Professor Lizst. He knows and admits that the Declaration was never ratified and had no legal force. But he points out that, both in

inviting the other nations to the conference and in recommending the Declaration when it had been framed, authoritative persons explained that the purpose of the whole proceeding was 'not to legislate but to codify.' 'We obtained recognition of the fact,' says Lord Desart, 'that, as a body, these rules do amount practically to a statement of what is the essence of the law of nations.'

Consequently, argues Mr. Bullard, to repudiate the Declaration, even if it was never ratified, is to repudiate the essence of the law of nations.

A clever piece of trick argument. What is the answer to it? (1) A very simple point. Mr. Bullard, following Professor Lizst, does not give the whole of Lord Desart's sentence, but stops in the middle of a phrase, where there is not even a comma! The whole phrase is, 'amount practically to a statement of what is the essence of the law of nations properly applicable to the questions at issue under present-day conditions of international commerce and warfare.' That is, (a) It is admitted that the existing rules do not cover the questions at issue under present-day conditions; and therefore (b) the Conference has done its best to apply the essence of the law of nations to the solution of these new questions. Lord Desart thought the attempt was successful, and that the conference really had produced what was 'practically' a statement of the essence of the old law as applied to the new problems. This view was not accepted by the British Parliament, nor apparently by any other, since they did not ratify the Declaration.

(2) Codification without alteration is really an impossible achievement. Every person of experience knows that you cannot codify a large mass of floating customs and divergent laws without, by that very fact, introducing

changes. I doubt if there has ever been any large work of codification accomplished, which was not both recommended to its admirers as being a great reform, and defended against its opponents on the ground that it was a mere registration of existing practice. Every great codification creates new law.

(3) The Declaration is specially recommended by its authors as being a compromise. The claims and customs of different nations conflict; each one yields here and is recompensed there. The best statement perhaps of the work of the conference is contained in the General Report of its Drafting Committee.

'The solutions have been extracted from the various views or practices which prevail, and represent what may be called the *media sententia*. They are not always in absolute agreement with the views peculiar to each country, but they shock the essential ideas of none. They must not be examined separately but as a whole, otherwise there is a risk of the most serious misunderstandings. In fact, if one or more isolated rules are examined, either from the belligerent or the neutral point of view, the reader may find that the interests with which he is especially concerned are jeopardized by the adoption of these rules. But they have another side. The work is one of compromise and mutual concessions. Is it as a whole a good one?'

Thus the Declaration is not a mere declaration of the existing law of nations. It is a compromise in which different parties make concessions, in response to other concessions which are made to them. And Mr. Bullard expects Great Britain, when suddenly involved in war with the most terrible enemy known to history, to make gratuitously all the concessions contained in the proposed compromise, and leave it to chance, or to the mercy of the

Germans, whether she should get any of the compensations! And concessions, too, which her Parliament had considered excessive in peace time, even with the compensations guaranteed!

IV

What then is left if the Declaration of London is not accepted? Is there to be no law of the sea at all? What is left is exactly all that there was before the sittings of that conference, *plus* a certain extra lucidity in places due to its reports. The British courts simply continue to administer international law on the basis of precedent adapted to new conditions, exactly as all powers in the world have done. This offends Mr. Bullard, but I find it difficult to make out what other course he would recommend.

To establish an international court *ad hoc*, in the middle of the war, and ask it to settle the new questions as they arise? To submit all cases to the neutral powers, with all the small European neutrals terrified of offending their big military neighbors? Refer all questions to the United States alone? Call another conference to revise the Declaration of London, and keep all prizes waiting till it reported? I doubt if any of these courses would please many people. There may be some course which would have been better than the normal one, but it certainly is not obvious to the ordinary eye. And it seems a little hard to denounce the British Government as lawless tyrants, justly hated by the world, because they do not pursue a better method of settling prize cases than any one has yet practiced, or perhaps even devised.

V

So much for general principles; let us now consider whether in detailed

practice the claims of the British Government or the practice of the British courts have been particularly reprehensible. The two questions are of course distinct; and my own impression, given merely for what it may be worth, is that the decisions of the courts will bear the severest scrutiny, while the claims of the Government are closely analogous to the claims advanced by all governments in a similar situation. They will compare not unfavorably, for instance, with the claims of the United States in the Civil War. It should also be noticed that Great Britain does not act alone; and as compared with the precedents laid down by various nations in previous wars, a policy agreed upon by six of the most important maritime powers in the world has at least a slightly higher claim to validity than one laid down by a single power. Mr. Bullard in one extremely high-principled passage explains that the United States could not in conscience join the Allies in this war because that would be fighting in order "to make British convenience the rule of the seas." But here his moral feelings have evidently intoxicated him. It is obvious that, if the United States had cared to come in, — which I am not for a moment urging, — the law of the seas would, at the very worst, have been interpreted, not for the convenience of Great Britain alone but for the convenience of Great Britain, France, Italy, Russia, Portugal, Japan and the United States.

But let us consider the particular enormities which England is supposed to have committed. And let us be clear about the issue. I do not contend that we have never stretched in our favor the vague body of unwritten rules, based on conflicting precedents and unenforced by normal sanctions, which is called international law. Every belligerent in every war hitherto has

done so; and that not always from national selfishness alone. International law, apart from the fundamental misfortune of having at present no sanction behind it, suffers from two great weaknesses. It is not for the most part framed on clear principles, and certainly has not been built up in times of peace by 'calm thought and discussion'; it has mostly been built up by precedents and protests and compromises based on immediate pressure. In the second place, the body of precedents is very scanty compared with the importance of the interests involved. It is not like the English common law, so rich in recorded precedents that almost any conceivable new complication between litigant interests can be solved by analogy with some past judgment. Every new war gives birth to new problems and complications which are not covered by any precedents in previous wars, and have to be settled by very imperfect analogies or by the violent stretching of some previous rule. But the present war differs from all its predecessors to a quite unusual degree, both because of its own vast scale and the new methods of warfare it has introduced, and because the whole structure of the world has been transformed since the last great body of available precedents. What would be the condition of private commercial law at the present day if it had nothing to go upon but one or two precedents in 1870, a few more from the time of the American Civil War, and a good number between 1790 and 1815?

Our first great offense is our extension of the doctrine of 'continuous voyage.' This doctrine was first applied on a large scale by the Government of the United States during the Civil War; it was an extension of previous belligerent rights, was discussed by Great Britain and other powers, and finally accepted as legitimate. The

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point is a simple one. By the old rule a belligerent has a right to prevent certain ships and cargoes from going to the enemy; he has no right to prevent their going to a neutral port. But suppose he finds them going to a neutral port from which the cargoes are to be taken straight on by a protected road to the enemy? What is the rule to be? The United States argued that the goods were really on a 'continuous voyage' or a process of 'continuous transportation' to the enemy, and could therefore be treated just as if they were going direct to the enemy port. This argument was generally accepted by publicists, notably by Bluntschli. It was accepted by the International Commission which sat in pursuance to the treaty made at Washington on May 8, 1871; and it was acted upon in the South African War, when stores shipped to Delagoa Bay and clearly intended for Pretoria were treated as contraband.

In the present war the extension became inevitably far wider. Germany's own ports are closed; she proceeds to import whatever she needs by way of Copenhagen or the Dutch ports. We assert the doctrine of continuous voyage and treat all contraband goods shipped for Copenhagen but obviously intended for German use just as if they were shipped for Hamburg. Let me first illustrate this point, and then deal with a difficulty that arises.

The cases of four ships, the *Kim*, *Alfred Nobel*, *Björnstjerne Björnson*, and *Friedland*, were considered between July and September, 1915, when judgment was given on all four together. The cargoes had been seized and there were numerous claims against the British Government for compensation. Some of these were allowed by the High Court on various grounds, but most were rejected. The main facts were as follows. Certain

exporters, mostly American, sent to Copenhagen enormous quantities of lard and 'fat backs,' which were in great demand in Germany. They contain glycerine, which is the basis of various explosives. There is no beast so charged with potential explosive as a fat hog. More lard was thus sent to Copenhagen in three weeks than had entered the whole of Denmark in the previous eight years. There are differences of detail in the various transactions, but one company, for instance, consigned its goods to an anonymous agent in Copenhagen, who had no address beyond a hotel where he happened to be staying and who proved to be their permanent representative in Hamburg. The company a little later received a telegram from this Hamburg agent saying, 'Don't ship lard Copenhagen, export prohibited' (i.e. export to Germany was prohibited by the Danish Government). In other cases there were misleading descriptions of goods and deceptive consignments. There was not the remotest possibility of question that the fat backs and lard were in the main meant for German explosives. Our High Court gave the benefit of the doubt to those claimants whose case seemed really doubtful.

So far can any one blame us? Can any reasonable person argue that Germany ought, by international law, to be free to import all the explosives she liked, under the nose of the Allied fleets, by simply making them land at Copenhagen instead of Hamburg?

But now difficulties begin. I will not spend time on the curious argument that continuous voyage, though it applies to absolute contraband, should not apply to conditional contraband. A compromise on these lines had been proposed in the Declaration of London, but is obviously illogical. Neither will I discuss the point, dear to technical

lawyers, that the doctrine of continuous voyage, though sound for contraband, perhaps does not apply to blockade, on the ground that the cargo may continue its journey by land and a blockade by land is not a blockade but a siege. Such an objection, if correct, can hardly be said to 'apply the essence of international law to present-day questions.'

The real difficulties of the situation lay in sifting the goods intended for Germany from the *bona fide* imports of Denmark and the other border countries. Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, Norway, Sweden all had their normal needs. They used butter and dynamite and rubber and copper and lard and fat backs themselves, and we had no right, and certainly no wish, to interfere with them. What were we to do? Were we to examine every ship and sift the whole of her cargo? That would involve immense labor, infinite waste of time, and the certainty of many mistakes. We discussed with the various parties concerned all kinds of arrangements by which our legitimate suppression of supplies to the enemy might be carried out with the minimum of inconvenience to neutrals. The exact arrangements vary in different countries and none can be entirely without friction, though of course our natural object is to reduce friction to a minimum. I only wish I could make Mr. Bullard realize the enormous amount of work and ingenuity which our officials devote to the task of preventing incidental injustices and appeasing injured susceptibilities.

The main methods are twofold. (1) We invite those merchants and corporations in neutral countries who are importing goods *bona fide* for their own country's consumption and not for re-export to our enemies, to sign an agreement to that effect. In most countries there is a large union or trust which

has collectively made such an undertaking, and which endeavors to prevent breaches of the agreement by its members. (2) We try to ascertain the *bona fide* imports of each country by taking the average imports of some ten previous years, and allowing some extra amount — varying in different cases — to replace such imports from enemy countries as may have disappeared. If these averages are greatly exceeded — and they sometimes have multiplied themselves by ten or twelve — we become suspicious, make further searches, and generally find some enterprising smugglers who have broken their undertaking to us and are consequently added to a black list. They are people who prefer to supply the enemy; and we do not willingly, in war time, allow people to supply the enemy, any more than the enemy, when he can help it, allows them to supply us.

These two methods applied in conjunction are the best instruments that we have discovered for carrying out without undue friction our necessary although somewhat oppressive task. The war does impose on neutrals a considerable amount of hardship; there is no use denying it. And the enormous opportunities for money-making which it also affords to a good number of traders in each country is only a poor excuse for the general inconvenience. Still, I doubt if much improvement is reasonably possible upon these measures which 'Great Britain in concert with all her Allies' has taken to prevent trading with the enemy through our lines, so long as neutral states meet us in a neutral and conciliatory spirit. When they do not, of course there is trouble. The absolute refusal of the Swedish Government to sanction any agreement for the purpose of determining what imports were going to the enemy and what not, has led to much friction and

mutual reprisals. And similarly in Greece, the perpetual series of frauds and secret hostilities which have followed the King's unconstitutional dismissal of Venizelos, his trick upon us at Salonica, and his breach of treaty with our ally Serbia, has produced a policy of pressure on the part of the Allies, which can be justified only as preferable to actual war. For there is no doubt that from the original breach of treaty onward the Greek Government has provided us with abundant *casus belli*. But these painful controversies are not the result of our trade policy: they are incidents of natural friction with Germanizing courts or governments. But Mr. Bullard is for some strange reason speechless with horror over the first of our instruments. It seems to him a 'humiliating surrender of sovereignty' that the Dutch Government should sanction the existence of the Overseas Trust, which undertakes, so far as overseas imports are concerned, to trade only with one side in the war. I cannot see where 'sovereignty' comes in. It is a purely business arrangement, by which certain firms who want for themselves goods passing through the hands of one belligerent, undertake, if they receive the goods, not to hand them on to the other.

VI

I pass to a real difficulty, where I do not feel at all sure that our policy was wise, though on the whole the balance of well-informed opinion seems to approve of it. I mean the so-called total 'blockade' of Germany, including the shutting out of foodstuffs. The history of this policy is as follows.

On February 4, 1915, the Germans announced that all the seas round Great Britain were a 'war-area' in which they would sink without warning all ships whatsoever. (Neutrals might be spared

on occasion but could not complain if they were sunk.) This was a proposed blockade by submarine, which has hitherto proved to be impracticable. If Germany had commanded the seas she would, of course, have proclaimed a real blockade and prevented any ship from reaching Great Britain.

Now we made no objection to the enemy's wishing to blockade us. We objected to the submarine blockade on its own special demerits, because it could not be, or at any rate was not, carried out with any respect for humanity. A regular blockade may be compared with putting a line of policemen across a street to turn back intruders. The submarine blockade was as though a man, having no police at his disposal, were to make occasional dashes into the street with a revolver and shoot passers-by. But this point need not be labored, since American opinion was quite in agreement with ours. The point to consider is the report that we made.

Up to February we had allowed, not only foodstuffs but important articles for munition-making, like cotton, to proceed freely to Germany. On February 4 Germany announced that no ship would be allowed to sail to or from Great Britain, and that all our shipping, including even fishing boats, would be sunk at sea by submarines. We replied on March 11 that, if they chose to put the war on that footing, we took up the challenge. After a certain date we would allow no ship to carry goods to or from Germany, and, as for their murderous submarines, our fishermen should have arms and fight them. The submarine war has been at times extremely dangerous to us, and may be so again: but, as far as we can at present judge, we have won it. By unheard-of efforts of daring and invention our seafaring men have baffled and destroyed the submarines, and we

have turned the tables of the blockade completely against the enemy.

Our action, however, has been criticized on several grounds. (1) On grounds of international law. Here I must stand aside and leave the lawyers to speak. It is no part of my case to argue that in all the innumerable controversies produced by the war England has always been technically in the right. But it seems pretty clear that in this matter a condition has arisen which has no precedent in previous wars and is not covered by any of the existing rules. If our action is to be described as a 'blockade,' there has certainly never been any blockade like it before, either in vastness of scale or, I think, in efficiency, or in the leniency with which it is exercised. Neither has any government of a belligerent nation before commandeered all foodstuffs for its own use, as Germany has, and thus brought them under the category of contraband. Nor again, so far as I know, has there been a parallel to the curious position in the Baltic, where our command of the sea suddenly ceases, not from any lack of strength or vigilance on our part, but because the neutral powers who own the narrow entrances to the Baltic have closed them to our warships. We seem here again to be creating a precedent, but not, I think, a precedent that is repugnant to the 'essence of international law properly applicable to questions at issue under present-day conditions.' Mr. Asquith seems to have accepted some such view when he explained that our policy was to exclude supplies from Germany, and at the same time refused to use the term 'blockade' in order 'not to be entangled in legal subtleties.' The gravest objection to the whole policy is, no doubt, the hardship which it inflicts on neutrals. All blockading, all stopping of contraband, all interference with shipping, inflicts hardship

on neutrals; and the immense scale of the Allied operations in this world-war makes the total hardship inflicted very large.

I sometimes doubt whether the Allies would have taken this drastic step had they not felt that, on the main issue of the war, neutral feeling was so overwhelmingly on our side that it would probably accept a good deal of inconvenience in order to have the war finished more rapidly and successfully. And I do think that the general attitude of most neutral nations, and most especially of America, has shown a high standard of generosity and of what I may call world-patriotism.

(2) Secondly, on grounds of humanity. We are said to be 'starving the women and children of Germany.' The answer is, first, that such a blockade is a normal measure of war in all sieges and was practiced, e.g. by the Germans in the siege of Paris. It has always been understood that the siege process would be applied to Great Britain by any enemy who should command the sea. It was attempted by Napoleon, and it has been applied already by Germany, though with complete lack of success. We are doing to Germany what they are trying to do to us. Secondly, while we are a nation vitally dependent on sea-borne imports for our food, Germany is almost completely self-supporting. She can live for an indefinite time on her own produce; and the most that our 'blockade' can do is to make life less comfortable and the supplying of the army vastly more difficult. No human being in Germany need starve because of our 'blockade.'

There is a further development of this argument which causes many people, myself included, grave searchings of heart. It is connected with the treatment of conquered territories, such as Poland, Serbia, and to a lesser degree,

Belgium. By every canon of law and humanity, as well as by the express stipulations of the Hague Convention, a nation which holds conquered territory assumes serious responsibilities toward the inhabitants. All these the German Government has repudiated. It appears certain that the German Government has not only destroyed during its military operations practically all the food-supplies of Serbia, and much of the food-supplies of Poland: it has further, during its occupation of those territories, carried off into Germany, with or without pretext, almost all the food that remained in them. It has produced famine of a ghastly description, and excused itself by attributing all to the British blockade.

This is bad enough, but worse remains. Appeals were made to us to do for Poland and Serbia what we did for Belgium: to admit food for the starving natives and of course also contribute to the food-fund ourselves. This we were willing and anxious to do if we had the same guarantee as in Belgium, that the Germans would not take the food, native or imported, for their own use. They were not to take the imported food themselves; nor were they to sweep the country bare of all the native-grown crops and cattle, and leave us to support entirely the whole population of their conquered provinces. To the surprise of most people concerned they refused to give this guarantee. By starving these territories, it appeared, they gained two advantages. First, they forced large numbers of Poles, and perhaps a few Serbs, to seek work in Germany and set free so many Germans for the fighting line. Secondly, they could use the famine to stir up hatred against the British. Mr. Bullard assures us that even in America the starvation of Poland is generally attributed to our blockade, and if writers of his tone have much influence

I have no doubt that what he says is true. As for the unfortunate Poles themselves in their misery and isolation, who can tell what they believe?

This is a hideous state of things, and if our blockade is at all an effective element in causing it, I would be in favor of dropping the blockade forthwith. But it does not seem to be so. If Germany did not wish to starve these people she need not do it. We are willing, both to admit food and to send food, so long as she will promise not to steal it. If it be argued that Germany cannot be expected to look on at a crowd of conquered Poles and Serbs enjoying themselves while good sound Germans are short of pork and butter and bread, the answer is that, even at the best, we should hardly be able to bring the food-supply of two utterly savaged and devitalized countries, like Poland and Serbia, to a level approaching that of Germany. Germany is living on her own resources and those of her allies, true; but the territories in question are both vast and fertile, and scarcely the extreme fringe of them has been touched by the war. On the whole, it does not look as if Poland or Serbia would appreciably benefit by our admission of food to Germany.

VII

The extension of the doctrine of continuous voyage, and the prevention of all sea-borne trade to or from Germany: those are the two main problems. The remainder are smaller things, although in many ways interesting and important. In all of them, I think, the central fact is that we have extended some existing doctrine of international law to meet the special situations produced by this war. I do not say that in all cases we have decided rightly. Sir Edward Grey has definitely offered to submit to a convention after the war

the whole question of what is called 'The Freedom of the Seas,' and such a convention will probably settle some of these points in our favor and some against us. At present there is no convention either existing or possible. There is no fixed code of the sea and never has been. We have to use our own tribunals, which administer international law to the best of their ability according to precedent. They have on certain occasions decided that our government has done wrong and can be compelled to pay damages; they have decided that certain orders in council were against international law and have disallowed them. They have, I may note in passing, declined to admit the plea of the Crown that it was following an American precedent which was afterwards embodied in an act of the United States Congress, on the ground that the said precedent and act were too oppressive. The United States claimed that the government could requisition any goods or ships which had been captured by their fleet, without previous trial.¹ When the convention comes to sit on these questions which we have tried to settle, they will probably, as I said before, decide some for and some against us; but I am confident that they will not find that our courts have acted with either levity or rapacity.

I mention summarily the chief remaining points. *We treat 'bunker coal of enemy origin' as contraband*; and Mr. Bullard considers this as absolutely the very worst thing we have done. He quotes ancient precedents to show that 'things needful for the working of the ship or comfort of the crew' are not to be treated as contraband. But the rulings in question all date from before the time of steam and refer to sailing ships. Coal is admittedly in a special

¹ Judicial Committee of Privy Council, in the *Zamora* case, April 7, 1916.

position, and international law has not yet pronounced upon it.

Thus far, then, our 'very worst' offense is not so serious. But perhaps it is our motive that is so infamous? Our motive is simple. As explained above, we do not allow traders to carry through our lines goods intended for the enemy, and we ask all traders for an assurance that they are not doing so. If they refuse to give this assurance, and if further we find them buying enemy coal, we treat them as if they had been buying any other enemy goods. What does the enemy do to ships from England or Russia in the Baltic? And do we ever think of complaining?

We examine neutral mails. This seems a bad case. We have actually a rule of the Hague Convention against us, just as all the belligerents have — or have only just missed having — in the matter of aeroplanes. The Convention maintains the inviolability of all mail-bags, and used to forbid all dropping of explosives from the air. Yet I feel some confidence that any future conference will recognize that both those rules are 'unemployable,' and will justify our action about the mails. The old precedents do not apply at all. There has never been in any previous war anything approaching the present network of commercial and political correspondence across the Atlantic. Suppose in the Civil War there had been large settlements of Confederates in Mexico and in Canada, who were engaged in plots against the United States? Is it to be believed that President Lincoln would have refrained from opening the captured mail-bags passing between Canada and Mexico? A German in Denmark or Sweden arranges for an Indian in San Francisco to come to England with a false American passport in order to murder Sir Edward Grey: is he to have the right of

sending and receiving letters, unhindered, under the eyes of the British fleet? Plots about contraband are of course much commoner. Are we to be allowed to search ships for nickel and rubber, but forbidden to interfere with these plotters' mail-bags? The rules and the precedents of other wars are here against us, but I must say that such a complete change in conditions seems absolutely to demand a change of rules.

'The closing the Suez Canal to neutrals is a measure for which no military necessity has been shown.' Mr. Bullard does not seem to question its legality, and I have not tried to find out exactly what the rights of either Egypt or Great Britain or the Suez Canal shareholders may be. But as for the military necessity, surely a child can see it. To block the Canal would be worth some millions of dollars to the enemy. A much smaller sum would suffice to induce a dozen Greek, or Swedish, or even unprejudiced Dutch skippers to play certain tricks which I need not name, but which might make the Canal unusable for several weeks.

Mr. Bullard ends with a number of vaguely prejudicial statements, largely in the form of innuendo or parenthesis. He seems really unable to understand the conditions produced by war. He says we regard it as 'moral for neutrals to help England but a deadly sin to trade with Germany.' Of course it has nothing to do with sin. We do not fire at German men-of-war because we think them immoral, but because they are our enemies. We do not confiscate cargoes of rubber consigned to Germany because it is essentially immoral for Germans to use rubber. We only say to every neutral trader, 'If you trade with Germany we will not trade with you.' Or rather that is the extreme limit of what we say. The opposite conduct was once considered possible, but seems to us of the present genera-

tion a little dishonorable. It makes us a little ashamed when we learn that Napoleon's armies were often clad in cloth from Yorkshire and boots made in Northampton. The view of the British Government at that time was that it was good business to make money by supplying the enemy and use the proceeds for defeating him. It is a possible view, and apparently is the view that appeals to Mr. Bullard. And doubtless it would enable both ourselves and certain neutrals to make more money. But — well, we do not like it, and do not believe that in the end it pays.

VIII

And then the article tails off into vague horrors about the British censorship and the Defence of the Realm Act and the deplorable profits made by British shippers, and the 'party of Lord North which is installed at the Foreign Office!'

Everybody knows that in war censorship is necessary; every nation employs it, Great Britain rather more leniently than the rest. It is a pure myth to suppose that in England we are kept in the dark about important sides of the war which are well known to neutrals. I have been in four different neutral countries since the war began, and have read their newspapers; so I speak with confidence. But it is just the sort of myth that Mr. Bullard accepts without question. As to the Defence of the Realm Act: of course the act gives the executive tremendous powers and would, if continued in normal times, be incompatible with civil liberty. But everybody knows that some such special laws are necessary in war time; there is no nation in Europe which attempts to do without such laws, and Mr. Bullard makes no attempt to show that any other nation

applies them more leniently than England does. As to the fortunes made by shippers, why drag in the word 'British'? With the German merchant ships out of use, with Allied and neutral ships sunk to the number of some hundreds by submarines and extensively commandeered by the various governments for war purposes, there is an extreme shortage of ships together with an immense demand. Every tub that will float, of whatever nationality, is bringing its owner fortune. And we dare not discourage them, for we want every ship we can get. Mr. Bullard, dropping for a moment his lofty idealism, complains simply that the British are getting too large a share of the swag, an unproved and to me extremely doubtful statement. Naturally ships belonging to the Allied powers are less open to suspicion than neutrals are, and consequently are less harassed by certain restrictions. But the British, at any rate, are not only subjected to enormous war-taxation, but have in addition fifty per cent of their war-profits confiscated. And Lord North at the Foreign Office! Really one smiles at Mr. Bullard's innocence. 'The visitor thought we were naughty, papa; but of course he has never seen us when we are really naughty!' In every country engaged in war there is somewhere below the surface a growling mass of passion, brutality, lawlessness, hatred of foreign nations, contempt for reason and humanity. In Great Britain, thank heaven, the brute is kept cowed and well chained, though at times his voice is heard in the more violent newspapers. The brute knows the hands that hold him down and hates almost all the present Cabinet, but most of all, perhaps, he hates two men: the great and moderate Liberal who presides over the government, the great and moderate Liberal who guides the Foreign Office. — And Mr. Bul-

lard, in his innocence, would like to turn them out!

It is all rather pitiable. Nothing verified, nothing exact, nothing impartially stated, not much that is even approximately true. Mr. Bullard seems to mean well; I have no doubt that he means well. But his present tone will not serve the ends of Liberalism. It will only serve to foster prejudice, to make bad blood, to stir up that evil old spirit of slander between nations, which every decent Liberal and certainly every good internationalist would like to see buried forever.

It is false to say that Great Britain has broken the Declaration of London, because that Declaration was never accepted as law. It is false to say that Great Britain is alone responsible for every unpopular act committed at sea by the Allied navies; she is acting in concert with nearly all the great maritime powers of the world. It is idle to complain that Great Britain administers international law by means of her own courts; that is the only method ever followed by other belligerent nations, the United States included, nor has any better practical method, so far as I know, been even proposed to her. And lastly, I believe it is profoundly false to say that the British courts have acted in heat and passion or at all fallen below the level of scrupulous care which is expected from the best judicial bodies in the world.

It is not likely that their decisions are in every case exactly right. It is to be hoped that after the war, if we can get some fair security of future peace and establish some permanent and effective international tribunal, we may reach a definite code of international law which all nations can agree to uphold. Whatever meaning there is in the catch phrase 'Freedom of the Seas' will then come up for serious discussion, and Sir Edward Grey has officially announced our willingness to take part in such discussion. In the meantime the great group of powers which is, as Mr. Bullard admits, on the whole fighting for the maintenance of public right and for honesty between nations, cannot be expected, in the midst of its mortal struggle, to divest itself of its normal sources of strength, to satisfy an ideal which has never been demanded of other belligerents.

There is another tale, by the way, about that minister who was such 'a deevil at the moralities.' He once found a respectable citizen being attacked by two thieves. He first thought of helping the citizen, but eventually put his stick between the man's legs and tripped him up. 'The man was never a good churchgoer,' he explained, 'and his language at the time was a most sinful example.' The analogy to Mr. Bullard is closer than I thought. But I am certain that he does not speak for his countrymen.

SOME MEDITATIONS OF THE HEART

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'TWENTY MINUTES OF REALITY'

LAST night, as I was thinking intently about the spirit of God within each one of us, and especially of that spirit as within myself, a curious, quite definite feeling came over me as though I had entered into another country, flowed out into something wider — passed, as it were, to another plane. There was nothing strained or unnatural about it, nor was there the slightest mental confusion. I was perfectly aware of myself, and of the surroundings of my room; but the point of consciousness appeared to have slipped from my head to my heart, from thought to emotion perhaps.

'This is the Country of the Heart!' I found myself exclaiming. It was a further glimpse of an experience I had several months ago; which was half a dream, and half the thoughts following immediately upon awakening. In the dream part I saw a sort of field, or prairie, dotted over with what appeared to be the burrows of animals leading into the ground. But I seemed to know that in reality these were not animals' runs, but were human personalities, through which if one walked one would emerge into another world. I waked then, but still strong upon me was the belief, brought back from the illuminating depths of sleep, that every human being is a gateway into another world, a world which we enter by *walking through* ourselves; that is, by sinking deeper, and deeper into ourselves, pressing open one door of consciousness after another. I am convinced that there is a wonderful world, a wider,

richer life, a more intense joy and beauty close at hand, — almost in touch of us, — which our blind eyes and blinder hearts have not the grace to perceive. As we plod along our anxious road, we never lift up our eyes to it, or open our ears to its melody. And yet sometimes our hearts tell us in a vague wistfulness that we have missed the way — have somehow wandered from the path, and are very far from home.

When I sit on the porch of an evening in late summer, the air is filled with the rasping of the katydids. There they are in the locust trees, almost in hand's reach of me, and yet we are in two different worlds. I have some small knowledge of their world, but what have they of mine? They might, indeed, entirely deny my very existence. Yet there we are out in the same summer night, side by side! Just as I am close to the katydids, so I believe that there is another world, and other beings as close to me, of whose existence I guess as little as those jolly green fiddlers in the locust trees guess of mine.

This world which I believe to be there, just beyond the gray veils of our present consciousness, I have chosen to call the Country of the Heart. Every now and again we catch glimpses of it, and know that if we might enter in, we should not find ourselves, as here, strangers and wanderers, but spirits returned to our larger selves, in the place where we belong, unutterably and exquisitely at home.

These more or less random notes which I have jotted down from time to

time mark the stages of a quest after this life more abundant. They offer little that is definite, I fear; yet those who are set upon the same road will affirm with me the beauty of the journey, knowing, as I have known, some lovely fleeting moments when that country seems very near, and when in its half-seen radiance the dust and weariness of travel vanish away, and in a vivid uprush of loyalty, the spirit rededicates itself to the great adventure.

Some people, I think, go through three periods of youth: physical, mental, and spiritual. The body comes first to its adolescence; then the mind; and then, last of all, the spirit. Sometimes there comes a late unexpected flowering of the soul when all possibility of further development is apparently over. To my astonishment (for I had supposed that youth was certainly passed), I find myself experiencing now a spring-tide more wonderful, more lovely and more rich in promise, than any that I have ever known: it is, I think, the spring-tide of the spirit.

Every morning, in the freshness of awakening, God presents me with a lovely ideal or possibility for my life, like a master setting a child its copy; and every evening I bring it back to Him, so defaced and blotted with being lived that only God himself would ever have the patience to set me a fresh copy.

Yesterday I broke off a gourd-blossom with a cluster of buds at the base of the flower on the same stem, and took it to my study to examine. It was a lovely bright yellow, with the petals crinkled all over except for a smooth highway down the centre of each, which I took to be the bee's highway leading to the honey-cups in the blossom's throat. These gourd-blos-

soms have no floral envelope. The bud simply expands and opens into the flower without having to push through a bud sheath. When the bud is small it is green; but as it grows it changes color, so that when fully expanded it is a lovely, ecstatic shade of wild yellow, except for faint green veins down the back of each petal.

Although I noticed all this at the time, the wonder of it did not strike me until much later in the day, when a realization of the miracle of the little buds turning from green to yellow came to me all at once. I wondered what made the color stop being green at the right moment and run to a flood of gorgeous full-blown yellow. The little buds are always green, the expanded flowers always yellow. Never a slip, never a yellow bud and a green flower. Always that bit of silent adjustment takes place in the little gourd-blossom just at the right time. No maiden on her wedding day is so tenderly, exquisitely cared for by her mother as that little green bud is cared for when God sees that always, when the time comes, her little-girl kirtle of green is changed to her nuptial yellow. No little bud grows up to maidenhood without receiving from Him her lovely bridal gown. And so in different ways He sees to the betrothal dresses of all the other little buds in my garden and in all the world as well.

I had had a happy day, and some of my reading had opened doors into a closer understanding of God's love; but the crown of my happiness was the little gourd-flower's wedding dress. That so moved me — so made 'my heart to leap up' — that when I went to bed my whole being poured itself out in my prayers in a flood of love and gratitude. And all because a little flower turns from green to yellow at just the right moment! Somehow the thought of it melted my very heart of hearts,

'God reveals Himself to Himself in Nature, and in the finite spirits He has made in his own image.' This being true, would it not be an added argument for the survival of our personality after death? If we were entirely merged in God we should not only lose our own self-consciousness, but He would also lose some of his self-consciousness, if all separateness were wiped away.

'For God so loved the world that He gave his only begotten Son.' It occurred to me suddenly that in saying that He gave his only begotten Son, Jesus might have meant that God had given his Son — the Logos, Himself incarnate in the world — from the very beginning of the world's creation. That the Son, on account of the Father's love, had always been giving Himself to the world — always, from the very first. And when he spoke thus, Jesus was not speaking of his own incarnation, but of that which had been present in the world ever since the world began. His incarnation was a symbol — a gathering up of the whole — of that incarnation which had always been there.

I sometimes think that we are to God as his fingers are to a blind person. Through us He feels of life in all its manifold experiences. Through some of us He feels of happiness, and through some He feels of pain. It consoled me somewhat, when I was unhappy, to think that perhaps He was feeling of suffering through me. Before being born some of us may have volunteered for this service — volunteered, that is, to come into the world and be the fingers through which God shall feel of suffering.

The fingers and the palm of the hand seem to me a good symbol of our relationship to God. We are all separate and distinct, and yet all rooted in Him, and spring from Him, as our fin-

gers are rooted in, and spring from, our palm.

I was up early this morning and went out of doors. Everything was very beautiful in the early morning light, with the autumn haze just beginning. It was all exquisitely still, flowers and vines and trees lifting themselves up into the still air; yet I had a feeling that beneath all that stillness was an intense activity. There was, of course, all the business of growth and fruition that is going on constantly; but the underlying activity that I seemed conscious of was something more and other than that.

At first I felt as though all this sense of intense, busy stillness was like a top spinning so hard that it appeared motionless. Perhaps this was suggested by the half-unconscious thought of our world whirling so vividly through space. But the feeling of busy stillness was not quite that, either; and then it came to me that possibly the flowers and trees and all the growing children were busy about the same thing that I was. I was sitting there absolutely quiet, yet my whole heart was flowing out of me in an intense transcendent love and delight. Perhaps this was just what that busy stillness of the flowers meant, also. Perhaps they were lifting themselves up to Him in adoration, just as I was. This seems to me really possible — though perhaps not probable. With me, at such times, self-consciousness drops away, to a certain extent, in an act of worship. Self-consciousness gives way, as it were, to a love-consciousness. We do not think that flowers have any self-consciousness, but may they not have this love-consciousness instead? At the heart of life is God's love and joy, and may it not be that flowers are rooted in this consciousness? Is it not rather God's consciousness in them? Which-ever it is, the love and joy are there. If

the flowers feel this way their whole growth, from first shoot to leaf, bud, full blossom and seed-vessel, is an act of joyous, loving worship. They lift their faces up in his love all the time. I hope this is true, for then they must be very happy.

I have often a feeling as though plants and trees are enclosed in a curious element, like plants submerged in water. Something that encloses them, and with which they are in loving touch — I *feel* them like this, I almost *see* them like this — that is, with the eyes of emotion. I do not always experience this — only occasionally. I know within myself just what I mean by this sensation about flowers and trees, but I cannot find the words exactly to convey the idea. They seem to be standing up — stretching up — in some great element, and the element seems to be dimly connected with rhythm. I believe it is because ‘everything is enveloped in God.’ This is the *truth*, I think, but the mere statement of it does not at all convey to the mind what it is like to *see* it. I think I never have this sensation except on days when I am happy.

The higher we get in the scale of development, the further we seem to get away from Him. This is because our own self-consciousness — our trying, as it were, to manage things for ourselves — confuses our consciousness of Him.

Plants have probably very little of this individual consciousness, and perhaps animals have not much more. But a struggling surrender of ourselves to Him is, of course, a much higher life than the plant's and animal's life in Him, because they are not capable of any consciousness away from Him. ‘Our wills are ours to make them Thine.’ To us has been given the privileged unhappiness of having wills of our own, with the possibility of un-

speakable happiness if we bring our wills into conformity with his.

One may find God everywhere, but for us human beings, his especial trusting place is within our own hearts.

We are tempted at times, perhaps, to look with contempt on the groping of certain people after God and goodness; but when we realize that God is the Instigator, although the gropings may sometimes seem fantastic and pathetic enough, the impulse we can only regard with supreme reverence. The reaching out may be inadequate enough, but the impulse to reach out is the inspiration of all the law and the prophets, the root of all religion, the very breath of our souls. We know that God is constantly ‘touching’ our own hearts, and we realize with our minds that as He speaks to us, so He must speak also to other people. If we would not only realize this with our minds, but take it into our very hearts and live it passionately, it might teach us how, in deed and in truth, to love our neighbors as ourselves.

Evelyn Underhill — in her Introduction to the *Songs of Kabir* — says, ‘More absolute than the Absolute, more personal than the human mind, Brahma therefore exceeds, whilst He includes, all the concepts of philosophy, all the passionate intuitions of the heart. He is the great affirmation, the font of energy, the source of life and love, the unique satisfaction of desire.’ The absolute truth is so tremendous that it appears to me He must contain truth enough to include all the genuine creeds. Though my creed appears to be absolutely different from my neighbor's, yet if they both *feel* true — if something deep within me says that what I believe is true, and if something equally deep within him says that what he believes is true — then may it not be that we have both found some of

the truth? And although our truths may seem absolutely contradictory, still there is undiscovered truth enough in the whole to cover all beliefs, and to reconcile the most opposite. It is the old story of two blind men feeling of different parts of the same elephant, and each reporting it as an absolutely different animal. But I think it is more like the sun shining through a prism. The sun is the whole truth, but the human mind — the prism — breaks it up into different colors. The colors seem absolutely different from one another, but the sun contains the elements of them all. So truth may contain at least a germ of all the creeds. It is not so hard, perhaps, to reconcile the different beliefs as to reconcile the different actions to which they lead. Nor is it so difficult to reconcile the beliefs as to reconcile the believers. 'God seen through a temperament.'

As we cannot escape from life, it may be possible that we cannot escape from truth either. That is, it may be absolutely impossible for us to think any thought that does not have an element of truth in it; that we could not think it unless it had some truth in it. It is not possible, perhaps, for us to conceive anything that is not true. All our speculations, even the wildest ones, may be true. What makes the truth run false in our minds may be the fact that we find it, but don't find enough of it. It is as yet, and perhaps it may always be, impossible for us to force enough truth at one time into our finite minds to give us a complete interpretation of the whole. Perhaps what we want to struggle against is not untruth — for there may be no such thing — but a too limited truth. If truth is so all-embracing that we cannot conceive a thought outside of it, then all our attempts to find it are as amusing as though a solemn young fish — all the time swimming about in it — should

announce that his high mission was to find the ocean; that he believed that there was such a thing, and that if he earnestly devoted himself to the quest he might discover it. The really impossible thing for him would be, not to find the ocean, but to find anything else. So it may be as impossible for our thoughts to reach beyond the truth as it is for a fish to live out of water.

When I pray for people I am fond of, most of my deepest prayers do not ask anything definite for them. I just think of them affectionately, and on the wings of my love, as it were, I bear them up into God's presence and hold them there, by a sort of will of affection, to be filled by his love. Of course I believe that we are already in the midst of God's love, but I have, nevertheless, a happy feeling that this lifting of my friends up to Him by love does serve them in some way. Perhaps my love for them makes a medium, or atmosphere, through which his love can more easily work in them. How our affection for one another helps, anyway! I sometimes find in my writing that my thoughts come most happily when I imagine myself talking with people whom I love. Holding in my heart a realization of their affection and comprehending appreciation seems to make a warm, happy pathway along which ideas flow naturally.

I think that there is much more in this idea than mere imagination. Love is, I am sure, more really creative than we realize. Sexual love does of course create; but I wonder if that fact may not be also a symbol of the creative power of all love? I would rather have the gift of tremendous outpouring affection — love of God, and love of humanity — than any other gift in all the world. I desire it more than anything else. And yet, even at those Heaven-sent periods when my

heart is full of love, how hard it is to express it! Of course, this is partly shyness — that curious, hampering mantle of reserve in which we are forever hastening to wrap our spirits. How timid and anxious our little self is! Our spirit-self is forever shocking it! The stiff conventional self is constantly trying to cover up the spirit self — like a proper middle-aged nurse pursuing a happy care-free baby who has adventured forth with too few clothes on.

O beloved people in all the world! 'Let us love one another for love is of God, and everyone that loveth is born of God, for God is love.'

God is love. I wish that those three words could be stamped all over the heart of every human being in the world and out of the world.

Yesterday a flower from a primrose plant in the window had dropped off, and I picked it up to look at before throwing it away. It was an exquisite rosy-lavender, inexpressibly lovely and appealing. As I held it in my hand it drew all my heart out to it. I wanted to cuddle it, to caress it, and to hold it up against my cheek. It was a little whimsical face looking up at me, and it was smiling — the most exquisite, tender, mirthful smile. Flowers seem to me constantly to embody this quaint, fantastic, yet always tender and poetic, mirth. There is hardly a blossom that has n't this whimsical, laughing expression. They are beautiful, of course, but we do not so often see their trick of laughter as well. I think perhaps they are tiny manifestations of God's mirth. His littlest smiles, perhaps. It is all so tender and poetic. A mirth that could not be so mirthful if it were not so tender; a tenderness that could not be half so tender were it not so mirthful. I am sure that laughter is almost as much at the heart of the universe as beauty and love.

Cyclamen like to pretend they are cross little animals with their ears laid back; or else that they are little fugitive maidens fleeing very fast across the meadows, with their hair blown back from their lovely faces. Their whimsical trick of play-acting like this is all a part of their quaint mirth. They have of course other attributes as well — beauty, and spirituality, and love. Love I feel with flowers particularly. I seem to get hold of that exquisite sense of the whole world's being wrapped in the essence of God's love more often through flowers than through anything else. They are to me indescribably dear merry little companions. My affection goes out to them constantly in a deep, happy reverence. The reverence is not only for the lovely little things themselves, but also for the wonder that is back of them — an ecstasy of worship.

I think it was Suso who at one time would not permit himself to smell a rose, because he feared that to do so might induce a sensuous emotion. St. Catherine of Siena, on the other hand, at the mere sight of a rose could become immediately 'wrapped in God.' I am sure St. Catherine's attitude was the right one. The flowers must have been very tenderly amused over Suso's fear of losing his soul through them. Their mirth seems to me always tender: tender, and understanding, and comforting.

Yesterday, when I was so happy over the consciousness of God, everything seemed exquisitely beautiful, and overflowing with zest. I remember particularly a pair of carriage horses that trotted splendidly. They were beautiful horses, but that was not so much what delighted me. It was the life in them, their motion, their brisk trotting, and the gay sound of the hoof-beats. The whole thing was extraordinarily exhilarating and inspiring. It made me want

to trot too. The sounds of their hoof-beats were gray and brown. Sounds nearly always have colors in my mind. Also, to a certain extent, times of happiness — when the happiness is somewhat of a spiritual nature — seem to be connected with color. On particularly happy days I have sometimes felt as if I were walking in a streak of sunlight, and all the world were going by to rhythm. I used to think this was imagination; now I believe it may be something much more real than I had supposed. It is possible, as I have seen somewhere suggested, that when our spirit is happy it does generate a kind of inner light. I have seen people very occasionally whose faces appeared to be illumined as though their souls were shining through. I also think that love is tangible. I have been conscious sometimes, when I was with people who loved each other, of a sort of warm atmosphere that they gave off and that I could feel, though the love was not directed to me.

Yesterday, late in the afternoon, I went up to the edge of the woods and sat for a time on the little bench there, and looked away across the valley to the mountains against the sky. I had, as I so often have, that sensation of something going on in nature, that I am always trying to define. While I was thinking about it, it came to me that perhaps what I felt was personality. It seemed to me as though that mountain rearing its head up there against the sky had a real personality — or rather, perhaps, a real consciousness. And the consciousness was a consciousness of love. It seemed as though the mountain were lifting itself up to the sky like a face lifted to be kissed, and that the kiss it was receiving was God's. And perhaps this is that elusive something that I feel so often in nature. The flowers and mountains are all living in God's

love, and there is a consciousness about it all — whether the consciousness is God's or theirs or both. I am constantly *feeling* this in regard to nature. I do not imagine it. On happy days I have something the same feeling about myself — a joyous happiness over being in God's presence, and in his affection. I love myself then, and take delight in every gesture. I think this might be a faint realization of the ecstasy of creation. It is not exactly a delight in myself as myself — it is rather a delight in God's delight in me. I am like a little child doing things for its mother's applause.

This morning was one of my ecstatically happy times. When I went out I wanted to dance along the street instead of walk. I wanted to run and run and run, far away, where I could be all alone for a little while, just with my own self and Nature and God. I constantly have this desire to escape. To go off somewhere far away and be all by myself for a time. I remember when I was still in my teens, I went out to the porch one very bright moonlight night, when the ground was covered with snow. It was almost as bright as day. There was the moonlight, and the wide sweep of mountains, and the white snow over the ground, and the loving stillness of God over all. I was all alone, for every one else was fast indoors. Suddenly I jumped off the porch into the snow and ran and ran, away down the lawn — all alone with the snow and the moonlight and God.

Even now, in my dreams, I often seem to be running and dancing and taking all sorts of violent and fantastic exercise. All of this is amusing when one remembers my years of discretion, but one's years of discretion are only a kind of staid mantle that Time wraps us up in. They are not *real*. The real thing is the youth and eternity which

are wrapped up inside, and which, of course, constantly bubble through that ridiculous skim of Time and years of discretion.

As I sit and write by the window now, I see people walking up and down the street, but I want them to dance instead of walk. Even the children don't dance enough. A moment ago a delightful little boy was playing in a vacant lot opposite. He had on a gray sweater and a little gray peaked cap, and looked like a Brownie. I had every hope that he might suddenly be snatched into a realization of the ecstasy and beauty of life that is surging all about us, and go off all at once in a mad 'God-intoxicated' dance of delight. I longed to have him do it. It would have been a little expression of my own happiness. But he did not. He was too intent over the useful possibilities of some old boards lying about.

It would not be seemly for me to dance along the street, but indeed I think the children might do it, just to let off some of the pent-up rapture of life in older people's hearts. Lambs in the spring are a great comfort with their delightful, whimsical, exuberant skipping. My mother derives endless enjoyment from watching them. She is an old lady, but she is happy, and I imagine that the skipping of the lambs is an outlet for her eternal youth. But it is easy to see that something has gone wrong when older people have to trust to lambs and puppies and kittens to give expression to the joy of life, instead of to children.

Just after waking in the morning, if I think back a little, I can often recover layer after layer of dreams. At first I only remember the one that is with me when I wake, but by following that back and back, I find that one dream drifts into another almost endlessly. The theory that all dreams are sup-

pressed desires is, I think, only partly true. Deep down under the desire dreams there is something else, something lovely and mysterious. Out of last night's dreams, for instance, I recall a long series, opening more or less into one another, of perfectly uninteresting surface dreams, but beyond these my memory just brushes something that is different. I cannot really recall any of it except a delicious sense of lightness and freedom, and of running exquisitely fast; and these words only palely convey the actual sensation. I cannot express it successfully, but I have a feeling that my real self, my whole self, knows all about it, and is perhaps even now laughing down there in the hidden depths of me at the clumsy attempts of my half self to interpret this wisp of memory which I have dragged up to the light of every day.

I think perhaps it is true that, when the body is asleep, the half-consciousness which serves us here is free to slip out and rejoin the whole consciousness, the older brother-self of spirit which we all possess; but that the remembrance of this nightly reunion is wiped out by the confusing surface dreams through which we pass on our way back to waking. Perhaps if we could train ourselves to *remember through* this wall of dreams, we might recapture our larger self which is there just on the other side of the wall.

Here in this life we are like Jack-in-the-box. Our spirit is squeezed into something that is too small for it, with the lid hooked down tight, but every now and again, through the pressure of some high emotion, the lid flies off, we shoot up to our full height, and gaze with delighted eyes on a lovely new world. Once, through an accident, I think that the lid flew off for me. I received a violent blow on the head which knocked me insensible for a short time. When I regained consciousness, I

brought back with me a feeling that I had been where the real things are, and as though this life here were hardly more than a dream. In those few moments of unconsciousness I had waked into truth. What truth is, and where I had found it, I do not know. All I brought back with me, like a trailing cloud of glory, was the conviction of having been a wanderer returned, a mirage-chaser looking at last upon reality. I had been where I belonged, and where the permanent things are to be found, and this life appeared, when I awoke, to be unreal to the point of absurdity. There was, indeed, the vague sense of a joke about the whole experience, as though the same trick — the trick of being made to believe that material life is all — had been played upon me, or I had played it upon myself, many times before. Then life in this world picked me up again and squeezed me inexorably back into my small self, like Jack being squeezed into his box. But for those lovely moments when the lid was off, I had sprung up to my full height, and never again has flesh succeeded in completely blinding me to the spirit.

That we meet this larger self at death, I am very sure; but because sometimes by accident, and sometimes in moments of spiritual exultation, we occasionally break through to it even now, I believe it is possible in this life to enter into it much more often, and much more vividly than we ever suspect. This is, I think, what Christ taught. His Kingdom of Heaven, that life more abundant, was an experience of the present — an intensification of this existence, not something of the far-away uncertain future. Our lack of understanding has pushed this bright and beautiful possibility further and further from us, until, at last, we have thrust it over the rim of death, there to await us in the next world, while all the time, did we

but guess it, it is here at our very elbows. For the most part we go at half-pressure through a pale world, but sometimes some poignant love, joy, beauty, or suffering, lifts up the everlasting gates of our blindness, and the King of Glory comes in. He has come many times of late upon the battlefields of Europe. He will never come in a timid, artificial, selfish, and ease-loving existence. It is when ease and safety are torn away, and we are stripped to the very bare bones, stripped to the very soul, that the soul emerges triumphant. Better still, it is when we voluntarily strip ourselves of the little selfish timidities for a great cause, that this mysterious King of Glory comes in most radiantly. The saints and mystics knew this. They were not in pursuit of a pale negation; they were furiously and gloriously crucifying the smaller self, that the larger might be set free. They knew that they would never find what they were seeking in a hideous, exotic pursuit of happiness and comfort, or in frightened attempts to escape suffering. It is to be found in love, that splendid and reckless outpouring of self for someone or something other than ourselves. In beauty, when it stabs us awake to the marvels all about us, and when the awakening brings with it a certain wildness and intoxication, a madness of joy, before which all the small hot-house artificialities are swept away; in truth, that deep simplicity which thrusts one down into the still fastnesses of the spirit where God is to be met; and finally, it is found in that courage which knows it is infinitely better to die at full breath of vivid unselfishness, rather than live on in a dreary ease and safety.

The conquerors of the world, the saviors of mankind, are those who have succeeded in living that life here on earth. They have broken down the barriers between the two worlds. They

have stooped down to matter, and filling it with spirit, have lifted it up triumphantly, so that men have gazed with astonished eyes upon a glorious new type of life. It may be, when spirit has conquered matter, and works through it successfully, that a higher existence is presented than that of pure spirit. This may be the type toward which mankind is moving. It may be that even now we are on the threshold of a more universal participation in that life, a fuller incarnation of the spirit. Perhaps a new birth is at hand. What is all this restlessness and world-weariness, this extravagance of living, — mad art, mad dancing, mad emotions, — save the fever and abnormality of pregnancy? Many believe that the birth has already taken place, and that the child of this madness is war and destruction. But the war may be only a part of the whole travail — the wildest, the worst, and possibly the last of the birth-pangs. In the lull of peace which must follow, the world will have time to think. The great cataclysm has violently awakened whole nations, has wrenched them out of their accustomed ways, has torn material things to shreds. It is in the pauses after such awakenings, when the heart is still open, that the spirit rushes in most tumultuously. It is then that

souls go forward a step, are swept up to higher levels. Is it too much to hope that the whole of mankind is to advance to these higher levels? That more and more frequently individuals are to break down the hard barriers and drive through to that increased vitality which is the hidden possibility of us all, and which already many of us have experienced in fleeting moments? With this larger life there must come an ever-growing realization of worlds beyond our present one — worlds which are ours to inherit some day, as the blue sky is the heritage of the unsuspecting caterpillar. With this fuller realization, it is possible that the world-old enemy of mankind, the fear of death, is to be vanquished. The time may not be far off when to lose a friend by death will be hardly more than to have him cross the ocean; when our own passing will be merely the happy setting sail for a new country. It may be that in the great war, which has furnished an orgy such as the world has never before seen, death as we have known it in all its agony of parting and uncertainty, has at last been glutted to the full, has reached its climax, and must hereafter diminish.

O people of the world, all things have died! It may be that now at last death itself is dying!

THE ENDURING GOOD

BY JOHN MASEFIELD

Out of the special cell's most special sense
Came the suggestion when the light was sweet;
All skill, all beauty, all magnificence
Are hints so caught, man's glimpse of the complete.

And, though the body rots, that sense survives,
Being of life's own essence it endures
(Fruit of the spirit's tillage in men's lives)
Round all this ghost that wandering flesh immures.

That is our friend, who, when the iron brain
Assails, or the earth clogs, or the sun hides,
Is the good God to whom none calls in vain,
Man's achieved Good, which, being Life, abides.

The man-made God, that man in happy breath
Makes, in despite of Time and dusty death.

CONTEMPORARY NOVELISTS: JOHN GALSWORTHY

BY HELEN THOMAS FOLLETT AND WILSON FOLLETT

I

THE social philosopher who has but one large thing to say usually says it over and over again in a voice which becomes at length a shout or a frenzied shriek. Mr. John Galsworthy stands practically alone among latter-day novelists, as the social philosopher who, as often as he delivers his one message, repeats it in a voice of astonishing quietness and clarity. Of all the qualities that make up the rich *timbre* of that voice, it is surely this trait of quietude, of coolness, that impresses the hearer first and haunts him longest. In a decade when most art has been noisy, and when especially the art of iconoclastic thinkers has treated itself liberally in the matter of rant and gesticulation, the art of Mr. Galsworthy has remained serene. The thing said is so simple, and withal so comprehensive, that the most casual wayfaring reader can hardly miss its purport. But the voice in which it is said is so exquisite in its modulations, so entirely unperturbed among the various shouting, screaming, or wailing voices of our time, that to hear it justly requires some intentness in the listener. And this is the excuse for postponing the message a moment in order to describe the inflection of the utterance.

One can best summarize the style of Mr. Galsworthy by saying that no single quality of it has the dubious distinction of calling attention to itself. It is a style that wins without arresting, and persuades without ever having

challenged. It is quite without self-assertiveness, yet it is charged with individuality. Its frequent brilliance of phrase is simply the maximum of fitness and neat condensation, the brilliance that comes from self-discipline and long apprenticeship, and not from the paroxysmal cleverness of particular moments. Without the crackling smartness of Mr. Chesterton or Mr. Bernard Shaw, without the mannerism of the later Henry James, without the flippant facility of Mr. Arnold Bennett, it manages to become a profoundly personal means of expression. There is nothing meretricious in it that one can identify it by — no hysterical violence, no sacrifice of sense to sound or of truth to wit. Where many an artist has lost himself in self-assertion, Mr. Galsworthy has evidently found himself in self-effacement.

For it is quite clear that he has found himself. His calm assurance is essentially that of the sure touch. It is possible for the worker in prose to be carried away from truth and sincerity by giving the public more and always more of what it has first applauded in him, as a speechifying demagogue responds to the popular acclaim by going with every sentence further and further beyond what he means. It is also possible for him, if he finds himself ignored or derided, to lash himself into an infuriated utterance in the attempt to win a hearing at any cost. But Mr. Galsworthy has neither the insincerity of the spectacular success nor that of the desperate failure. We find thriving

more and more in his pages, as the number of them grows, what must surely be called the finest flower of artistic experience — artistic self-knowledge and self-command. Academically, Mr. Galsworthy would be a writer of importance if he had nothing of unique impressiveness to communicate, simply because, through this distinguished restraint of his craftsmanship, he has proved more conclusively than any one else now writing fiction that English prose can be unmistakably modern without having to be either ugly or cold.

The fine fusion of Mr. Galsworthy's narrative manner as it appears in the ripest of the novels has obviously something to do with his apprenticeship to the stage and his other apprenticeship to the study. The artist who wrote *Strife* and *Justice* and *The Pigeon* was proceeding in the opposite direction from the modern 'talky' play, the drama according to Shaw or Brieux; he was practicing the most exigent selective sense on the masses of words, most of them waste, that make up the exchange of even very silent lives. That kind of discrimination is the uppermost quality of the dialogue in the novels, where every word, however aimlessly spoken, figures demonstrably in the march toward a predetermined effect. Shelton of *The Island Pharisees* uttered a heedless ironic laugh in the presence of Antonio, and would have given, the next instant, anything to recall it; but it had gone from him irrevocably, it had been written black in the history of two lives, it was 'a little bit of truth.' Every speech in the best of the novels has that character of profound and irrevocable importance. Little impulsive utterances betray the secret direction of a whole life. In his dialogue Mr. Galsworthy shows himself the dramatist incarnate.

No more has his training as essayist

and critic missed transference to his fiction. The same kind of condensed emphasis that gives so much meaning to the tiny and fragile miniatures in such volumes as *A Motley*, *A Commentary*, and *The Inn of Tranquillity*, appears in the chapters of *The Man of Property* and of *Fraternity*. It is partly what enables the author to make his larger canvases accommodate so many figures without the appearance of crowding; and it is what enables him to practice on the redundant form of the modern realistic novel that sort of rigid selectiveness which we associate with the short story. The play and the sketch (one the poster, the other the pastel of letters) make equal war on waste; and a pen trained to their type of compression will be able, in the wider area of the novel, to make little stand for much, for everything.

II

Both halves of this double training appear in Mr. Galsworthy's special contribution to the form of the novel: his perfection of the separate chapter as a unit in mood, in episode, and usually in scene. His composition in the novel is essentially dramatic rather than epic; it consists of a series of dramatic nuclei or kernels, careful foreshortenings of the subject-matter. He does not so much try to give the history of his personæ in a continuous line or curve as to plot it by a dotted line. Each dot is a chapter dedicated to one episode, the episode so chosen that it implies its own past and future, as a figure in paint or stone may imply in one frozen attitude the action of preceding and succeeding moments.

Henry James, practicing his invariable motto of 'Dramatize, dramatize!' achieved somewhat the same form with his chapter; but he never fully escaped the necessity of filling in the gaps. He

sketched the connection between one chapter and the preceding, and then elaborated his central episode. Mr. Galsworthy elaborates his central episode and leaves out the connection — which means that the episode is in itself more decisive, more crowded with self-explaining relations. Each of his chapters has its own unity of mood, its exquisite symmetrical finish, with an almost complete freedom from the extraneous — the preparation and exposition, the backing and filling, which we are accustomed to think of as the necessary evils of the fictional art. Each episode has the singleness of effect, the ‘dramatic crystallization,’ of a short story by de Maupassant; it is like a skillful and separately complete sketch.

We are familiar elsewhere with chapters of all sorts, their structure determined by a crucial event, by pure chronology, by pure caprice of the author, even by the most tawdry exigencies of serial publication; and most novels remind one, in their succession of chapters, of a serried and irregular chain of mountains. Mr. Galsworthy turns the chain of mountains into a chain of beads, all of them strung on the invisible thread of the story and all consisting of a skillfully manufactured alloy of setting, action, character, talk, and dominant mood. The units are much the same in size and contour. What saves the succession of them from monotony is that the artificer, a master of color and contrast, has given each its own tint of mood, so that, although they are alike in form, no two are the same in effect.

We look also to Mr. Galsworthy's training, his mastery of the drama and of the short narrative sketch, for the explanation of his fundamental difference in method from both Mr. Wells and Mr. Bennett, his nearly exact contemporaries. Mr. Wells offers with the freest, most open-handed generosity

the acceptable gift of his experiences, his versatile mind, his views, himself; Mr. Bennett holds out, in the same amazing, inexhaustible quantities, his preëmpted property, the Five Towns, their characteristic life cut out for us in great segments and slabs of actuality. Both writers stand as exponents of the artistic theorem that the whole is equal to the sum of all its parts; *Tono-Bungay* and *Marriage, Clayhanger* and *The Old Wives' Tale* mean simply what they are. The worth is in the mass or bulk; we evaluate quantitatively. The question is, How *much* life? or, How wide a range of life? — never, What does it mean?

Not so with Mr. Galsworthy. What he gives us is not so readily reducible to a summary. But it consists, one can say with certainty, of something which is other than it seems — some phase of life first carefully isolated, then colored and displayed in the light of an artistic purpose and left to explain itself, not as so much human experience transcribed bodily, but as a representation of something outside and greater than itself.

Mr. Galsworthy stands, then, as an instance of the opposite theorem, in art equally valid, that the whole is *not* equal to the sum of its parts. What he means is to be sought outside, not inside, what he says. He has learned to a nicety the art of making all that he reports far-reaching in its power of suggestion. The reported spoken word or physical act, the glimpse of truth or of passion, represents or illustrates something not directly expressed at all. We do not mean that Mr. Galsworthy falls short of having mastered the external or factual truth of the social order about which he writes: one always has a comfortable enough sense of his safe clutch of the real. But familiarity with the facts is not everything; the amount of truth is not to be measured by the

amount of material. Galsworthy chooses details, not to be added up into the sum-total of his meaning, but to point in the direction of it; and he needs no more of them than will serve to point unmistakably. One has in reading him a distinct impression of the mass from which his comparatively few details are sifted. He possesses, it may be to an extent never before seen in the English novel, the power of making a few deft and insignificant touches suggest a whole picture of mood or of character, a whole philosophy of life. If he has any rival in this respect, that rival must be Stevenson, a romancer — between whom and the avowed realist of modern social living, any comparison is intelligible only in so far as it is purely technical and academic.

III

The meaning, or message, of Mr. Galsworthy we shall have summarized if we call him the critic of the static element in society — that is, of the aristocracy and upper bourgeoisie — from the point of view of the dynamic or revolutionary element. Mr. Galsworthy writes of the aristocracy that is founded, not on bestness but on badges — all the insignia of class which exert a restraining force on the individual, the badges of property and social rank and family which apply to the grandson an enormous pressure toward the ideals and instincts of the grandfather, and which make the man of the younger generation more responsive to the dictates of his own kind than to the urgency of shifting conditions in the world. In other words, Mr. Galsworthy is the analyst of the ornamental and property-holding classes and of the forces that keep them within their own social and intellectual fences. He sees them solving new problems with old formulas that no longer fit, and imposing on the

individual the unyielding ideal of conformity, at whatever cost, to the individual's own instinct.

Thus he presents both the strength and the weakness of material aristocracy in England. Its strength is that it nearly always triumphs over the waywardness of the non-conforming individual, breaking his will, and sometimes his heart, as it draws him back within the safe barriers of class. Its weakness is that it is based on conventions instead of on needs; the instinct of conformity means simply that aristocrats must stand together in order to stand at all. The aristocrat as Mr. Galsworthy pictures him is the blind mouth of society; the revolutionist or radical democrat is the hungry eye. One keeps what he has, assuming, just because he has always had it, that it is what he wants; the other wants the truth, and wants the aristocrat to have it too.

Perhaps indeed the weakness of the revolutionist's case is his insistence that the aristocrat shall throw away something he already has for the sake of the truth, whereas the revolutionist himself, having nothing, is already free for the service of the truth. Certainly this disparity does its part toward explaining the inability of the two classes ever fundamentally to understand each other. Unlike the professional reformer, Mr. Galsworthy sees the disparity, and sees it as tragic. And if he depicts the aristocracy as a system of limitations, inhibitions, blindnesses through the will not to see, — a system fostered by heredity, by tradition, by self-interest, above all by the tremendous force of inertia, — he also depicts revolution as a force constantly overleaping itself, and losing all because it demands more than is in the nature of things.

For an exposition of Galsworthy's general doctrine, his definition of the aristocrat, one should read the intro-

duction to his first novel of some permanent importance, *The Island Pharisees*, a document in which he describes his view of the social unrest, the central and all-important conflict of which all other conflicts about particular issues are simply the less important phases. That unrest means, to him, the clash of two temperamentally dissimilar beliefs about society: Whatever is, is right, and Whatever is, is wrong. The conflict is always waged about the *status quo* of the given moment, the aristocrat fighting to maintain and the revolutionist to abolish.

The battle is first of all one of temperaments, as we have said. The aristocrat loves safety, the approval of his own sort, the straight walled road laid for him even before he existed, the regularized and shielded life of conventions and formulas. The radical loves danger, swimming against the stream, the life of the free body, with no responsibilities except those which seem at the moment to exert the strongest claim. He is always responding to something obscurely present in his make-up, that compels him to hate and fight whatever is entrenched, whatever is conceded without argument or by majorities.

Secondly, the battle is of the intellect; and here the revolutionist has all the advantage. He can see what is wrong with the world, and he can see that the aristocrat will never do anything to diminish the wrong. For the aristocrat is so preoccupied with the means of keeping what he already has, that whatever imperils it seems to him irrelevant. Things are as he wants them, and a number of dangerous malcontents are trying to upset his security and take away the world he has always helped to govern, in order to substitute a different world in which he will be a man like any other, only more helpless. Therefore he sets his

jaw against every malcontent, clings tenaciously to everything that reminds him of his own difference, his superiority, the safe and ordered beauty of his world; and he convinces himself that it is the best possible world. His only real argument is that he likes it best — but he does not feel the hollowness of this.

Intellectually, he is on the losing side, because he only thinks that he thinks. But he has on his side, first, an enormous majority, being tacitly supported by the passive, non-thinking, non-dynamic mob; and, secondly, he has all the machinery of finance and commerce, of law and government, of institutions and religion, to help him win. Against these, the intellectual minority of rebels can urge only the logic and courage of its convictions. And in battles of ideas, the side that is numerically weak never wins — at first. The truth has not prevailed until it is everybody's truth, even the aristocrat's; but by that time it has ceased to be urgent, and the battle begins all over again on more advanced ground, over a new idea of which the aristocrat has, as ever, the safe or accepted notion.

Thus the rebel thinker becomes at last the accepted prophet of {what everybody believes; but meanwhile the rebel himself has gone on into the future, shaking from his feet the dust of the present. He is the creative element, the leaven in society; and aristocracy is the resisting mass which he leavens. The aristocrat is always coming to the position which the radical has lately abandoned; the two are always a generation or two apart in belief and instinct, and the day of mutual understanding never dawns.

Some such relation as this between the creative and the sterile elements in society is what Mr. Galsworthy perceives and uses as the nuclear principle of his social philosophy; and, as a principle, leaving aside for the moment his

particular applications of it, it is one of the eternal verities, tritely fixed in the saying that the world always crucifies its Messiahs. The world embraces the gospel that its Messiahs once preached, without stopping to reflect that if they should come again they would preach a quite different gospel, equally remote from anything that the world is ready to accept.

Of course Mr. Galsworthy is not offering either himself or any one of his imagined revolutionists as a Messiah: we only state his doctrine, in paraphrase of his own general terms, in order to show that his work has an unshakable foundation of important truth, the truth of how light is propagated, society leavened. The more practical question for criticism concerns the superstructure which Mr. Galsworthy raises on that foundation. Meanwhile, the wonder is that an art based on so vast a truism should be in its detail so free from grandiloquence, the large gesturing and the mouth-filling words of the enthusiast; that it should never fall short of sobriety and symmetry. For it is not every philosopher who, having declared war on exaggeration and distorted emphasis, knows how to pay the truth the high compliment of simply telling it.

IV

Mr. Galsworthy states his large truth, as a fact, in terms of workably small and quite usual social problems, mostly of the sort that involve the members of a single family. The struggle takes place between the aristocratic forces that tend to hold the given family together as a unit and the democratic forces that tend to break its organization and throw the individual members on their own resources. The representatives of those forces make up two of the three groups of Mr. Galsworthy's personæ; the human prizes

for which they contend, usually members of the younger generation, are the third. On one side are the exponents and apologists of conservatism, of the established order — men of substance, fathers and mothers who have forgotten the stresses of their youth, uncles and match-making mammās, clergymen, society matrons, and a few persons of the young generation who were born old in spirit — such folk as Old Jolyon and Soames Forsyte in *The Man of Property*, Pencyce père in *The Country House*, Frances Freeland in *The Freeland's*, Lady Casterley in *The Patricians*, and Antonia in *The Island Pharisees*. Opposed to them are rebels against their way of thinking and of living, the intruders and upstarts, dangerous and unsettling folk — persons such as Ferrand and Courtier and Derek Freeland among the men, Mrs. Bellew and the obscurely dangerous Mrs. Noel among the women. Between these, allied by birth and training to the aristocratic order but blown upon by new winds of doctrine and caught in the surge of young individualism, are the youths and maidens whom we see drawn in two directions, until finally they are forced back into conformity or, by rare exception, thrust beyond the pale — such protagonists as Shelton, George Pencyce, Irene Forsyte, and Lord Miltoun and Lady Barbara, these last in *The Patricians*.

It is significant of Mr. Galsworthy's rather sombre sense of what it costs to see the truth without having the courage or the genius to follow it, that the persons of this third group, who are the heroes and heroines, are almost invariably the victims. They *have* seen the truth, in glimpses, but the truth has not made them free. Whichever way they go, they leave more behind than the heart and the intelligence can spare. If they return to the fold, they have given up the captaincy of their own destin-

ies, the thrill of adventure which turns existence into living; if they leave the fold, they are wholly lost and incapable of grappling with life, they cannot do what they have never done, or do without what they have always had.

This is the principal indictment of the aristocratic formula: it procreates beings who are capable of seeing its limitations but incapable of overcoming them — sons and daughters who crave adventure of the mind and heart, yet have no strength for the ways of adventure. The outcome is always tragedy, if only the tragedy of self-fulfillment denied and thwarted. The plight which Mr. Galsworthy most often analyzes is that of the person who wants more than he can get and dreams more than he dares. Condemned by his own nature to hunger for the untrammelled life, such a person is condemned by his environment to act as though life were prearranged for him. He takes the paved road, with chafing and discontent. And he does not see how surely another thirty years will find him helping to reënaact his own tragedy in his children, wrestling to hold their bodies and incidentally losing their souls just as his elders had done with him. For there is no reactionary so rigid as he who has once been an insurgent.

This theme, the impingement on each other of two opposed doctrines and temperaments, is what Mr. Galsworthy works out in four of his most significant novels. These four taken together, each of them presenting a separate phase of the general conflict, complete the pattern of Mr. Galsworthy's satire. In *The Island Pharisees* he satirizes the aristocratic class through what it believes; in *The Man of Property* through what it possesses; in *The Country House* through what it does; and in *The Patricians* through what it inherits. These are the four phases of the aristocratic limitation — inability

to believe any truth except that which is palatable and flattering; inability to part with anything that is one's own, even if one no longer seriously needs or wants it; inability to act outside the limited field where one's reputation is safe among one's own kind; and inability to escape the predestination in one's blood, the still voice of elders and ancestors inexorably ruling one's life. By his philosophy, his property, his conduct, and his heredity, the four fences of his narrow predetermined square, the aristocrat is cut off from the mass of mankind, the large 'community of hopes and fears' which merges the solidarity of tribe or clan or class in the solidarity of nation or race or, at the largest interpretation, of mankind.

In each of the four books, all these instincts are present and potent; for Mr. Galsworthy is too great an artist, and too well aware of the complex of human emotions and motives, to interpret any single group of lives as ruled exclusively by one impulse. But he makes one of the four impulses visibly predominate in each of his four groups. Antonia breaks with Shelton because it is impossible for her to agree with the young revolutionist Ferrand, Shelton's protégé, with whom she sees Shelton more and more agreeing. Ferrand is to her like a destructive principle, the Nemesis of the class she represents. She does not see how Shelton can find any light or truth in him; for to her he is darkness. Antonia's instinctive hatred of the truth, her pharisaical assurance that any light she does not see is darkness, is Mr. Galsworthy's kind of evil. In *The Man of Property* it is Soames Forsyte's habit and need of ownership that makes him regard his wife as essentially property. She never means much to him until he faces the prospect of losing her; but then he holds her with all his ruthless strength, wounded, full of hatred, yet unable to forego the

long habit of mastery, of possession. In *The Country House* it is the fear of losing caste, the dread of what people will say, that eventually drags George Pendyce back to his family and Mrs. Bellew back to her husband. And in *The Patricians* it is the austere claim of an inherited something in the blood that, more than any other cause, separates Lady Barbara from Courtier and make Lord Miltoun renounce Mrs. Noel for his career.

These four groups are enough alike, as types of the aristocrat, to be caught in the same mesh of impulses and traditions. They are enough different so that for each group one particular strand of the mesh seems stronger than the others. It takes the four together to provide Mr. Galsworthy's full documentation of the reactionary class, the class that possesses the material power of the world. Each of the books is a finished and vivid picture of personality. The four together have the strength and the impersonal logic of a *composite* picture — a definition of the type from which the several individuals derive their being.

v

We have not meant, even by implication, to present Galsworthy as being, like Shaw, a destructive critic of the family as an institution. He happens to choose the family as the fighting ground for the two extreme social doctrines in which he is interested; and in every instance the triumph of the doctrine which he regards as relatively right would involve the disorganization of a certain kind of family. But his attack is not against the idea of the family: it is against the principle of solidarity on which that one family is based. Mr. Galsworthy does not see how two loyalties that conflict can both be right; and he is always interested in the larger

loyalty. He attacks the solidity of the family group when it interferes with the solidity of mankind. The ruthlessness of his gospel that the individual must be free for humanity is the ruthlessness of Christianity, which requires that a man hate his own flesh, his own kindred, or anything that blocks the larger outlook.

This ruthlessness is of the intellect; for after all, the unique trait of Mr. Galsworthy — unique, we mean, among adverse critics of the aristocratic system — is his tenderness for the helpless individual aristocrat. The trouble with the folk in his world is not the presence of vices, or even the absence of the mild negative virtues. The trouble is their lack of the positive and courageous virtues — the power to think, to grow, to give themselves, to act outside what they have been taught. It is as symptoms that these persons are terrible; for as persons many of them are lovable enough. Antonia and Lady Barbara among the women are great in their capacity for personal sacrifice: it is when called upon for the impersonal sacrifice of prejudice that they neither hear nor answer. Old Jolyon Forsyte and Mr. Horace Pendyce are lovable figures, with all their old-school crustiness; Old Jolyon's tenderness for June is as Mr. Galsworthy's tenderness for *him*, and one does not soon forget Mr. Pendyce's acute suffering for the beasts which perished before his eyes in the burning barn, or his appreciation of his friend of many years, the spaniel John. In his wife Margery we see the mother quite turning the aristocrat out of doors: she wants her son to have what he wants, whatever it does to the family and the system — because she cannot bear to see him suffer. Her one charming insurrection against her husband shows us plainly enough the source of the rebellious streak in George Pendyce. Lady Casterley in *The Patricians*

has every kind of greatness except the ability to see that other people's concerns are as important and as real to them as hers are to her. It is only when her plans for the well-being of others are thwarted that she becomes hard, unsparing, inexorable. These are all good folk, most of them gentle and engaging folk, spoiled for the larger purposes of the world by the ineffaceable imprint of class and class limitations.

There is something in Mr. Galsworthy's make-up, a kind of gentility, which prevents him, then, from being a satirist in the vindictive sense. It has to do with his philosophical belief in the community of all living things, his perception that what hurts one hurts all, so that to hurt anything is the only real crime. That belief prevents him from taking with even the unloveliest of his characters the tone of scorn. The unloveliest of his characters, we suppose, is the Reverend Hussell Barter, a sample of the modern hide-bound ecclesiastical Pharisee; yet he is shown at least twice, despite his innate caddishness, in circumstances where he appears as human and rather admirable.

And this general diffusion of tenderness, the substitution of sympathy for scorn, accords with Mr. Galsworthy's temperament as well as with his philosophy. It is difficult to call to mind another artist who unites so critical a sense of the disastrous and deadening results of class blindness, with so much solicitude for the blind individual. That solicitude reaches downward to the lowliest of living things, upward to the exalted and lonely. Rigidly controlled by the reason, it is one great element of beauty and strength in Mr. Galsworthy's work. Not so controlled, it makes for beauty and weakness — as we maintain that it does in *The Dark Flower*, Mr. Galsworthy's one attempt to show the intimate life of a man's heart in no light but the glare of

its own emotional intensity. There, where inhibitions are in abeyance and sensibility rules unchecked and uncriticised, Mr. Galsworthy is only a part of himself — the most lovable part, not the most permanent.

This solicitude needs to be distinguished with some care from a soft and shallow humanitarianism much in evidence during the last hundred years. For the dominating quality of this novelist's art is after all, as we have said, impersonality, restraint, a kind of austerity which one can only call Greek. He is neither satirist nor sentimentalist; his irony is not a lash for the individual soul in its moments of inhumanity, but only a sense of the strangeness of the world's contradictions, and especially of man's inhumanity to man. There is something in all cruelty that faintly puzzles him; his indignation is provoked, but it is the patient indignation of high courage. There is a sympathy which is pure self-indulgence. Mr. Galsworthy's purpose is too inflexible for anything of that sort. Like Mr. Wells, he will have the truth at whatever cost; like Mr. Wells, he shows that its cost is sometimes prohibitive. But he differs from Mr. Wells in that he does not make an insistent selfish personal necessity of the truth. He keeps himself and his desires out of the actual spectacle; his personality is present only as the interpretation of the spectacle, the conclusion we are forced to draw. The result is a number of lives that seem to live themselves intensely in our sight, quite unconscious that they are there for a purpose. The purpose is outside them; their very blindness helps us to see their significance more clearly. Mr. Wells's characters act more in terms of ideas, Mr. Galsworthy's more in terms of temperament and desire. One puts all his ideas into his books, usually into the mouths of his personæ. The other leaves his ideas

to be gathered by us readers if we want them; and the result is that the ideas seem, not like one side of an argument, but like an inevitable part of the nature of things. This security of Mr. Galsworthy in the possession of a kind of truth so irresistible that it proves itself, gives his work its restraint, its air of calm and impersonal conviction — the Greek austerity and something of the Greek sense of inevitable Fate.

VI

It is rather difficult, in the face of these gifts of sound thinking, fine workmanship, and still finer conscience, to state the reason why Mr. Galsworthy has not also more of the Greek immensity and grandeur. For, after all, the chief limitation of his work — a limitation none the less felt because indefinable — is a certain slenderness of effect. It has every attribute of fine imaginative literature, — excellence of style, consummate mastery of formal technique, an adequate purpose, fervor and intensity, a sympathetic appeal to the most different types of readers, — and yet it achieves on the whole less than we should expect of the elemental bigness which we feel in the great Victorians, in Balzac, in Hardy and Meredith.

This feeling that the great enduring masterpieces leave with us has no necessary connection with mere bulk or largeness of scale, for we feel it in a chapter of *The Pickwick Papers* just as much as we do in the whole of *David Copperfield*. All one can say is that it is the most elemental type of creativeness that gives this feeling, and that probably nothing else can give it. It takes its shape usually in the creation of characters who are intrinsically great, even if they are only great villains like Iago, or great clowns like Falstaff, or great fools like Micawber. It is a lawless faculty, or at least it is a law-

making rather than a law-abiding. It creates out of the void, reproducing whenever it drives the pen something of the original cosmic creation.

This thing, whatever its name and composition, Mr. Galsworthy does not have in the most eminent degree. His novels are almost certainly better literature than those of any one else now writing novels, if one judges them apart from this triumphant greatness which belongs to the immortals. In artistic dignity, in the author's attitude toward his subject, in the worth of that subject, in knowledge of life and the philosophy of it, every one of them since *The Island Pharisees* is a masterpiece, and in some ways the latest of them, *The Freelanders*, is greatest of all. Yet we doubt whether any reader marks an epoch in his intellectual life by his discovery of Galsworthy, as many a reader does by his discovery of Hardy, of Meredith, of Dostoïevski. One speaks of this undefined lack with some hesitancy, just because it is and shall remain undefined: yet speak of it one must. So far as we can lay a finger on the lack, its secret is that Mr. Galsworthy applies the exquisite tracery of his workmanship to characters who are essentially little. Perhaps there must be a glorious unreason in the creations of genius at its most splendid; perhaps Mr. Galsworthy is too completely and sanely master of himself to be the father of a Tartuffe, a Père Goriot, an Uncle Toby, a Becky Sharp, an Evan Harrington, a Tess. There is everything in Mr. Galsworthy to make us wish his novels came oftener, provided only they could do so without suffering in quality; but there is nothing to guarantee that readers of fifty years hence will turn to him as readers now turn to Dickens. In him the epic sweep is replaced by the lyric intensity.

Nevertheless, it is true that his is one of the most needed, as well as one of the

most gracious, voices that speak to this generation. The aristocratic prides and the aristocratic fears, they are a part of nearly all of us; they are no more the limitations of one small class than the aristocratic virtues are the advantages of one small class. Pendycyes and Forsytes lead the way, set up the ideal — and the whole mass is infected with 'Pendycitis' and 'Forsyteism.' For the average man and woman, of America as well as of England, there is plenty of need for self-examination; we are all in some degree Island Pharisees, creatures of the narrow and selfish outlook.

Against these limitations of the mass of us, only reason can prevail. And it is the voice of reason that Mr. Galsworthy raises. He assails the convention that destroys, not the convention that builds and protects. Unreason, blindness, excess, these are the real enemies. Some of us are idle, others overworked; some are voluptuous, others ascetic; some have useless wealth, others only grinding poverty; some are brainless, others fanatical; these excesses, fruits of unreason, are what must be destroyed. Mr. Galsworthy happens to believe that the really crucial trouble with society is at the top of its organization, in the land-holding, money-spending, governing classes; but he never goes at the question in a blind iconoclastic fury. His aim is to make those who are blind see the tragedy, and the humor too, of their own blindness — for to him the most gro-

tesque tragedy of all is, not to know one's self and what one wants, to pass perhaps a whole lifetime without ever having been on speaking terms with one's own heart. 'From your heart,' he apostrophizes Fashion, the Figure Without Eyes, 'well up the springs that feed the river of your conduct; but your heart is a stagnant pool that has never seen the sun. . . . *You have never had a chance!*' That is the position of the unhappy majority in his books. The only free, happy, and enviable people in them are the few who have self-knowledge, convictions with the courage of them, work, and little or nothing else. In these is the hope of the world.

And hope is the one note that becomes more and more insistent throughout Mr. Galsworthy's work, emerging strongly at last through his characteristic melancholy. The failures he records are uncompromising; and so too is the failure of youthful and eager iconoclasm in his latest story, *The Freelanders*. But the failure there, we are made to know, is less irretrievable than the others; more wisdom comes out of it for those who fail, and we read it as a preface to hope. 'Was that defeat of youth, then, nothing? Under the crust of authority and wealth, culture and philosophy — was the world really changing; was liberty truly astir, under that sky in the west all blood; and man rising at long last from his knees before the God of force? . . . The world is changing . . . changing!'

‘HOLY RUSSIA’

BY HAROLD BEGBIE

She is entitled to the gratitude of the world, were it only for the protection she has afforded to the oppressed Christians in the East. . . . She alone stood up against their oppressors.

PROFESSOR MORFILL of Oxford.

You cannot understand Russia by her intelligence; you cannot measure her by the ordinary foot-rule. She has her own peculiar conformation; you can only believe in Russia.

TINTCHEV.

It is a war between two ideals of life; for, even more sharply than our own, the whole Russian attitude to life stands in completest contrast to the German.

PROFESSOR J. Y. SIMPSON of Edinburgh.

I

ON August 3, 1914, I called upon my friend Norman Angell. The ante-room of his chambers in King's Bench Walk was crowded with people. He came out to me, took my hand, and, still holding it, spoke to those about him, firing eager questions to left and to right. Had a certain hall been taken? It must be taken at once, at any cost. See to it. Were those bills printed? They must be posted at once. See to it. The whole city must be placarded with bills — ‘Stop the War’ bills, and bills announcing a ‘Stop the War’ meeting for that very night. At once, at once. See to it!

He was haggard and excited. The agony of his mind was visible in his face, in his gestures, in the tone of his voice. He is a very slight and delicate-looking man. As he walked to and fro, flinging his arms up, flashing at me the most anxious glances, and speaking in a voice which shook and rang with emotion, he seemed to me like an ant

that opposes itself to an avalanche. There was something at once magnificent and ridiculous in this little man's determination to hurl destiny back out of the path of humanity. One thing that he said to me then has remained in my mind: ‘If this war should come, it will mean a Cossack Europe.’

In the spring of 1915 I went to Russia. When I arrived in Bergen I was taken by a friend of mine to see a distinguished Norwegian statesman. This gentleman, whose manners were not very good, said to me, ‘There is one thing we do not understand — your alliance with Russia.’ He spoke bitterly. I was amazed by his bitterness, and defended Russia. He laughed in my face, and sneered. In Sweden it was the same. It is true that neither the Prime Minister of Norway nor the brilliant Foreign Minister of Sweden said anything harsh to me about Russia; but among other people it was always the same thing: they could not understand our alliance with Russia. The longer I tarried in these countries on my way to Petrograd, the more convinced did I feel that of all the nations of the world Russia has the worst name.

The ignorance of mankind is deeper than the abyss. And it is more dangerous than war or pestilence. The ignorance of the multitude is vast and dreadful; but the ignorance of the educated and cultured, this, too, is colossal and it is the greatest of the dangers which threaten civilization. Why should a man so brilliant and able as Norman Angell speak of a Cossack Europe as if

it were something more destructive than a Prussian Europe?¹ Why should all the people I encountered in Scandinavia, refined and educated people, speak of Russia as if she were a danger to mankind? It is because they are entirely ignorant of Russia,—that is to say, of the history, the literature, the character, and the soul of 170,000,000 fellow creatures. They have made up their minds about those millions of people. They have judged them. They have condemned them. The Russians? They are savages!

As an Englishman who loves his country more than any land in the world, and who, seeking to cultivate within himself an international mind and to spread the saving gospel of co-operation and sympathy and brotherhood among all nations, yet feels a passionate worship of his own race, because of its noble freedom and its generous good-nature, let me say this: that of all England's allies in this struggle with Prussian egotism I am proudest to be allied with Russia—that great Russia who can give to my country a spiritual grace which we lack, and who is so modestly anxious to receive from my country a moral earnestness which she eagerly desires.

A German in *Das Forum* challenged Romain Rolland to explain his position with regard to Russia. Rolland, as every one knows, has made enemies for himself in France by striving to preserve his nation from hate and by insisting on the great good qualities in his enemy, the German. How, then, does this tolerant and noble-minded man reply to the challenge in *Das Forum*? 'You, my German friend,' says he, 'know how I love Germany. Not less than you yourselves; I am the son

of Beethoven, Leibnitz, and Goethe.' And he asks, 'But what do I owe to the Germany of to-day, or what does Europe owe to it? What art have you produced since the monumental work of Wagner, which marks the end of an epoch and belongs to the past? What new, original thought can you boast of since the death of Nietzsche, whose magnificent madness has left its traces on you, though we are unscathed by it? Where have we sought our spiritual food for the last forty years, when our own fertile soil no longer yielded sufficient for our needs? Who but the Russians have been our guides? What German writer can you set up against Tolstoi and Dostoevsky, those giants of poetic genius and moral grandeur?'

But more than this. He speaks of that deplorable, incredible 'Address to the Civilized Nations,' with which, as he says, the Imperial army corps of German intellectuals bombarded Europe,—the address which denied everything, denied that Germany provoked the war, that violence had been used against Belgian citizens, that Louvain had been destroyed—that 'day is day and night is night.' And he exclaims: 'Thank God! the crimes of Tsarism never found a defender among the great artists, scholars and thinkers of Russia. Are not the greatest names in its literature . . . the very ones who denounced its crimes?'

But more even than this. He asks, 'How comes it, then, Germans, that the Poles prefer Russian domination to yours? Do you imagine that Europe is ignorant of the monstrous way in which you are exterminating the Polish race? Do you think that we do not receive the confidences of those Baltic nations who, having to choose between two conquerors, prefer the Russian because he is the more humane?' And he goes on: 'Your imperialism, beneath its veneer of civilization, seems to me

¹ The use of the term *Cossack* is of course absurd. Russia has absorbed and civilized these splendid people, who were once plunderers and fighters only, like the rest of the world.

no less ferocious than Tsarism toward everything that ventures to oppose its avaricious desire for universal dominion. But whereas immense and mysterious Russia, overflowing with young and revolutionary forces, gives us hope of a coming renewal, your Germany bases its systematic harshness on a culture too antiquated and scholastic to allow of any hope of amendment. . . . Know once for all that there is nothing more overwhelming for us Latins, nothing more difficult to endure, than your militarization of intellect.' He might have added, 'and your militarization of conscience.'¹

Here, then, is a lover of Germany defending, nay, exalting Russian culture, Russian humanity, and Russian spirituality. And I hope to show, for it is not difficult, that M. Rolland's horror of 'Tsarism' is not so great as need be.

Let us, then, — quite certain that the Russian is not so black as he is painted by popular error, — endeavor to discover what Russia, in her inmost essence, in her force, in her character, in her destiny, *is*. What is Russia? It is in our interest to know; for not only is ignorance dangerous, but if it remain when light penetrates darkness, it becomes a sin. The twentieth century belongs — to Russia.

In that violent, passionate, splenetic, and muddle-headed book, *Germany and England*, by the late Professor Cramb, an English disciple of Treitschke, the brilliant author, who wanted us to set up in our lovely island a war-machine as huge, as menacing, and as intolerable as the Prussian octopus, has a passage which shows us, from a German source, how we should set out to discover the soul of a nation.

He is writing of General von Bernhardt, the military disciple of the professorial Treitschke, and he says that Bernhardt set out to answer the ques-

tion, What is Germany? — using for his evidence the history, literature, politics, and philosophy of his nation. What is Germany? How can he express in a word, from Germany's history, literature, politics, and philosophy, what Germany is, what she stands for, what is her value?

And by Germany he understands the vital, onward-striving force flowing in German blood from an endless time down to the present, and from the present flowing onward into an endless future. What, he asks, is the precise value, the precise significance of the force in its present manifestation — Germany? And he has a perfectly definite answer: It is strife; it is war.

If the answer is the right one, let us comfort ourselves; for in nature, where God's laws are written for our learning, sympathy and coöperation win a manifest victory, while aggression and selfishness perish. You must go to the museum to see one of the strongest creatures that ever existed — the mastodon. And while you will see in your fields great flocks and herds of peaceful cattle, and vast hosts of men laboring the earth to provide food for them, you must go to a menagerie if you would see the tiger, who has nothing to contribute to evolution. But whether the answer of General von Bernhardt is right or wrong, his method is good.

Let us see, from the history, the literature, the politics, and the philosophy of Russia if we can answer our question, What is Russia? — and by Russia let us understand the vital, onward-striving force flowing in Russian blood from an endless time down to the present, and from the present flowing onward into an endless future. What is the precise value, the precise significance of that force in its present manifestation — Russia?

Before we set out on this inquiry, one who knows Russia very intimately,

¹ *Above the Battle*. By ROMAIN ROLLAND.

Professor Simpson of Edinburgh, hints to us what our answer will be. For he says of this great war, 'It is a war between two ideals of life; for, even more sharply than our own, the whole Russian attitude to life stands in completest contrast to the German.' Our answer, then, cannot be like Bernhardt's, 'It is strife; it is war.' Perhaps it will be, 'It is love; it is brotherhood.'

II

The history of Russia is the history of the struggle of a little people against innumerable enemies who surrounded her on every side. The names of some of these enemies we know — Swedes, Finns, Poles, Cossacks, Turks, Mongols, Lithuanians, Letts, and Germans. The names of many others — such as the Lesghians, Chetchenzes, Bashkirs, and Kirghiz — are known only to the historian. Surrounded by all these enemies, the little nation of Russia, conscious of a divine force stirring her onward, attempted again and again to rise up and be a people of civilization. But at every movement she was fallen upon by the savage races surrounding her. From 1238 to 1462 she was the bleeding victim of a Mongolian invasion. For centuries the barbarians surrounding her swept into her land, burning her cities, laying waste her fields, and bearing off her children, both girls and boys, to be sold to the Turks. In this agony and bitterness and ruin the indestructible soul of Russia waited for the mercy of God. When she had thrown off the Mongol tyrant, and was endeavoring to make friends with civilization, civilization sent its armies against her! And while the hosts of powerful Sweden assaulted her, the Mongol hordes returned, and the Khan of the Crimea sent his devils to afflict her. Not until the beginning of the eighteenth century did Russia win a

real place in the world, when Peter the Great threw back the Swedish invader, and Sweden fell from her former glory into a condition of weakness which has continued to this day.

And now see what has happened. This little Russian people has absorbed the hosts of nearly all its enemies. It is the centre of a vast group of peoples. Its empire is composed of nations which were once its enemies. Russia herself is composed of these enemies. When we speak of Russia, we do not mean the descendants of those who held the Grand Duchy of Muscovy in the fifteenth century — we mean all those nations which are now fighting for her under the Cross of St. Andrew, with their souls dreaming of Constantine's city, from whence came to them that which is infinitely more than life — the spirit of Christ; we mean, the Poles, the Armenians, the Tatars, the Georgians, the Letts, the Lithuanians, the Mongols, and the Cossacks, yes, and we mean also the Germans, Swedes, Roumanians, and Finns who are among the 170,000,000 souls composing the Russian Empire.¹ We see, then, from Russian history, that the Russian character not only possesses the great quality of patience or endurance, but that, persisting through almost hopeless conditions of terror and persecution, it has the power to absorb into itself those elements of antagonism which had threatened it with destruction.

And what is the story of Russia from the days of its power? *No nation has fought more wars for the liberties of other peoples.* Russia alone has opposed herself to the Turkish oppressor of Christian races. She is the creator of Bulgaria. She allied herself with others to destroy Napoleonism. She

¹ More than a hundred languages are spoken among these millions who call the Tsar their Little Father. — THE AUTHOR.

drew her mighty sword, unprepared as she was for war, to defend Serbia from destruction. 'She is entitled,' said Professor Morfill before the year 1914, 'to the gratitude of the world. . . . The tide of Mohammedan persecution and proselytism was turned back from the time when Peter the Great showed the *rayahs*, groaning under the Turkish yoke, that they could look to Russia for help. . . . *She alone stood up against their oppressors.*'

From the literature of Russia we learn that this patient, persisting, and absorbing people is conscious above everything else of the existence of God. Nothing else really interests the Russian. He looks at politics, he takes a hand in trade, and he does what he can for art: but the supreme obsession of his mind, his heart, and his soul is the thought of God. But mark well, the Russian's obsessing thought of God is concerned with only one attribute of the Divine Father. He can think of nothing but God's love. I should say there has never been in the whole world a nation less influenced by the thought of Jehovah. A Russian does not understand what you mean when you speak to him of Odin or Jove or Jehovah. He smiles and shakes his head. It is something he cannot conceive — this God of unbending justice and black-frowning wrath. His Russian soul has been stunned centuries ago by the tremendous thought that God is Love. It can receive no other impression. To this hour he is absorbed in contemplation of this single aspect of the Everlasting God — that He loves, that He is Love itself.

Even when he goes to war with the Germans, whom he feels in his soul to be the enemies of love, he has no hate in his heart. I have talked to Englishmen and Americans in Russia who have been in the Galician trenches, and they all tell me that you cannot get the Rus-

sian soldier to hate. While he is charging, while he is killing, yes, perhaps; but when he comes back with his prisoners, no. He gives the captured German his last bit of chocolate, makes him a cup of coffee, and does not resent his contemptuous complaint that the coffee is of a bad quality and is bitter without sugar; no, he pats the German's back, strokes his arm, smiles at him, and says, 'You are all right, now.'

Prince Troubetzkoy, the philosopher and historian, with whom I had a memorable conversation in Moscow, has explained for us what is the underlying idea of Russian literature and Russian philosophy: 'Humanity united by the Spirit of God in one whole, and in this form become like God — this is the highest expression of God's project for the world, and this is what must eventually reign in the world.'¹

Constantinople is for every Russian Tsargrad, — Town of Towns, — because from that defiled but eternal city Christ came to Russia, and because there in Tsargrad still stands the polluted but sacred temple of St. Sophia. Sophia, says the prince, stands for the Wisdom of God in creation, the humanity of the Divine Wisdom, the humanity of God. Professor Simpson thus sums up the prince's argument: —

'But as yet humanity is torn in pieces; it is not our humanity. Nation fights against nation; even their faiths are at war. Humanity is sinful and therefore mortal. But those who were aware of the Spirit saw humanity holy and therefore immortal, one and entire. Restoration of the broken whole of humanity, and so of all creation — for this burn the hearts of those who have seen the Spirit. . . . This is the purpose and progressive achievement of "Sophia," — the uniting of humanity and the entire world into one living

¹ *The Self-Discovery of Russia.* By PROFESSOR J. Y. SIMPSON.

whole, a living, spiritual organism . . . a communion of beings joined by the Spirit of God in one living substance.'

Before one dismisses this ideal as a chimera, as an impossibility, one should reflect that Russian character, persisting and absorbing, has come down the ages, and is now the sovereign power of Europe. None of its many enemies, not one of all the hosts of barbarism and infidelity, not one of all the mighty kings of Christendom, was able to overthrow and destroy it. *It*, and not they, has persisted, has conquered, has absorbed, and now rules. *It*, and not they, is destined to speak the word of the twentieth century.

Concerning the internal politics of Russia, let me point out to you that the violence of nihilism has expended itself, that socialism of an economic character is not violent in its expression, and that the most powerful *bloc* in the Duma is composed of constitutional progressives who call themselves either conservatives or liberals. M. Rodzianko, President of the Duma, himself a conservative, told me that after this war nothing on earth will be able to prevent free speech in Russia; he said, 'You might as well attempt to stop the torrents of spring.'

It is most important, too, especially for democratic countries, to know that, although Russia has very few of the forms and institutions of democracy, she more than any other country has the true democratic spirit. That is to say, the classes are much nearer to each other, there is no awkwardness in their relations, and the only superiority acknowledged by all grades in the community is the superiority of holiness. There is not a peasant who would not be perfectly and charmingly at his ease in the presence of the Tsar; not a great prince who would not reverently kneel to a saint. The idea of the family characterizes the Russian state.

Professor Morfill speaks in his history of the 'claptrap abuse with which some western authors season their books on Russia.' Russia has been exhibited to Europe and America as a tyrannous and brutal power, wielding the knout to right and left of her, driving hordes of her best children to the snows of Siberia, and committing a thousand atrocities among the Jews. This is the grossest and absurdest exaggeration. There is a reactionary party in Russia, many of whom, but not all, are brutal and unscrupulous; and force has been used again and again by this faction in the government to repress, not only anarchy, but constitutional progress. The picture, however, is overdrawn. Hear what Professor Simpson has to say, and remember that the idea of an unbridled bureaucracy is foreign to Russia, and was introduced from Germany in the reign of Peter the Great: —

'Too often the internal relations of Russia have been depicted in this country as those of a bureaucracy and a democracy continuously in conflict, with the former as a kind of evil genius. There could be no profounder mistake. Bureaucracy is not necessarily an evil. Everything depends upon its spirit, and a bureaucracy can be improved and changed if its spirit is changed. To-day there is a great struggle going on in the Russian bureaucracy itself, between the more progressive and the more conservative elements. That bureaucracy is very far from being a mere homogeneous mass of reactionary outlook.'

This is sober truth. Russia is changing the spirit of its bureaucracy. And if the war end, as it must, in a victory for Russia, a victory which is celebrated for Russia by the Russians singing their great hymn, *Christ Is Risen*, in St. Sophia, then this movement in the bureaucracy will be swiftly and glori-

ously triumphant. But if the war should end in a draw, there is a fear, as I gather from what Prince Troubetzkoy told me, that the Russian legions, returning sick and weary from the trenches, may be in no other mood than one of acquiescence. They will be too tired for reform. They will ask for nothing but peace. Should that be so, which God forbend, the reactionaries of Russia would exert a powerful influence in politics.

III

One of Professor Simpson's Russian friends said to him, 'Humanity has been — is — going through awful experiences. Is not this a miracle, that the German philosophy and the whole German spirit have brought the country under the sway of Beelzebub? Yet in our land there is a great revival of religious interest to-day. Russia was under the French influence of Voltaire till 1812; then in a struggle Napoleon was vanquished, and the result was a widespread religious movement. We were again becoming materialistic, when the Japanese War and the revolution after the war shook us from our spiritual torpor, and the religious life of the nation was quickened. The same is happening at the present moment. From the court to the peasant's hut a spiritual movement is in progress.'

In these words one has an answer to our question, What is Russia? Russia is so gentle and plastic that she easily comes under foreign influence, and for a time appears to have renounced her historical destiny. But the light of heaven in her soul burns on, and when the darkness is most dark suddenly that light shines forth and is the glory of the world and the hope of many nations. Russia is not strife; Russia is not war; she is love and peace, against whom the hosts of hate and the legions of darkness go up again and again, sometimes

flinging her back, sometimes wounding her to the point of death, sometimes making her almost false to her own soul; but again and again the light shines once more, and once more she sees her path straight before her — the path of St. Sophia, the path that leads to Tsargrad and to God.

Love Russia, and she will love you. Oppose yourself to Russia, and sooner or later she will crush you. Nothing can withstand her in the end. And the reason is this. She is the nation to whom Christ has committed his secret. Rome says, 'Do as I tell you and I will save your soul from hell.' Protestantism says, 'Believe this, and work early and late to earn the forgiveness of God.' Russia says one word only: it is 'Love.'

She makes many mistakes. She thinks too little of morality, as we perhaps think too much; she is superstitious, she is acquiescent, she is without a social conscience; but she loves, and love makes her exceeding beautiful. It is enough for her millions to lull their souls with the thought that God loves them and that after death they will see their God who is Love Itself — see Him face to face, fall down before his feet and worship Him eternally. What does it matter, with such a destiny before them, if they eat poorly, sleep roughly, dress shabbily, and toil hard to make the corn grow? What does it matter if they sometimes drink too much? What does it matter if they are not quite fair in all their dealings? God is Love, and they love Him from morning to night, drunk or sober.

The intellectuals have a higher thought. Listen to Prince Troubetzkoy:—

"'Sophia' is the image of God in the individual and in humanity. He who has the image in his soul, who sees it in every individual and nation, cannot bear any lessening of human dignity. All injustice to humanity rouses

wrath in the heart of him who in devotion understands "Sophia." If Russia is willing to suffer for this and is ready for great deeds, it shows that she has raised the altar to "Sophia" in her soul, and we can hope that her attempt to restore this altar and make it visible to the whole world in Tsargrad will have success.'

This is Russia — modern, living, and conquering Russia. You will find no such sentiment in Treitschke and Bernhardi, no such sentiment in our own English militarists, no such sentiment in any other nation under heaven. For it is the thought of a nation which has reflected and meditated from its dawn upon the thought of Divine Love; which feels, as no other nation in the world feels it, the infinite beauty of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Humanity; which is undisturbed in the midst of chaos and upheaval and apparent defeat; which is prepared to suffer; which is ready for great deeds, and which believes in its destiny.

A new life begins for humanity. From the moment when Russia raises the Cross in Constantinople, human life will be changed, a new era will be opened, and the intense reality of Christianity, underlying its thousand and conflicting forms, will be seen at last by all the nations of the earth.

'That which has worked ceaselessly in the depths of the Russian spirit,' says Nikolai Berdyaev, 'is no longer to be provincial and confined in its manifestation: the Slav race, with Russia at its head, is henceforth called to a defining rôle in the life of humanity.'

And Dostoievsky, one of the very greatest souls that ever lived, almost as imaginative as Shakespeare and infinitely more spiritual, tells us what is the inmost essence and the ultimate destiny of the Russian nation: 'Russia must reveal to the world her own Rus-

sian Christ, whom as yet the people know not. . . . *There* lies, as I believe, the inmost essence of our vast impending contribution to civilization, whereby we shall awake the European peoples; there lies the inmost core of our exuberant and intense existence that is to be.'

What is this Russian Christ?

Listen again to Dostoievsky. He is writing to a friend about the difficulty of portraying in fiction 'a truly perfect and noble man.' And he says, 'All writers, not ours alone but foreigners also, who have sought to represent Absolute Beauty, were unequal to the task, for it is an infinitely difficult one. The beautiful is the ideal: but ideals, with us as in civilized Europe, have long been wavering. There is in the world only one figure of absolute beauty: Christ. That infinitely lovely figure is, as a matter of course, an infinite marvel (the whole Gospel of St. John is full of this thought: John sees the wonder of the Incarnation, the visible apparition of the Beautiful).'

There lies, then, Russia's vast impending contribution to humanity — the Russian Christ, who is Absolute Beauty.

In conclusion let me say something of those elements in Russian life which may be thought to threaten this tremendous destiny.

She is apathetic. This is true, and the wisest of Russians eagerly look for the sympathy and coöperation of other races, particularly, let me say, of the English race. They desire to see their material resources developed (not exploited), and to feel in their existence the quickening influence of a solid conscience. They are aware in themselves of long torpors and immense *ennuis*. Their physical responsibilities appear to them at times greater than they can bear. They welcomed the German to

help them, but the German only exploited them and treated their poor people very arrogantly, and endeavored to change the Russian soul. This was the culminating crime. Russia will work humbly and gratefully with other races, but no race must meddle with her soul.

She is superstitious. Very great, but not very destructive, are the superstitions of Russia. She believes in something more than divine guidance. She believes in interference. But whereas increasing knowledge tends to drive religion out of the heart of those people whose emphasis has been on the *morality* of Christianity, it cannot greatly shake, I think, the soul of Russia, which has always rested in the thought of God's love. It is true that the perverted doctrines of Darwin, called 'Darwinism,' are exerting a baneful influence among the students of certain universities; but before Russia has fallen under this destructive force, the new science of the present century will have made its appeal to the Russian imagination. English influence is destined to be very great in Russia, and English science and English philosophy are moving clean away from 'Darwinism.' I think that the Orthodox Church may oppose itself for a long time to the Modernism of Europe, but I think that the people of Russia will have no difficulty in absorbing the teachings of Modernism into their worship of God. They are not great dogmatists. They rely, with all their weight, on the instinct of love.

She is not cultured. She is more cultured than many people think. And her culture is not a veneer. It is with her an instinct. The Russian ballet, that revelation to Europe of a spiritual force in dancing, is a natural expression of the Russian soul. Her sense of color values is wonderful, and it is inborn. Her poetry is exquisite. Her

novelists are the greatest in the world — Dostoievsky, Turgenieff, Gogol, and Tolstoi. Her music — the people's music — is sweetness and sadness themselves. Her architecture is beginning to emerge from the vulgarizing influences of Prussia. She has great imaginative painters.

No; I see in her apathy, her superstition, and the simplicity of her masses, the very reasons for strengthening my faith in Russia's transcendent destiny. It is not conceivable to me that Christ should come again through England and America, those two industrious Marthas of the human family. If England and America had such a destiny before them we can imagine the repellent fashion in which their newspapers and bill-posters would prepare the way. It is unthinkable. No; we have been too busy, while Russia has watched and prayed. The second coming of the Spirit of Christ will steal upon the world as noiselessly as the first; and only those who long for his coming will know him when he comes. The Russians, whose destiny it is to give this Spirit of Christ to the world, will know first of all when he has come, and gradually, after many centuries, perhaps, the rest of the world will know that God has again visited his people.

I see in the miraculous persistence of the Russian spirit, in the silence and humility of its approach to world-dominion, and in the passionate joy which thrills it through and through as the sun shines before it on the dome of St. Sophia, the same Spirit of God which moved upon the face of the waters, the same Spirit of God which stirred in the manger at Nazareth, the same Spirit of God which called Luther to his work, Darwin to his, and through all the ages of blundering, struggling, but still ascending, humanity, has breathed the eternal words, 'Verily I say unto

you, except ye turn, and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven.'

The second greatest day in the history of humanity will be that wonderful day when Russia enters the holy

city of Constantine; for there will begin the reign of peace — peace on earth, goodwill among men.

On that great day many Russians, I am sure, will pray for the soul of Germany. God's family must be one.

THE MAN ON THE ALTAR

AN EXPERIENCE IN PETROGRAD

BY WARRINGTON DAWSON

'WHAT can a stranger expect to see, with just an ordinary card, at the Isaakiewski Sobor for Easter midnight mass?' I asked myself. 'Better be comfortable while seeing nothing, than crushed to death while seeing nothing.'

On Palm Sunday I had come near the latter fate, in the Polish Catholic Church down the Niewski Prospekt. Through my own struggles and emotions, whose nature was physical and took the shape of battling for life, I had responded to the sweet, inspiring influence of the peasant faces pressed about me, honest faces stained with tears of pain and nervousness, yet exalted by their sacred ideal. But it was not an experience into which one would rush advisedly a second time. So the chances were even that I might turn away to my hotel or go to the Orthodox Cathedral, now Easter Eve had come. When I reached the decisive street, however, curiosity led me on: curiosity not for what I might see, but for what might happen to me.

During the weeks I had passed in Petrograd, the idea that a mystery

hung over me had grown apace. Not a general mystery due to climate or people, but one peculiar to myself.

'You are merely watched, like all foreigners,' one of my Russian friends, Xorell, asserted when I applied to him for enlightenment.

'Perhaps,' I answered, recognizing the futility of a discussion on those lines. Certain facts had forced themselves before me, and more than argument or abstract wisdom was needed to make me dismiss them as a web of fancies.

Of course we were all watched. But the aspect and the manners of the men who observed me and listened to me, and who on one or two occasions addressed me, were not those of secret agents. Each incident was trifling in itself, too trifling to deserve separate mention. They ranged from undeserved interest shown in my idlest words spoken in public, through such episodes as exchanging brief remarks about me which I could not avoid overhearing, to climaxes in the way of cordial hand-shakings by well-dressed and

distinguished-looking men who insisted, before friends of theirs, on claiming me for a friend. It would all be over in an instant, so swiftly that, caught off my guard, I had never time to protest or to question; and afterwards, I would invariably expect to find my watch or my purse gone, or to hear that unknown individuals had been inquiring for me at my hotel, or to learn from officials delegated to arrest me that Xorell's surmise had been correct. But these sequels did not come. The one positive conclusion I had been able to reach was that so many occurrences must be concerted to some end which I should know sooner or later; and that it would be of no commonplace character, whether I proved to be a victim of exotic confidence tricks or only of a mistake on the part of the highest police. The Russo-Japanese War was in progress; unusual methods might be devised for circumscribing criminals or conspirators of an exceptionally dangerous type.

Yet such a supposition, as applied to myself, was rendered absurd both by the harmlessness of my own pursuits and by the personalities of such men as the handsome, impeccable stranger in a restaurant, who left a party of ladies and gentlemen, all wearing evening dress, to shake my hand delightedly and assure me rapidly in English that he was most happy to see me again.

'If he's a police spy, then I'm a bricklayer,' I said to myself.

That episode closed the series. I went for some days leading the life of everybody else, and I felt no relief at believing my purse or my person in safety. After living a novel, I was now dropped back into a humdrum routine. Then an unsolicited card for midnight mass at St. Isaac's Cathedral came to me by post.

'Oh, that?' Xorell observed nonchalantly when I showed it to him. 'Every-

body gets those. Pity you were n't favored with an invitation to the Tsar's private mass at the Winter Palace. There'll be a frightful crush at the Cathedral. I'm an atheist as well as a liberalist, but I like to see these things, so I'm going. I'll help you in the crowd, if you wish. Hampden and Biggs are to be with me. Come, and make a fourth.'

'Just an ordinary card,' I said doubtfully. 'It seems scarcely worth while.'

'Not ordinary!' Xorell protested. 'When you have seen the thousands packed in the transepts and the nave—'

'I thought it was built in the form of a Greek cross?' I interrupted.

'Well, it's what would be transepts and a nave for you. Anyway, when you see how they are filled, you will appreciate your privilege to stand at the upper end, between the Tomb and the altar.'

'In a special gallery, then?'

'Oh, no! There are only two of those, one for the Court, and the other for diplomats and officials of a high class. I made a mistake in using the term "privilege,"' he corrected himself with Russian preciseness. 'We shall be among the half-privileged. Hampden and I are to meet Biggs in his room soon after nine o'clock. By being early, we may stand near the front.'

This talk of half-privileges did not allure me. I went, nevertheless, and found no one at our tryst; and I was abandoning the entire business, when I decided to go on. My purpose was to run down the adventure which had kept near me for so long, and which must meet me sooner or later if I were faithful to every opportunity. Because it must be an adventure: all the explanations I could think of, or which others could suggest to me, were more unreal than the incidents which prompted them.

Crisp, bright stars sparkled against a

dark background so firm that it might have been the crystal sphere imagined of old, lingering over this country splendidly, immeasurably in retard upon the self-styled civilized world. The crystal, as if lined with black velvet, was without ray or light of its own; but the stars blazed down, with enhanced lustre, on the snow-spread city whose pink palaces shone like bright wind-whipped faces peering above mantles of ermine. The snow underfoot slipped away, dry and evasive as sand; but a few inches below the surface, solid ice formed its bed. Though swathed in furs and walking at the brisk pace which strangers are warned to avoid, I did not risk overheating, so intense was the cold. I had not far to go; and a signal to an *isvostchik* would have compelled me to resolve crudely on what I preferred to encourage gently. Doubt as to my course vanished only when St. Isaac's dome cut a tiny half-circle among the stars of that greatest dome that men's minds can build with the earth as foundation.

According to the instructions on my card, I was to show it at a certain door, but retain it and thereby be assured of my half-privileged place. Dense throngs pressed toward one of the public entrances not far away, while I stood alone facing a group of guards. In obedience to some practical Cossack or Tartar instinct which may have consisted in the elimination of risks, they confiscated the card while bowing me respectfully onward.

'So much for half-privileges,' I murmured to myself. Once again, and for the last time, I considered going away without having seen anything. But just then I saw enough to interest me. Perhaps for this reason, perhaps for that other which I have acknowledged, I made up my mind to remain.

Tall, straight walls and smooth columns of marble stared coldly, dimly

down on me, save where relieved by a small side-light whose rays, dim of themselves, stole gleams from a neighborhood of precious stones or rich chasings of gold and silver. The silent and deserted altar gaped wide and high before me, its splendors shrouded into mourning by the gloom which reigned in the vaults above, and the stones beneath, and the sadness under the stones.

A fair space surrounded me, quite untenanted. But ten o'clock had not struck, and the compact throngs which I could see swaying beyond the central tomb, at the intersection of the Greek cross, did not offer encouraging prospects. The commercial class which would presently surge in with tickets like mine might be more cleanly than the moujik class, but would scarcely be less insistent. It occurred to me that, if an officer guarding the highly privileged precincts would take me under his protection, I might stand close to the altar barriers without being disturbed or arousing suspicion, even though I had no card.

My explanation was offered in French, as short and simple as I could make it. For some moments the officer contemplated me tranquilly. He verified the glimpse of evening clothes that he caught beneath my slightly opened fur coat, cast an approving glance at the patent leather which peeped above the edge of my outer shoes, raised his eyes to my face once more, and — threw open before me the barriers marking off the privileged gallery for diplomats and officials.

Now, I could not fail to know that a mistake was being made. I had no right to be there, and had not asked to enter. The officer, ignorant of French and unwilling to betray the fact, must have thought me an attaché. But he ordered me in; and one lesson I had learned in Russia was that a man did not get into trouble unless he refused

to do as he was told. Once, visiting the museum of Peter the Great, in an annex of the Hermitage, I had gone on from room to room, profiting by each door which stood open before me, until I found one ajar, and went through that, and emerged unexpectedly into the private apartments of His Majesty the Tsar. The officers in charge were inexpressibly startled, but were perfectly courteous when I explained; and before bowing me out they expressed regrets that the door should have been left unlocked and caused me to risk considerable unpleasantness. On another occasion, I had unwittingly chosen a moment following closely upon a bomb outrage, to study architectural details of the Winter Palace close to the very spot. Strict orders had been given that loiterers must be arrested; but the officer who dealt with me informed me of all this, most politely, in French, and advised me to proceed elsewhere as speedily as my convenience would allow. It goes without saying that here or within the Palace I could very easily have got myself arrested by becoming argumentative; and I know of such things being effected most successfully by adventure-hunters who have since become heroes as victims of 'Russian autocracy.' But to me the lesson of the land was that I might do as I pleased until told to stop or go, as the case might be, and then I need only behave like a well-mannered person and that would be the end of it.

So now being told to go in, though on the strength of a misunderstanding, I entered the reserved precinct, and delivered my furs to an imposing individual who looked like a Court chamberlain while playing the part of *dvornik*.

'If my adventure was intended to seek me out, I have probably defeated it, for it could n't find me here,' I reflected, looking down on the space be-

yond which my card did not authorize me to pass. 'Unless that officer had been instructed to put me here? Too many coincidences were needed. To begin with, I had to come alone; then the men at the door had to confiscate my card; then I had to try the impossible —' The idea was so absurd that I let it die of itself.

The privileged inclosure was to the left of the altar, and on a level with the low platform running the entire length of the Ikonostas, whose rich marbles and mosaics and bronze doors hid the sanctuary from the vulgar gaze. One step might have taken me out upon the altar; but that step was prohibited by a rail over which two guards kept jealous watch. Such a favored place could not be mine for long. People were beginning to arrive fast, both below where I should have been and was not, and here where I was and had no business to be. Ladies had the best right to stand near the front; and the men who accompanied them were of such evident distinction that I had no desire to attract notice to my inappropriate self. Willingly enough, I allowed myself to be pressed back. By the time the gallery was filled, I stood quite cut off from any view of the altar, and crowded so compactly from all sides that nothing mattered save the occasional chance to breathe, and the constant safeguarding of my feet against other people's heels or spurs.

A sudden blaze of innumerable candles, hanging high overhead in great chandeliers, tore away the gloom and told us that the ceremony was to begin. At the Isaakiewski Sobor, one match did what a switch or button does elsewhere — save that here the operation was as ingenious an initiative as could be devised, instead of being a machine-made contrivance scattered by millions over the world. A waxed string, an end of which hung down within

easy reach from the marble paving, ran from one wick to another, then from group to group, from chandelier to chandelier, until all the candles in the Cathedral were connected. The match was applied to that string: a spark spitting tiny flames raced up to the first candle, and so sped on its way, an earnest, busy little lamp-lighter, quick as the snap of a finger, adroit as a monkey, and almost unfailing in its success. Among the hundreds I saw it reach, I counted very few which did not blaze at the touch; and most of these flared an instant and sputtered out, showing that the string's work, at least, had been done. The general effect, indeed, was as if each wick had been an electric bulb, but the whole, instead of lighting when one switch was turned, depended upon a hand swept over successive buttons.

The mass began, and, for one who could see nothing, seemed to last indefinitely. The altar, near me but inaccessible, had been occupied for a while and was now deserted. The Cathedral's dome and arches filled with the music of a wonderful chant, religious in form and barbaric in quality, elevating and at the same time deeply disquieting. I was roused from the torpor in which I had been left by two hours of dull, unrelieved standing. And then I became aware of the ladies who stood nearest to me, whom I had failed even to notice before, so dulled had my interest become, so heavy my senses.

These ladies had probably been the last before whom I had made way, as they were still immediately in front of me. They were young; one, indeed, was quite young. The elder, a beauty of the blond type, might have belonged to the highest social circles of almost any country; the other, with an aureole of hair shining golden as by its own light, and with dark caressing eyes that veiled the soul in mysterious fas-

cination, could only have been Russian. They both wore light white dresses of the most exquisite grace: muslin, or chiffon, or gossamer, or some such thing. Those diaphanous white gowns gained further charm when one remembered the terrific degree of cold reigning without; a charm not spoiled by thought of the furs which must have been left with the *dvornik* who looked like a Court chamberlain.

The younger lady startled me by turning and addressing me in Russian.

'Ah, mademoiselle, I don't understand!' I said in French, and waited, ready for any apology to one so delightful. My conclusion was that I had trod on her exquisite foot or treated the hem of her nebulous skirt as if it had been ordinary material.

Her face brightened at my words. Smiling to her companion, she said in French, softly yet perfectly clear to my ears, —

'It is well — it is he!'

So it was I!

'It must be,' the elder approved.

Then, the younger turned to me again: —

'Will you advance to take a place on the altar?'

On the altar of the Cathedral of St. Isaac for Easter Midnight mass! My amazement was so immense that I forgot my former surprise at learning from this fair creature that I was I. Upon recovering my senses, I stated that I should never think of committing sacrilege.

'Oh, but everybody will follow us; at this point in the mass we are expected to step out on the altar!' she said, in her pretty, charmingly foreign French. The Russian is the only foreign accent pretty in French.

Her companion still did not speak, while smiling an assent which gained weight from a seniority of two or three years.

'Don't you know the ceremony?' the girl of the golden hair and dark brown eyes went on. 'The first part, said upon the altar, is finished; the dignitaries and high-priests and priests and attendants and choristers have proceeded to the Tomb, in which Our Lord was laid on Good Friday — the very sacred Face of Our Lord, the holiest of all our ikons, whose place is in the Sanctuary save during these days from Good Friday to Easter. At the Tomb, they have sought to know if Christ is still there; not finding Him, they have left the Cathedral and are marching in solemn procession around it, upon a road built of boards over the snow. Each time they pass the grand front portals of bronze which face the Nieva — portals which in all the year open but once, to-night at midnight — they knock and call upon the Christ to come. Thrice they must march around the Cathedral, and twice they knock in vain. But at the third knock the doors fly open, and a voice cries out that Christ is not here for He has risen and gone to his Father. Then the procession, witness to the Resurrection, returns to the Tomb, and takes up the very sacred Image, and bears it back to its place in the Sanctuary, and the Easter Mass begins.'

She stopped, as blows upon metal rang out, followed by echoes which exhausted themselves in the voiceless, motionless tension of the praying, breathing multitude.

'You heard?' she asked. 'We must go upon the altar! All are waiting for somebody to go first. My sister and I led the way last year, and we should like to do so again: it is our right. But we can't pass out unless we have an escort. Will you come to our assistance? We shall then have the pleasure of being in the front rank. And the others, here, must wait until we have given the signal.'

Perhaps if my wits had not been

blunted by astonishment, come abruptly to rouse me from utter exhaustion, I might have hesitated. Or perhaps I should have plunged in all the same, since the girl asked it as a favor. But the situation seemed so natural when explained, that I believe I did not stop to think.

I made my way through the privileged throng, and reached the guards posted to cut off access to the altar. At a word from the girl in white, who followed close behind me, they stood aside as if expecting her, and opened the gate.

Going through, I advanced upon the altar far enough to allow the two ladies to occupy the front rank, as well as I could calculate, after all the others in our gallery had poured in our wake. Stopping between a great gilt candelabrum and a tall column of priceless malachite, I faced the thousands filling the Cathedral; their eyes, sparkling in the light of the candles that they held, seemed all to be fixed on me; and doubtless many of them were.

Further prompting as to my conduct was now urgently needed; I looked round, to ask advice of my fair guides. Then my blood positively froze: no one had followed, save the girl who had spoken. Even her silent friend, or sister, was not there. The guards had allowed only us two to pass, and had then closed in upon the others. The girl had stopped near them, sheltered by a candelabrum, and was inconspicuous against the screen of ladies and gentlemen quite close to her though beyond the barrier. As I noticed this, I perceived that the sound of the chants had gained in volume. The procession had reëntered the Cathedral, had paused for a moment at the Tomb, without my knowing it. Even as this retrospective realization reached me, I was surrounded by priests and acolytes.

Escape would be possible only by breaking through their ranks. That

might appear graver profanation than remaining where I chanced to be. They betrayed neither surprise nor displeasure at my presence; and if it would be going too far to pretend that they appeared anxious for me to stay, I can at least assert that they seemed to consider that I was in my proper place. Once more, my best policy was to take the situation for granted and stay where I was until somebody said, 'Go away!' So, banishing speculations as to why I was here, and whether this were a blunder or a trap, I stood waiting for what might befall.

The choristers formed around me in a compact group, shielding me somewhat from the multitude. I soon forgot embarrassment in my interest at hearing how voices were managed so as to atone for the absence of a pipe-organ. While some of the boys and men sang words, others sang only tones; the boys' voices had a flute-like quality suggesting the finest organ-pipes, and the basses had deep, sonorous tones like those released by the pedals. If I had not been there among the singers, seeing and hearing how it was done, I should have thought them accompanied by the instruments they were so successfully imitating. As I observed and analyzed the performance, I forgot my predicament. There was nothing mysterious about this, at least. With fatherly solicitude the choir-master watched the poor, tired little boys. They strained a good deal, to get that flute-like effect; I fancy their voices cannot last very long. He kept walking about, and when he detected any rasping, he distributed lozenges. Other boys, so weary that they could scarcely stand, he would take one by one in his arms, leaning them against him in their quaint snuffer-like gowns of dark blue trimmed with silver, and would gently pat their little shaven heads until they looked wide awake and slightly rested.

The music ceased, the choristers and their master moved away, and I was once more left standing alone. My eyes sought the girl between the railing and the first candelabrum. She had not moved.

'Now is my time,' I thought.

But she smiled, and signaled approval. Approval of what — my position or my intention? I hesitated an instant. Then, swiftly, she was lost from view. Four priests had come up and had begun to say mass, apparently addressing it to me.

'It is for the Saint over my head,' I reflected, as they spoke their liturgy by turns. Of course it was for that great figure in mosaic, behind and above me, between the columns. But why, then, did they embarrass me by swinging their incense at me and keeping their looks intently on me? Other groups of priests were before the other mosaics. But why was mine receiving a double share? I had observed that the crowd bowed whenever incense was swung vaguely towards them. So I could do no less than bow too, when the burners, swung within a yard of me, enveloped me in their fumes; whereupon the priests repeated the ceremony before withdrawing and advancing promptly again. Whatever it might mean, I could only remain where my presence was taken for granted.

Apart from the strangeness and mystery of my predicament, the scene was one to eclipse childhood dreams of fairyland: the gems, the gold, the marbles, the wrought brass, the mosaics and inlaying; the priests in their gorgeous robes of cloth-of-gold, stiff with many-colored precious stones and rich with the rarest laces; the blaze of countless candles scattering the gloom by their number, yet withal having that softness which no other artificial light attains; at our feet the thousands of worshipers murmuring prayers, bow-

ing and crossing themselves with the kite-shaped, reversed orthodox cross as they waved their tapers; and all in that treasure-chest among the world's cathedrals!

It is said in Petrograd that an attempt was made, some years ago, to estimate the value of St. Isaac's and all that it contains; and that a sum amounting to so many million roubles that I dare not mention it here, because it would not be credited, had already been reached, when the task had to be abandoned. The eight columns of malachite and the two columns of lapis lazuli, flanking the sanctuary portals and the heroic mosaics of the ikonostas, had been reached: priceless, unmatched in the world, they defied monetary calculations.

Beneath one of those mosaics, between two of those columns, I stood receiving a mistaken homage of prayer and incense and salutations which I acknowledged with unlimited bows. Time passed — an hour, perhaps two. Having gone through the period when I felt I must scream unless I could move, I now feared to scream if I risked stirring a finger; and finally I fell into an apathy where voices and men and lights and clouds surged round me as I stood impassive, nailed to my protecting saint while successive relays of priests came up to worship.

The choristers returned and surrounded me; there were chants, then prayers, then came a choral different from the rest. Candles were spluttering out one by one; half the glory of the illumination was gone.

My eye met that of my fair guide; I saw a look which might be interpreted as a signal to come, and I went up to her.

'Do you wish to stay until the end?' she asked.

'That depends,' I answered, willing to attend her as long as she pleased.

'The important part of the ceremony is finished, but there is a great deal more,' she said. 'You may leave now if you wish.'

I suppose I ought to have thanked her for the permission. But my thoughts were elsewhere.

'And you?' I asked.

'We are going,' she said.

The guards threw open the gates; she went first, I following. The throng had thinned appreciably. Her movements would be easy to observe, I thought; for I was determined to hold the key to this affair. But I had counted without my furs. I saw the girl going; I hurried in her wake; the Court-chamberlain-dvornik stopped me; I lost a precious moment in expostulation, then surrendered as the quickest means of escaping. I seemed caught, huddled, muffled in my coat for just a second or two; and when I had struggled and had restored the fur to its proper place, I had a swift vision of two rhythmically moving figures already near the door through which I had originally entered.

To the droning lilt of the liturgy, priests, choristers, people were melting away; so many lights were out that I stumbled from semi-darkness into the square, where the air entering my lungs felt like a steel blade thrust down my windpipe.

Already, the square was deserted.

I hurriedly forced my way back into the Cathedral. Guards tried to stop me; I allowed myself to be swallowed for a moment in the outward-moving column which was about to flood the square anew; and, battling as I had learned to battle in the Polish church on Palm Sunday, I somehow reached the interior. Since the girl of the golden hair and the dark brown eyes was not without and not in this present throng, she must still be in the Cathedral. But half-lights, dimly glowing

riches of marble and decoration, and great ungainly deserted spaces of paving over which, not groups of worshippers, but insignificant individuals were scattered — this and nothing more greeted me.

Then I recognized Xorell.

'Tell me — tell me —' I clutched his arm.

'Not here!' he whispered sharply.

'But, Xorell —' I protested.

He drew me aside. I suffered myself to be led on, my eyes in all directions save his. There could be no doubt: the girl had gone.

A moment later, I was in the street. Xorell had pushed me through a side-door. Guards had closed in behind us. This time, I was irrevocably out.

'Are you mad, to behave so in the Cathedral at such a ceremony?' Xorell demanded.

'Perhaps; what does it matter?' I asked impatiently. 'Only one thing matters. Do you know — that is, did you see —'

I stopped. How could he know, what could he have seen? And how could I describe the girl of the golden hair and the dark brown eyes? Discouragement checked me, and allowed time to recall his skepticism about my previous adventures. If I aroused his conventional prejudices now, I should lose what slight hope I had for a clue. Deciding to keep my personality out of the story for the present, at least, I approached him warily: —

'Did you notice a man being worshiped on the altar — a man in ordinary evening dress?'

He neither protested nor showed surprise. His answer was a quiet 'No.'

'What was he doing there?' I insisted.

'Superstition,' Xorell replied.

'Superstition!' I exclaimed indignantly. 'Then what were you yourself doing, you confounded atheist and lib-

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eralist, bowing and crossing and blessing yourself like an animated prayer-wheel with a swing-censor attached? I saw you!'

'That is not true! That is not true!' he exclaimed hotly. But his cheeks were so very much hotter than his words, that I knew I had not been mistaken.

'Better acknowledge you did as you were told,' I went on. 'And so perhaps did the man on the altar, superstition or no superstition.'

'Oh, that is different!' Xorell said, glad enough to let the subject drift from himself. 'There is an old Russian belief in the efficacy of venerating a man on certain great feasts. He is offered as — as a sort of sacrifice, you know.'

'Lord!' I muttered, casting a quick glance behind me.

'Only a moral offering, of prayer,' Xorell continued. 'He must unite unusual qualities —'

'Never mind about those,' I deprecated.

'He must go willingly, and yet be unaware of what is awaiting him; he must be as passive and receptive as paint or stone —'

'And so,' I broke out in irrepressible vexation, 'that's why the fair-headed man remarked on the stairs at the hotel, "He will do very well — *Il fera très bien notre affaire!*"'

'Eh?' Xorell asked.

'Nothing,' I assured him. 'Go on.'

'Well, he can be worshiped as a sort of prayer-offering in a particularly holy cause. At least one sponsor must be on the altar too, yet not share in the rite. From where I was standing to-night, I could n't have seen. But if such a thing happened, then you may be sure it was to invoke victory for our arms in Manchuria.'

'And — and suppose he were inadequate? Suppose he were n't as indiffer-

ent as paint or stone? Suppose a fair-headed man and his accomplices had misjudged? Suppose a golden-haired girl with dark brown eyes —'

'What on earth are you talking about?' Xorell asked. 'We're both almost walking in our sleep, anyhow. Five hours of solid standing — good lush!' Xorell's attempts at English oaths were sometimes startling. 'Better get to bed as quick as you can,' he said. 'I'm off.'

But as for me, the sky had long since lost its snow-like paleness and had grown blue and aggressive, and had clouded for a fresh downfall, before I sought sleep.

I spent some days in haunting hotels, restaurants, streets, and all public places, when not calling assiduously at all houses that were open to me. Meanwhile, I had written to Paris and London, soliciting letters of introduction to

all the Russian friends of everybody I knew.

Those letters came, and were never presented; and public places ceased to see me before my departure from Petrograd, which, gauged by previous arrangements, was premature. For I had learned that I had been inadequate or vain; and I knew that, were I to catch a glimpse of that golden hair, I should shrink with remorse from before the dark-brown eyes.

Bells tolling to masses for the dead had sobbed out a tale of national disaster. Far to the East, where Russia had staked her Imperial fortunes, Japan had dealt her a blow which only long years could help to retrieve. And the stoic optimism of a race too mighty to conceive of reverse as possible had for the first time been shaken — though the lessons then learned were to be factors in future greatness.

ALCOHOL IN RUSSIA

BY ROBERT P. BLAKE

'*Shto éto takóye?*' (What is that?)

'*Obyavléníye o mobilizátsii, bárin.*'
(The proclamation of the mobilization, sir.)

'Does it mean it's up to you, too?'

'Yes, sir, I must report to-morrow.'
And the blue-green Slavic eyes rested mournfully, yet calmly, on the fatal square of paper.

'Are you married or single?' I involuntarily spoke aloud.

'*Zhená yest*' (There is a wife), he replied, without removing his eyes from the notice.

The speakers were a young Russian peasant and myself; the place, the door of the public baths in the small suburb of St. Petersburg where I was living; the time, July 28, 1914. I had finished the last extra edition of the paper after dinner, packed my towels and clean linen in my hand-bag, and started leisurely off for the baths. As I neared the entrance, a small group of people gathered round a notice nailed upon the door attracted my attention, and the dialogue described above took place.

I whistled as I passed into the disrob-

ing room of the thirty-copeck division of the baths. On the sheeted benches a rather larger number of people than was usual for Tuesday evening were sitting and talking earnestly. The baths are always most crowded on a Saturday. Things began to look serious. Up to that time I thought that the war scare would blow over; I had lived through the Agadir excitement in Germany a few years before.

Picking out a promising and bushy bunch of birch twigs, I passed on into the sweating-room. On emerging, I caught the *banshchik* (bath-attendant), as he was hurrying by. 'Can you wash me, Ivan?'

'Yes, *bárin*, but be kind enough to wash your own hair; I have to leave very soon.'

As I lay stretched out on the wooden bench and he was scraping my skin with a hempen *motchálka*, I threw him the question at hazard, — 'What is your hurry?'

'I must pack my things so as to appear before the military authorities,' he replied.

Arriving home, I discovered the maid in tears: her lover had just been in to say good-bye. He, too, was summoned.

I went to bed in a serious mood; the war seemed very near.

Three days in a peaceful Finnish village on a visit to friends followed the preceding dialogue. On my return to Petrograd the tingling excitement of the first days of the war overpowered me. No one did any work for the first month. Reading newspapers was the sole employment of the literate part of the population; being read to, the occupation of the uneducated. Surprises came thick and fast. The day after my return I happened to go into the buffet of the station to have a glass of *kvass* (cranberry soda) before the train started. Suddenly my jaw dropped. The little oblong brass tray on the counter,

elevated above the rest of the dishes on slender legs, where the vodka glasses stood, was still there, polished to the last degree of brightness. Bottles and glasses, however, had vanished. Beer-mugs were absent from the scene, and the spigot was out of the beer-keg. A thirsty crowd surrounded the counter, but was comforting the inner man with soft drinks exclusively.

'What is this?' I asked.

'No liquor of any sort is to be sold until further notice,' the attendant replied, shortly.

I had somehow missed seeing the decree in the papers. Then it suddenly dawned upon me that on my walk that day from the station to the library I had not seen one drunken man: one usually met at least a dozen.

The news was stunning. To grasp its purport fully, one must remember that the oldest historian of the Russian people declares that the chief joy of his nation is to drink. This statement will receive the unqualified assent of any one who has ever visited the Muscovite realms. In every settlement, from the great capitals down to the most remote villages, the green sign of the *kazyónka* (vodka shop) formed a prominent feature of the landscape. The clean, bare, whitewashed interior, with its grating of heavy wire netting, free of tables and chairs, its floor strewn with corks, its walls spotted with red wax where the seals had been ground off the bottles against the boards by the drinkers, left an indelible imprint on the mind of every observer.

These vodka shops were run by private individuals who got their license and their supplies from the government. That same habit, which was rotting the Russian race to the core, afforded one of the chief sources of public revenue, and supplied the funds which enabled the Empire to maintain those mighty masses of troops that made its western

neighbors tremble. We must not, however, be too critical concerning the Russian administration in regard to this matter. The government monopoly of the manufacture and sale of vodka had been introduced by Count Witte, not only as a financial measure, but also with the intention of reforming the abuses which had crept in when private concerns and corporations had been allowed to dispose of their product more or less freely. The government sold its vodka at a certain fixed price, and guaranteed to the consumers a definite quality.

The Russian realized perfectly well the evil effect of the use of vodka upon his fellow countrymen. We must not share the belief, disseminated by the books of dilettante travelers, that everyone in Russia was a hard drinker. Far from it: certain very considerable sections of the population did not drink at all. Such were the Mohammedans, to whom the prophet of Allah had forbidden the juice of the grape; such were the sectarians among the orthodox, who refrained on principle. Many others as well did not indulge, either from distaste or from conscientious scruples. In fact, statistical evidence shows that the people of the Russian Empire consumed decidedly less alcohol per capita than the peoples of many other European countries.

What then, were the factors which complicated the problem in Russia, and increased the destructive power of the demon rum? I believe, in the first place, that the inherent characteristics of vodka itself had something to do with the way things developed. Vodka is a colorless fluid made from potatoes, which contains about forty per cent of alcohol. It is not a mixture of alcohol and water, which is very disagreeable to the palate, but weak spirit distilled to that particular degree of strength direct from the mash. Two qualities were

produced — the first grade about two thirds higher in price than the second. It was the national drink of Russia *par excellence*. One should not infer from this statement, that no other alcoholic beverages were in use in Russia: by no means. Vodka, however, headed the list as to the amount consumed, and formed the almost exclusive tippie of the peasantry.

The chief evil connected with the use of vodka was the excessive cheapness of the drink itself. A *tchévert* (somewhat over a gallon) of the cheaper sort cost two rubles (\$1.04). As its intoxicating power was about the same as that of whiskey (perhaps a bit less) it follows that a man could obtain in Russia for the same amount about four times as much strong drink as in America. This extreme cheapness stimulated the spread of the drinking habit, which found only too favorable a field among the lower classes. The ignorance and miserable conditions which one so often finds among the peasants irresistibly impelled them to seek forgetfulness and release from their squalid surroundings in the fumes of alcohol.

The prohibition of the sale of vodka at the outbreak of hostilities came like a bolt from the blue. One report has it that the Emperor himself was responsible for the decision: others make the Grand Duke Nicholas its sponsor. The original decree suspended the sale of vodka and other intoxicants during the period of the mobilization proper, that is, for about six weeks. At the expiration of this time, in response to the popular demand, the municipalities were allowed to decide whether they wished prohibition — partial or complete. In the country districts the decision was dependent on the will of the governor. The sudden cessation of the sale of liquor, combined with the excitement attendant upon the mobiliza-

tion, led to vodka riots in some of the villages, where the *kazyónki* were plundered. These did not extend to the towns, where police control is stronger, but were local and episodic in their nature.

Many of the municipalities, filled with enthusiasm for the new movement, decreed total prohibition. Moscow forbade the sale of liquor from the very beginning of the war. Other places tried various systems of partial prohibition. In Petrograd, for example, they started by permitting restaurants of the first class only to sell spirituous liquors. After about a month of this, the stronger beverages, such as brandy and vodka, were struck from the list; a limit of eighteen per cent alcohol content was established. This period lasted for six weeks; then the city adopted total prohibition.

The Russian government deserves much credit for undertaking a step of such serious social and moral importance in the face of the economic troubles which were sure to result from it — at a time, moreover, when every surplus penny was urgently needed. As was pointed out above, the yearly income from the vodka monopoly was colossal (about \$250,000,000 per annum), and formed the backbone of the military budget. This revenue ceased automatically, and a great number of distilleries and glass-blowing plants throughout the country were forced to close down and throw their men out of employment. None the less, the government made its decision and the great majority of the population of Russia heartily approved of it.

The immediate results of the prohibition legislation were most striking, even to the most casual observer. First and foremost was the speed and smoothness with which the mobilization of the army was carried out. The riotous scenes which marked the entraining of

the troops at the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese war were entirely absent on this occasion. Pictures of the soldiers are ineffaceably stamped on my memory: the streets, cars, and trains were full of them. Sometimes in full uniform, sometimes with only a khaki coat, sometimes with only a cockade in the cap, they went hither and thither, singing the swinging soldiers' songs, with mothers, sisters, wives, sweethearts, and children hanging on their arms or trotting beside them. How many bitter partings took place in those few days! One could not go out on the street without seeing heartrending scenes. Every train which left the station was surrounded with tearful women, and the screech of the whistle was mingled with their wailing. What would these scenes have been had vodka maddened the crowd?

I remember particularly one such parting, of which I was the unwilling witness. As I went out from the garden gate on the way to the near-by station, I chanced upon a group of three people. The young soldier, evidently a workman, with only the first signs of a moustache on his upper lip, was clasped in the arms of his old peasant mother, who was crying and sobbing bitterly. Beside them stood the father, a white-haired old moujik holding his hat in his hand, the tears streaming down his furrowed cheeks. The boy disengaged himself from his mother's arms, knelt, and the father made the sign of the cross over him twice, then kissed him upon either cheek and upon the lips. The mother did the same. At that instant the train came roaring into the station.

'Run, hurry, Ványa!' said the father.

The boy embraced his mother once more, seized his bundle, and rushed blindly away. The *bába's* moans rose to a shrill wail, but the old moujik took her in his arms. 'God gave, and, if He wills, he will return,' said he. As I gain-

ed the train, I saw the pair, immovable, watch the cars roll off.

The reduction of drunkenness on the streets was another matter which impressed everyone. It was the writer's custom to walk through the centre of Petrograd each day, to reach the place of his employment. On this stretch of two miles, before the war, he would not fail to meet at least a dozen drunken men. But they were not the only characteristic phenomena. On the banks of the canals stood or leaned upon the railings scattered figures of loafers and vagabonds. They were not like the lazy American loafers of our middle western towns; they were not the cheerful semi-tropical *lazzaroni* of the Neapolitan alleys; neither were they the grave do-nothings of the cities of the Nearer East. They were a worn and listless tribe, in filthy garments, whose lined and colorless faces, inflamed eyes, and dull looks betrayed their unceasing worship at the shrine of Bacchus. Saying nothing to each other, doing nothing, they gazed at the sewage-flecked waters of the Móika and the Fontánka or at the blank walls of the buildings, without thought and without initiative. They seemed to typify all the hopelessness and misery of the life of the lower classes in Russia.

At the outbreak of the war this floating population was either absorbed by the army or found some employment. The loafers and beggars disappeared from the streets. The cessation of drinking had a remarkable physical influence upon those bodies of new recruits who were called to the colors during the summer and autumn of the year 1914. The number of cases before the police courts of assault and battery, rowdiness, and drunkenness decreased to about one third of their former number. In the villages was registered a significant reduction in the number of fires, which have always

been the scourge of the country settlements.

This preliminary stage of soberness lasted for about two months. The tremendous excitement of the first days of the war had keyed everybody's nerves to such a point that even the drunkard did not feel the need of stimulants. It was as if the country had been suddenly plunged in cold water. Once, however, the first stimulus had died away, and the full gravity and import of the struggle had come to be recognized, people gravitated back to their old habits. At first sporadically, then regularly, drunken men began to appear on the streets.

The means to satisfy this craving were obtained either illicitly or through substitutes. Concerning the illegal traffic, little need be said here. If one needed liquor and knew how to get it, it could be obtained — at an exorbitant price. The police have done what they could, however, to suppress the trade, and have had a certain amount of success in their efforts.

The problem of the use of substitutes has proved much more difficult to deal with. The patent-medicine habit can never attain the degree of extension in Russia which it has in this country, because druggists' preparations containing alcohol can be sold there only on a physician's prescription, except in minimum quantities. Other and more deleterious compounds, however, have come in to fill the gap.

The three substitutes for vodka which are most widely used in Russia are eau de cologne, furniture polish, and denatured alcohol. Cologne is not very popular. In the first place, it is very expensive just now, and secondly, no matter what flavoring extracts are added to it, it is impossible to disguise the taste of the perfume. Furniture polish is more popular, but is much harder to obtain. It is impossible to buy it at

present unless one presents a warrant from the police stating that the buyer really is a cabinet-maker or a carpenter. The polish is distilled so as to separate the alcohol; sometimes it is merely stirred with a flat stick until the shellac adheres to the latter.

Far more widely used and far more deleterious in its effect is the denatured spirit. This is not wood-alcohol, but pure spirit (95 per cent proof), with an admixture of wood-alcohol, acetone, ketone, and a dash of dye. The admixture amounts to about five per cent of the fluid volume, and is supposed to make it impossible of use for drinking purposes. The inventive Russian, however, gets around this very cleverly. I vividly remember a conversation which took place on a suburban train running out of Petrograd one cold night in December of last year. I was wedged in with three soldiers in the hard seat of a chilly third-class carriage. Just as the train started, in bolted a great sturdy fellow bearing in his arms a big bottle of denaturate, not of the usual pale blue color, but with a sea-green tinge.

'Aha, *brátsy*,' says he, 'just slide your big feet out of the way, and let me slip this where it won't be broken.'

We complied. He puffed for a while; then one of the soldiers asked, 'How can you drink such rot?' nodding at the bottle.

'Oh,' replied the other, with a twinkle in his eye, 'you've got to know how. Only fools get hurt; a healthy man is benefited.'

Our skeptical expressions led to further explanations, and the big stranger launched out into a half-hour's lecture on the preparation and consumption of *hanja*. This word signifies in Russian a pious hypocrite with concealed vices. He got his denaturate at a certain place in town, he told us, 'because somehow it seems to taste better from there.' Actually, I discovered, it was distilled by

a private company, and probably contained less denaturing material than did the government product. This, he went on to say, is filtered through charcoal, which removes some of the admixture. It is then drunk in the form of a highball, with cranberry soda.

'Of course,' declared our informant, 'you can take too much. Some crazy peasant will drink a glass of pure denaturate, and — it's all up with him. Well, one less fool in the world. But look at me: two glasses a day's my measure. I'm healthy. I make lots of money now. I spend far less and feel much better than when I drank vodka.'

He certainly did look healthy enough, but whether the credit was to be given to an unusually tough constitution, I cannot undertake to say. There are many others who are not so temperate as he. The absorbed attention with which the soldiers listened to the speaker seemed to show that they were much impressed.

The manufacture of this dangerous mixture is astonishingly widespread throughout the larger towns in Russia. One frequently sees in the newspapers that a fire occurred in the flat of such and such a workman, while the occupants were engaged in brewing *hanja*. Some ladies of the writer's acquaintance had been very active in assisting the wives and families of the reservists who had been called to the colors. Finally, a small house was rented in which ten families were established at a nominal rental, while every effort was made to find employment for their members. One fine evening, some of the ladies on the committee decided to pay an unexpected visit to their charges. To their horror, they discovered no less than six out of the ten families engaged in the preparation of *hanja*. The police were summoned, and on making search, discovered letters from the husbands of the women commanding their wives to

manufacture *hanja* as it is 'a very profitable business.'

I have touched thus far on some of the more immediate effects of the prohibitory legislation; now for some of the larger aspects of the problem.

The beneficial effect of the suppression of vodka is particularly apparent in the villages. Only those who have lived in the Russian villages, who have conversed with the men as they sit in the tea-houses of an evening, or with the girls as they take their noon-day repose under the hedges, who have lived with the peasants and shared their joys and sorrows — only these, I say, can really grasp what the cessation of the sale of vodka can mean to the villages as a whole. Before the war the peasant 'drank up the harvest.' Practically all of what he ate he raised himself (except tea and sugar), but the money which he received for the sale of his surplus grain he converted into alcohol at the vodka shop. Not only the old people had their dram, but the children too were given a piece of bread dipped in vodka at their meals.

Last year the writer had occasion to make a business trip through one of the northern governments. We came to a miserable little hamlet, where there were only twenty-three 'courts' (*dvory*), that is to say, peasants' houses with the outbuildings. Several families inhabit them, as married sons usually live with their parents. It came out in the course of the conversation that the income of the village *kazyónka* (vodka shop) for the year preceding the war had been 23,000 rubles (\$12,060) — thus averaging over one thousand rubles *per house*!

The peasant realizes the advantages of prohibition perfectly well — even if he is a heavy drinker; and the *bába* (peasant woman) in particular prays that the vodka shop will never be opened again. Some unusually interesting

statistics were published by the Moscow government *zemstvo*. They are particularly full and accurate, and give a reasonably good cross-section of the situation as it appears at the present time. Those villages which are located near the towns (especially Moscow) use the substitutes to a considerable extent. Those farther away brew beer (*brága*) for themselves. This latter habit, however injurious to the health its products may prove, at least does not have the same serious economic results as the consumption of vodka. Supposing the peasant does brew himself a keg of beer now and then, he does not utilize all his surplus cash in this manner. The shadow of the law hangs over him as well. The younger adult male population has been drafted for the army, which materially reduces the number of drinkers.

The increased productive and laboring powers induced by the cessation of drinking has made itself manifest in the ability which the women and old men have shown in planting and harvesting the crops. No doubt the communistic structure of the Russian village has aided the peasants by enabling the burden of the absent ones to be evenly distributed among those who remain, but the abolition of vodka has had its share in the work — and its share is not the least.

With the townspeople the case is somewhat different. For them the possibility of obtaining any one of the three substitutes is always present. It is a serious question whether the increased prosperity among the urban lower classes really compensates for the increase in the consumption of *hanja* and the other substitutes, with their toxic and demoralizing qualities. There can be no doubt that the workmen are putting in longer hours, that the productive power of the individual has been increased, and that a very consid-

erable portion of the population is now putting money aside, which had never dreamed of saving in peaceful times. It is extremely hazardous, however, to assume that all this is due solely to the abolition of vodka: the altered circumstances of war-time have given rise to many other factors, which contribute toward this end.

As regards the thinking class (the *intelligentsia*), their feelings are mixed. They run in general exactly parallel to the opinions held about prohibition in this country. Some people look at the evil effects of the use of substitutes, and pronounce an unfavorable verdict. This is, up to a certain point, quite justifiable. The heavy drinker has not been reformed by a legislative decree; he has only had his task of obtaining liquor made more difficult for him. Others — to my mind the far-seeing ones — consider the benefits which the abstention has conferred upon the lower classes, and the rise in economic prosperity which has resulted from it. The most startling development in this line has been the increase in the amount of popular savings. The average rise per *month* during the war has been about five million rubles, which to a considerable extent explains the remarkable

success of the internal loans raised by the Russian government.

To sum up the situation is a matter of considerable difficulty. Impressions vary with the person, and in such matters the available statistics are scanty and uncertain. Personal observation has led the writer to believe that on the whole the measure has been of great benefit to Russia. The peasant has been the gainer rather than the townsman. The latter has too many opportunities to get hold of the various substitutes, but the peasant's condition is vastly improved. Even the city dweller has been benefited. While the steady drinker has continued to obtain his stimulant in one form or another, the occasional drinker has far less temptation now. The situation was better, in the writer's opinion, when beverages with a low percentage of alcohol were allowed to be sold. Such is evidently the belief of the Duma, which has recently (July, 1916) passed a bill forbidding the sale of liquors containing more than twelve per cent of alcohol. This will give the steady drinker an opportunity to satisfy his thirst. Vodka, however, has disappeared, and the next generation stands a good chance of growing up without its corroding influence.

UNSHARED

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

BLINDED and rent and torn in warring lands,
 Oh, know you not a fiercer pain may be
 In anguish of unmutilated hands,
 In anguish of the eyes that still may see?

THE BLACK COMMANDMENTS

BY JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

THE Bantu is a pitiless creator and a scrupulous observer of taboo. He approves it and subscribes to it and observes it at whatever cost. The Bulu speak of taboo as a 'tying'; they are as indefatigable as their fellows and have their troubled share in this racial zest for authority — this need of a religious commandment which is so large a factor in the curious abandonment of the Bulu to his Christian experiences.

The ten commandments, as apprehended by the white man in their ethical splendor, are not so apprehended by the black man when God 'ties him with ten tyings' in the 'early morning' of his Christian day. They are not then to him the expression of ideals; they are facts, definite laws of abstainings, of omission and commission. They are the Eldorado of taboo. They replace with a great calm the agitations of the experimental efforts of the past, when everything was at stake and nothing was sure; when man was exhausted in his effort to fill his side of the contract, but might never count upon the party of the second part.

In this they are emancipating; they are the way of escape from a man-made yoke. Given a Father-God, there is no greater benefit that He could have conferred upon our pragmatic Bulu than ten explicit tyings. The practice of the law promises at first to be an exact science — the perfect taboo for which our Bulu has blindly searched and which is here given him with the marks of divine authority.

'He-Who-made-you,' says one Ibia

of the seventh 'tying,' 'forbids you of this matter. The slain who had died because of adultery are countless.'

Here is the expressed understanding of the commandments as taboo with penalty.

Our Bulu 'very much desires the knowledge of those ten tyings'; and such knowledge — broken, isolated from the body of Christian truth — drifts back into the forest, finding lodgment with individuals in obscure places. As there have been found lonely men who pray, so there have been found those whose knowledge of God had only one chapter; one commandment had passed from hand to hand and found lodgment at last with a man or a woman who has appropriated it, and has poured into the practice of it all the Bulu pragmatic enthusiasm. One of our missionaries itinerating in an obscure part of the forest — a backwoods of the forest — found two old women who persistently observed a seventh day. These women had a little wooden calendar of seven holes, with a peg to mark the passage of the days, and coming to the seventh day they rested in their houses. Other women might go to their gardens on that day; as for *them* they were religious. Any missionary can give instances of such appropriation of a fragment of truth, and will agree, I think, that the minds of such radicals have been found in general to be open to the deeper things of God.

There is a very moving intensity in the first contact between such a seeker of the true way and a Christian. 'Is

there a person of God in this town?' I asked of a little company in the street of an obscure village. 'I am a person of God,' said a woman, pressing forward and looking at me with an almost anguished timidity and with a most passionate appeal. Her husband, nearby and leaning on his spear, observed her with an affectionate and contemptuous tolerance.

'Not so,' said he to me, 'she is not a person of God, but she desires to be; she has learned a commandment.'

This precious possession had made that timid black woman bold to speak to the white woman, in the presence of contemptuous men, and with her conscious ignorance heavy upon her.

The ten commandments I say, are an emancipation. They are an emancipation from fear, that deep sleepless fear of the supernatural which is the great darkness of a people without God in the world.

Of those things I will let Ibia speak to you. Ibia was a Benga, of the Island of Corisco. He was born in something like 1835. What he was before he came to be a Christian, what he would have become had there been no mission school on the island, none of you can conceive. Look over the edge, but do not suppose that you see the bottom of the pit. The heathen knows his own bitterness, the white man may not. Christ knows. But there was a school on Corisco and a man had a chance. Ibia became a Christian; by the painful efforts which lie between the primitive black man and an intelligent ministry he became a minister; by a self-control which Christ alone can appreciate, this black man lived a godly life among his people. Not born to ideals as you and I were, he achieved them; he furnished his mind, he read, he thought, he wrote a book, if you please — an argument against native superstitions and the vices of his tribe. In this book

he attacked murder and gossiping, adultery and want of courtesy, modes of building and the having of property in common. From the headings of his chapters it is plain to see that he raked with a rake of many teeth. I have a translation of his book made for me by one Myongo, a contemporary of Ibia's — like himself a Christian, now an old man. This translation is from the Benga into the quaint English which survives among beachmen of a certain age — those who were taught in American and English mission schools before the partition of Africa. And this is what we have from these two black men about the emancipation of their kind from the things of darkness.

'The things of Magic are the gods of the ungodly; fearing of these things tells plainly that you have not taken God, that he is your confidential God who cannot suffer you to have an accident without a plan coming from him. If you be his lover and his true worshiper you will no more fear these things. They are not. Also, if they are to be, they would not be able to do you a thing whether good or bad, God will not consent. Also if God wants to give you a good thing he will not handed it to the spirits; he will handed it to the persons which he sends — that is, the angels.'

This triumphant assertion, so quaintly termed, is a black man's proclamation of emancipation to his people, based upon the first tying which says, 'Thou shalt have no other Gods before me'; and upon the second tying which says, 'Do not make a fetish charm.'

And if these tyings are an emancipation from the fear of supernatural perils — if they are as the arm of God barring from the path of his children the evil things of the dark — why, so too are they an emancipation from the sorceries, the charms, and the machinations of inimical man. They make a place

of sanctuary for the hunted and the haunted: a sanctuary for refugees from the valley of the shadow of death.

How many such refugees I have seen rush into this sanctuary; and behind these I have heard the clanging of the door of promise — 'showing mercies unto thousands of them.' Here is Ze Zhom, with the scar above her knee that her one-time husband made, not for ornament but for malice, — a symbol of taboo. Marriage was to be for Ze Zhom forever taboo. And here she is in the sanctuary, the Christian wife of a Christian man.

Here is that Eyinga who moved once under the shadow of a spell. Her husband, 'two marriages back,' still hated her and continually made a charm against her. She came to see the white woman, and 'Look at my body,' said she: 'I dry up, I neither eat nor sleep. I know and my neighbors know, that I shall certainly die.' She, too, found sanctuary in the commandment; she heard the gate clang between her and the pursuing hatred.

Here are those little ones, the children of the people of the tribe of God. They have been suffered to come into the sanctuary. There is no amulet hung upon those little bodies that were born without the aid of charms; it is said of them that God gave them. God standing at the door of life has ushered them in. They live under the divine protection. The mother of such a child, if the child die, is here suffered to mourn her little one in peace. No dark imputation is put upon that death, no accusation of witchcraft laid at the mother's door.

In this sanctuary the barren woman and the widow are at peace. Here might Ndongo Mabalé have taken refuge, whose grave is in a far country among strangers.

Again, the commandments are an emancipation from a sex-bondage.

Man-made tyings always take account of sex — being a woman, the woman must do thus and so. There is food which she must not eat, objects which she must not see, words which she must not speak, acts which she must not perform — yes, and I would almost say thoughts which she must not think. She must not think herself clever, or important, or even necessary. 'How should I know; I am stupid as a hen!' This is the ultimate fruit of those man-made tyings which have thrust her into a groove of 'vain abstinings,' — as Ibia says, — based upon an ignoble thought of sex. Now it appears that God has tied his children with an equal tying, and this sense of a common honor is one of those elements in her religious experience which contributes to the new dignity of the African woman. Says Ibia, —

'The people do say, "A woman and a man are two different tribes." This is not so, woman and the man are but of one nation.

'Human beings,
Of town and streets,
Their one root,
Also their one end.

Let the woman know everything, that which the man knows only; that which she herself does not want to learn; and let her eat that which the man eats, also except herself refuse. Let them not be kept in ignorance any more, let them not be deprived of good things.'

Thus the law has made the woman of an equal freedom with her husband. 'That which cannot offend a man it could not also offend a woman.' And to outraged manhood defending its prerogative the merciless Ibia writes, 'I know that they shall ask me that I should shew them the nobility of a woman. I will also ask them that they should shew me of a man.'

The girl who is taken in marriage to another than her native tribe, and who

is reared in the house of one of the elder wives of her husband, will be given from time to time, at the hands of that elder woman, the tools of her domestic craft. There will be for her a round net of a corded plantain fibre and with a withy rim, little baskets for fishing, pots of clay that have been dried in the sun and baked in the fire — ‘the things of women who are wives.’ These tangible tools will be given to the girl with many rules of conduct: ‘the custom of our tribe’ which is not the custom of her father’s tribe. And the regulation of conduct is lodged in custom; of that girl it is expected that she will grow daily in the grace of the custom of her husband’s tribe.

In some such way does the Bulu conceive his initiation into that new tribe which is the tribe of God. With a change of tribe he expects a change of custom; the ten commandments are the regulation of that custom. Almost, so objectively does he conceive his religion, they are the tools of his craft — of his new art of living. He takes possession of them with a pride and a manifest joy, and he applies himself to the use of them. They are intricate. There is nothing in the custom of his country to prepare him for their use; they do not belong, as he says of familiar ideas, to ‘the things of birth.’ But he has greatly desired them; he has acquired them with a painful effort of the memory, and it remains to practice them. On the business of the minutiae of the ten commandments he will make long journeys, lest he fail in a jot or tittle of their use.

I see in my heart an old woman, — strange to me but for her familiar aspect of a woman beat upon by life and sorrow, — a woman who had borne and buried many children and who looked in upon me that afternoon with a beautiful controlled eagerness. Three days she had walked, sleeping two nights by

the way, to speak to the white woman about the eighth commandment — the eighth tying, she called it. And this she said: —

‘My town is toward the beach — you do not know my town; not another person of the tribe of God lives in my town. I alone am of that tribe in the eyes of the people, and some of the women of my town have said to me, “We are watching the walking that you walk. If it is indeed a good walking and it is a straight path, we too will arise and follow after you.” For this cause my heart is hung up, lest it be that in my ignorance I spoil one of the ten tyings in the eyes of my townspeople. So when my son — not that he is indeed the son of my body, for all those are dead, but he is another son of my husband’s, who sees me as his mother — when this young man asked me to keep the cutlass he found, I had a doubt. He thrust the cutlass in the bark of the wall and he said, “Ah, mother, keep it for me while I go on a journey”; and I asked him many questions about the cutlass. Because he found that cutlass in the forest. He did not buy it so that he was able to say that it was his own cutlass. It is a true word that he found it in the forest, as if perhaps it might be the cutlass that a dwarf had lost. Even when he had told me all these things, hiding nothing, I doubted. I said in my heart, “This cutlass — is it a thing which a Christian woman may keep in her house? Does it spoil the eighth tying?” And because of my ignorance and the women of my town who examine the things of God, I arose and came to you. I have slept two nights by the way. You certainly very much understand the commandments, and I ask you to open this thing to me!’

Thus spoke Awu Ding, looking at me very hopefully, very wistfully, — sure that the white woman could tell her how to be the perfect Christian. And

after many seasons rainy and dry, I must still pause to salute from the heart that meek old woman who ordered with such patience her walk and conversation.

To every qualified Christian many such women come, and men come; wherever the Word of God has been accepted in our region there has begun to be a busyness about the practice of religion. The technique of the art of Christian living has always proved to be a matter of immediate excitement. The little brown hut where the foremost Christian lives, the man or woman most approved as expert by the neighbors, becomes a sort of school of technique.

Those little huts which house the master Christians — how well we missionaries know them! Strangers and aliens stoop to enter into them; there is always need of more little stools in them; the outlandish headdresses from the backwoods congregate there; there is a place by those firesides for the beaded and bridled Ntum people, for the little dwarf people, for whoever will be inquiring about the things of God and the technique of the Christian life. In such huts as these there will be a murmur of voices and grouped eager faces turned on one face — the disciplined face of an old woman, the face of a man whose arrogance has suffered control, the face of some young creature quick with the facility of youth. Here the things of the new tribe are applied to the things of gain, of sex, and of fetish; to the things of the family, of the town, of the garden, of trade, of hunting; yes, and to the things of marriage, of birth, and of death.

'The tying that ties you not to make a charm — does that forbid a charm to hold your husband's love? for he did exceedingly love me when I was new, and now he has that girl from Nkole he does not so much as eat my food! And my

mother knows a charm for this thing, only I said, "Before I make that charm that you know, I must ask a person of God — I am a Christian and am I able to make that charm?"'

'And that tying about the day of Sunday, how may you do when the headman has sent you to the beach with a load of rubber? Himself he walks in the caravan, and in his heart is such a hunger for goods that he hates to sleep at night, let alone rest of a Sunday.'

Of course you know that you must not work in your garden of a Sunday — but may you not shell peanuts? For the guests are many and your husband wants them to eat well.

And the difficult seventh commandment — how does it bear upon you and the man to whom your husband has loaned you these many moons and you love him: now that you are a Christian woman must you bar the door to him?'

'Before I became a person of the tribe of God it was my custom to help my sister with her peanuts. Always she sent me a message from her town that I must come to help her. We two, we must harvest her peanuts. And now I am a Christian, still she sends me that message. I ask you who are strong in the things of God, am I able to go to help my sister?'

Ah, the wise old black face that is turned on the young white face!

'Those days back, before you were a person of God, had you a sweetheart in that town where your sister is married?'

'It is as you say. There is a man in my sister's husband's town: he and I were as you say!'

'Do not go to that town where you used, when you were ignorant, to spoil continually the tying that is the seventh tying! I who am a woman of God, I tell you that the path to your sister's town

is closed to you; that path is a path of danger.'

In such little huts how many sorrows are opened up and how many iniquities, how many autobiographies flow on and on, outliving the fire on the floor! Out of such little huts how there go continually men and women who have been enriched by some little portion of that divine wisdom which has a spokesman there! A Bulu proverb says, 'The rich man's town does not release the treasure.' Yet in the town of many a headman there is a continual release of treasure at the hands of some humble old woman, or the hands of an unconsidered boy — 'poor bodies' who yet possess the tools, and in some measure the skill, of the new way of life.

And if a little you begin to think of the commandments as a precious possession of the Bulu, and as an emancipation, you must think of them too as a *discipline*. You must remember upon what untrained shoulders their yoke falls. We who have born the yoke from our youth up, and our fathers and mothers before us, the custom of whose country is so colored by the ten commandments that we may not break some of them without fear of imprisonment, or others without incurring the adverse opinion of mankind, or others without self-scorn — how may we know of the check of that yoke upon the wild heart of a Bantu woman, of a Bantu man! There is no tradition in that blood to mate with the ten tyings. There is no common consent in that town to the maintenance of them. There is no conventional shame at any breach of them. There is only a willing and personal abnegation — a submission in mid-career without parley and without condition. They are accepted with the simplest confidence. There is not, in the initial phase of acceptance, any apprehension of the long road that stretches or of any lapse.

As discipline, consider them first as a mental discipline. If it were only the memorizing of them, there is for the adult Bulu, who does not read and who has no mental precedent for their content, a sustained, most intent effort in the memorizing of the commandments. Men who can tell the nature of the dowries paid for every girl and every woman and every grandmother in the neighborhood, — and that is to remember curious lots and assortments of dogs and guns and goats and sheep and dog-bells and girls and sheets of brass and coils of brass and the little pieces of iron tied in bunches of ten that are currency for women, — men who can recall the testimony of witnesses long dead to adventures long past, must make by a painful effort a niche in the mind for the novel content of the commandments. Never a man of their tribespake thus; there is no ready-made receptacle for this possession. The attention of how many tattooed faces I have seen turned inward with almost piteous intensity while they conned the ten commandments. How I have seen a man in his prime take his lesson from a schoolboy — blunder, return, repeat, and achieve. There, by the light of the night fire in his own palaver house at the head of his own town, arrogance was put aside for a meek and lowly effort. Women I have seen go down into the stress of a repetition of the ten commandments trembling; I have heard the beatings of their hearts as they took the difficult places in that rough way, and I have seen them come through to the end short of breath and triumphant.

Some of them I have heard say, 'Certainly the power of God has helped me in this thing that is so hard!'

How many women have come to say, 'Pray with me that I may learn a certain tying. I am stupid as a hen and that tying kills me. Other tyings I can

say, but this one about the day of Sabbath, or this one about the things of magic, it will kill me!

So much for the initial effort of memorizing. There remains the never-ending mental discipline of application, the nice fitting of the tyings to the things of the family, of the town, of hunting, of trade — to the things of women and gain and fetish. The new code, accepted in such simplicity, — 'A road to run on,' as a young Bantu said to Frederick Arnot, — proves to be of universal application. Now the poor untutored mind is broken to unaccustomed uses, while women stupid as hens are driven to become wise as serpents.

'Thou shalt not kill — another's woman!' declares old Mpashima with emphasis.

'No — no!' cries out Bekalli, 'don't lose yourself on that path — go back again!'

And there, between these two followers of the new way, — who so sincerely desire to do the will of the Father, — there is the renewed effort to know of the doctrine.

The commandments are tremendously a physical discipline. For the black woman as well as for the black man they are a daily physical discipline. Now is the body troubled! There is a crucifixion here, as Christ knows. This struggle — how often with ignoble things! — is not ignoble, this look of a broken body is not without honor. Myself who have seen the iron of the seventh commandment enter the soul of so many women — I know its power. In the practice of this commandment I have seen girls — the wives of old men who were offered daily consolations both public and secret — I have seen such girls take upon their young shoulders the yoke of the seventh commandment when, by virtue of their enslaved circumstance, it was the cross of celibacy. I have seen Bulu women, as ma-

ternal as any women, sacrifice the hope of children to the observance of this commandment, until I think I know a little of how much a Bulu woman means when she sighs and says, 'The seventh tying — it is certainly strong!'

Certainly strong it is. More I cannot say of this matter to white readers, unless I may tell them of that young Bulu woman who was speaking as a master Christian to a group of women. These were saying of the ninth tying that it was easy, but of the seventh tying that God had made a mistake in tying them with that tying! These poor bodies were thinking that the seventh tying would be their Waterloo.

But 'No,' Mejo told them; and she told them, 'I like to call the seventh God's love commandment. When we have a friend we are able to ask more of him than of an acquaintance. Like that it is with God. If He is the friend we most love, and if we love Him as we should love him, we will be given strength to keep the seventh commandment.'

So much for the thought of a Bulu woman about this difficult matter. But I ask you to believe that the Bulu Christian who is to stand fast must endure a discipline of the body which is without respite. And upon the faces of such as these there come to be, as it were a harness, — a perceptible spiritual harness, — the bands of a strong control.

Again — the tyings are a moral discipline. This truth which is so trite to us — how little it is trite to the man who first salutes his own soul! 'We knew,' says Minkoé Ntem, of the days before the knowledge of the things of God, 'that a man is two men — the man of the body and the other man; that the things of man are of two tribes — the things of the body and the things of the heart. We knew but we did not altogether know.'

Now it would appear that Zambe,¹ who altogether knows, has devised a code for the things of the heart. Having broken the mind to the effort of the commandments and the body to the abnegation of them, there is still the wayward heart to be bent to them, and 'the things of the heart,' say the Bulu, 'are very strong.'

The Bulu does not appreciate the commandments on different levels and take the breach of certain of them to be catastrophic, and the breach of the others to be minor. Malice, envy, hatred: these passions of the heart are big with him. They have been so long pragmatic and they have in his custom worn so many paths to action, so many short cuts to sudden and violent deeds, that he knows their potential power. I will not be saying that this sense of their power is a faculty of conscience; it is a deposit of experience. Without an intelligence of sin, he has seen that the fruit of envy is death. One tying ties him not to kill — 'I understand!' agrees he in the old formula. With another tying he is tied not to envy — and again he agrees. And of envy he declares that it is present with him: 'I very much know that thing.' The Bulu woman has a fire of envy in her heart.

How many have sighed to me of this.

'I envy another's beauty'; 'I envy another's husband — another's youth'; and always in the mouth of a barren woman, 'I envy another's child.'

Malice too, and hatred; these passions are not obscure to them. Many women on many days have come to my door to speak of the things of malice.

'My tongue destroys me, my children and my husband run from my tongue.' 'I quarrel with a wife of my husband; I rise in the morning not to quarrel, and when the sun is in the middle, while it is not yet afternoon, I

quarrel! Is there power with God for this matter?'

'Is there power with God for this matter?' ask the novices of the master Christians in the little brown huts. 'I commit adultery — I am a coward — I am envious — is there power?'

And there is an answer to this voiced human frailty.

'There is power,' declares Asala, cast off by a cruel husband and by him persecuted after fashions of which it is a shame to so much as speak — surrounded by enemies and by tempters, infinitely lonely in her isolated career of virtue, trembling at night in her little bark hut in that village of the backwoods where she alone was a person of the tribe of God.

'There is certainly power with God!' says the triumphant Asala, who curbed her own body and withstood the contradiction of sinners for two tens of moons and four more moons, when God showed her a plain path to an honorable marriage.

'There is power,' says old Nyunga, remembering the day the black soldier knocked her down. He had set her to catch a chicken for him. 'Is it my chicken that I should catch it for you? Who are you that I should break for you the eighth commandment?' And in the power of God Nyunga suffered the expected violence.

'There is power,' says Ngwa, who was a man of sudden and blind rage until God put a hand of restraint upon that spirit of anger, so that now when Ngwa is crossed he counts out his level words as a miser parts with gold.

'There is power,' claims little middle-aged Ndek Zik, looking at you with that mild radiance which is the little lighthouse of her neighborhood. You must know, says Ndek Zik, that she was, before her heart turned to God, of a peculiar wickedness. Yes, you are told that of a peculiar wickedness was

¹ The Bulu name for the Creator. — AUTHOR'S NOTE.

Ndek Zik until the ten commandments laid a check upon that wild career, and the power of God made the great change that you see.

'There is indeed power,' say one and another of the disciplined ones to those wistful apprentices with whom evil is so present. 'God will give the power.' The simplest old woman, who has learned her ten tyings by months of effort, will tell you that these things exceed the strength of mankind, but that Zambe gives strength for the keeping of the commandments. This news passes from hand to hand; women tell it to women, and wives to husbands and children to parents, that Zambe who gave the tyings gives strength for their keeping. And this claim is not to be taken on blind faith as the commandments are; it is a spontaneous account of personal experience, and it is pointed with tangible example.

I remember one Wanji, who was a year gone far inland. He was hunting an ivory — that is, he was sitting in a village of the backwoods where the headman owned an ivory, the express object of Wanji's desire and of his bargaining. Before he left home he gave his little fortune, his collection of marketable objects, to the care of Ze, a wife of his who was a Christian. Two rainy seasons and two dry seasons passed — the measure of the white man's year — before Wanji returned, and when he came home one of his wives was missing: she had run away. Another wife had a child. Wanji did not wonder at either of these women. But much he marveled at Ze who still 'sat in her house' caring for his possessions. They were all packed under her bamboo bed. And of her the neighbors said, —

'Every night of the many nights you have journeyed Ze has sat in her hut; as you see her to-day, so has she continually sat. She has gone to her garden, she has cooked her food in her pot, she

has eaten, she has slept, just as you see. We have no word to tell you of Ze.'

Then Wanji put on his felt hat that was made in Germany and that was his badge of office, — for he was a little of a headman, — and he put a lad before him in the path with a lantern (it was broad day, but this was ostentation), and he made a call at the town of the white man. He looked what he was, — the old type of headman, — and without preamble he said, —

'I have come to tell you that I wonder at my wife Ze. She is a person of the tribe of God. I have been inland two rainy seasons and two dry seasons — yet that woman has kept the commandments of God. This thing I know was never done by the strength of a black woman, though a white woman might be able to do even this. I see the white women that they are in a tribe by themselves [literally, 'unique']. Only the strength of God is able for such a strange thing with a black woman. And I have come to tell you that I marvel at the power of God for this thing that I have seen in my wife Ze. I agree that it is a good thing to be a Christian. But as for myself, my own heart is too much with the things of this world.' And he went away.

I tell you this to illustrate the practical sense in which the Bulu associate the power of God with the practice of the commandments. And I tell you further of Ze and of Ndek Zik that they so commended their religion in their conduct that their husbands came, after rainy seasons and dry seasons, to be among their converts.

Surely you will be agreeing that these children struggle with old enemies not unknown to yourself. And you will be agreeing with them that if they conquer it will be by the power of God. Listen to Casalis and his friend the chief of the Basutos talking together in secret at night, as Jesus did with Nicodemus in

the day of Nicodemus. And like the latter twain, so Casalis and the chief are speaking of the things of God. Side by side they lie upon mats through the night of stars.

'The chief was greatly struck,' says Casalis, 'by the commandments of the decalogue. "That," said he, "is written in all our hearts. We knew nothing about the Sabbath, but we knew it was wicked to be ungrateful and to be disobedient to parents, to rob, to kill, to commit adultery."' And this he said, that wise black man, upon whose heart there was so legible a writing from the finger of God:—

'To do good is like rolling a rock to the top of a mountain; as for the evil, it comes about of itself, the rock finds it easy to roll to the bottom.'

There is our Bulu, with his shoulder to the rolling stone of the ten tyings. There is nothing in the Bulu heart to endure. If the Bulu Christians endure, it is as seeing Him who is invisible. There is certainly in these lowly hearts an inner vision, and an inner voice. If we who are strangers to that heart cannot know all the bitterness of certain practical abnegations required of it by Christ, neither can we enter into all the joy of that inner revelation. Christ is the Word that was with God, and came to dwell with the Bulu and is the Bulu word. 'I give you an example,' says the Christ of the Bulu, to the Bulu Christian.

Many times I have been sure of this revelation. 'Tell me the way of God in this difficult matter,' says a woman to me of something very foreign to the white woman. For this I have a black Christian to counsel me in these clinics. And sometimes when I am alone I can-

not tell. Then I have said to such an inquirer: 'You know the Lord Jesus; some things of his heart, you know them, and some of his desires—what thing would He desire for you in this matter? I ask you.' And I have seen such an one, behind her face, go away to consider, and she has come back enlightened. 'I see now,' she has told me, 'that of these two paths I must choose this one.' 'And why?' 'Because the Lord would say of the other one it is crooked, but this one—He would see it straight.'

It is not for nothing that the Bulu carries through the discipline of the ten commandments a shining face—that he counts his tyings like possessions and wears them on his forehead like an ornament. For him the 'child of the sister'¹ sits at the well by the way. Between them there is talk of all things ever the Bulu did; and that conversation deepens in intent as the day advances, until from talk of tribal things, of the things of sex, of fetish, there comes to be talk of the Father, of his desire for men, of the things of the spirit, of true words, of the high duty of man in a pure worship of God.

'Take my yoke upon you,' says Christ to the Bulu; and the Bulu bends his neck—with its scar at the nape that is the seal of his initiation to the old Bulu secret society; he bends his neck with its tattooed seal of all that is evil—to that holy yoke.

'Learn of me,' says Christ, to the Bulu woman who is 'stupid as a hen,' who is 'no more than hands.' And the Bulu woman learns.

¹ Christ, say the Bulu, is the child of our sister, for Mary, say they, was a child of man.
—THE AUTHOR.

IN THE POMPEIAN ROOM

BY ELISABETH WOODBRIDGE

I. THE CALL

WITHIN the old walls, flaking red, I stand.

Love, hold my hand!

I look out through the little window, square
And iron-barred; museum twilight there
Beyond it now, but then, Pompeian sun,
And brisk steps passing, sounds of voices light,
Roman and Greek; or else, Pompeian night,
And fewer steps, and voices low, or none.

The aroma of those other lives blows past,
Blows over me — oppressive, faintly sweet.
I am heavy with a sense of vague defeat
Because of those gay lives, that could not last.

I am overwhelmed by Time — Time, the unseen!
Time, the unheard, Time, that we cannot touch!
That touches us, and — lo — we are even such
As those gay others, ages long, have been.

The aroma of our lives — oppressive, faint —
Is idly blown about the careless years,
Bringing to later lives visions, or fears
Like these of ours. Other hands grope and meet
As ours do now, other hearts feel the weight
Of Time, that light, relentless, crushing thing.
Other friends feel their present vanishing
Dim into past — what matter soon or late?

There is no present — sick, I understand.

Love, hold my hand!

II. THE ANSWER

I know the feeling, friend, I know the fear —
My hand, Love, here!
A hand-clasp is so frail a thing against
The light, relentless, feather-footed sweep
Of Time's pursuit! And yet — a thought lurks deep —
Too deep, almost, for words: — if Time commenced
And ended here, in just our human mesh?
If it were really nothing, had no being
Save in our own strange, human way of seeing?
Held as we are in the dear bonds of flesh?

Think, Love, — if I were blind — if I were blind!
How might my yearning fingers search your face
And fumble there — poor strayers! — for a trace
Of all I see as you, yet never find
The dear illumined vision of the whole
That one light glance bestows upon me now!
Even so, might it be, if we knew how
To gain the immediate vision of the soul,
That we should find our thought of Time to be
But as the groping hand — should find no Past,
No Future, but a whole of life too vast
To be called Present — say, Eternity?

“Before Abraham was, I am” — strange word!
Was this its meaning? Human symbols fail
Forever! Human half-thoughts flicker pale
Back to the unvoiced depths from which they stirred.

My heart is sick with dullness and with fear —
Your hand, Love, — here!

THE COMING

BY HUGHES CORNELL

'Not guilty. But — I took the pearls.'

'That plea cannot be admitted,' His Honor admonished, conscious of a significant glance from the Mission doctor who was seated to the right and slightly back of the prisoner. 'Guilty or — not guilty?'

'Not guilty — before God! — but — I took the pearls,' reiterated the clear voice of the prisoner, which in its very quietness was charged with emotion.

The judge turned, with abrupt severity, to the youthful Mission doctor.

'Dr. Travers, is it your opinion that the prisoner is of sound mind?'

The youthful Mission doctor, springing to his feet, replied in the tone that anticipates an argument, 'He is perfectly sane, Your Honor, but —'

'That is sufficient,' interrupted His Honor.

From the left corner of his mouth he resignedly issued instructions to the Clerk of the Court, while the doctor, somewhat abashed, resumed his seat. 'Enter a plea of "Not Guilty."'

He then addressed the prisoner at some length. 'Now, Mr. — er — Mr. Wright; this is your first appearance under arrest. I hear only good reports of you from Dr. Travers, Medical Officer of the Water-Front Mission. It appears that you have done much charitable and religious work amongst the poor of the Water-Front, markedly to your financial impoverishment and at the expense of your health and strength; that — indeed — your physical condition is at this moment and presuma-

bly as the result of such exertions, seriously impaired. Now then, the Mission requests, through the agency of Dr. Travers, that all possible opportunity be given you to establish your innocence; in case of conviction, all possible judicial clemency be extended, in view of your years of eminent service in the cause of humanity. Nevertheless,' — the judge's exposition assumed a more ponderous gravity, — 'a fifteen-hundred-dollar string of pearls was found in your overcoat pocket, five minutes after the discovery of its loss from apartment seven-hundred-ten, Hotel Reginald. You had been left alone in the room containing the safe said to contain the pearls, and had gone out of the apartment just before the discovery of their loss. The pearls found in your overcoat pocket have been identified as the missing gems. You admit that you took them, but claim that you are not guilty. Arrested at the instance of — er — Edward Malone —'

The judge paused with an air of suspension as he reexamined certain notes he held.

The missionary turned a sorrowing glance across the small courtroom, full on Red Malone, where he sat with the owner of the pearls, and her maid, lawyer, detective, and husband. All their testimony had been taken; the missionary's guilt would seem to have been proven irrefutably. Red Malone, informant, grinned impudently back at the missionary — not without a suggestion of malice.

'Now,' resumed His Honor with fi-

nalities, 'tell your story in your own way. It will receive all due attention. But bear in mind that anything you may say may be used against you. It will be taken down word for word. Proceed.'

The prisoner, William Wright, choir-singer and exhorter at the Water-Front Mission, sat erect but fragile in the chair of many inquisitions. Within their sunken orbits his over-large gray eyes shone with the clear flame of spiritual ardor.

'Your Honor,' he began quietly, but with the effective breath-control and measured enunciation of the accustomed speaker, 'I'll have to tell it all, from the first — so that you will understand —'

'Tell only what has direct bearing on the matter,' instructed the judge, consulting his watch. 'Do not waste time unnecessarily. Remember that it is Christmas Eve.'

The missionary bent his head devoutly. 'I remember — that it is the Eve of the Birth of Our Blessed Lord. And,' raising his head eagerly, 'that bears on the matter — and on the work I do — and the reason for it — and the way I've gone about it.'

'Proceed!'

'I've been doing God's work for five years — just five years to-day. I've labored unceasingly against his coming; for no man knoweth the day nor the hour when the Son of Man cometh.'

The missionary noted an impatient movement on the part of the judge, and spoke with quickened urgency.

'To make money for his service, I've taken a job as district messenger, off and on. But whenever God's business called stronger than man's, I've quit; to prepare for his coming.'

The judge, somewhat uncomfortable, spoke to Dr. Travers.

'Is this within your knowledge, doctor?'

Dr. Travers sprang again to his feet. He was young.

'It is, Your Honor. He devotes his life to doing good.'

He sat down again, abashed and uncomfortable in his turn.

The missionary sent him a grateful glance. 'This week I was especially glad to get a job,' he informed the judge. 'It did n't pay very much, but — you'll understand — when I get through. Dr. Travers will tell you that I give all I earn, aside from mere bed and board, to the poor — as Christ commanded. After the evening service I stand beside the chapel door and slip nickels and dimes or pennies to the destitute as they pass out.'

A glance of question and corroboration was exchanged between the judge and the youthful doctor.

'But last summer was a bad one for getting jobs. Hundreds of thousands of wage-earners were idle. I slept in the Vag dormitory, and the Mission fed me, so I could give away what little I did earn. Your Honor! — I came to see that every job I got took that much money and that much work from some man who needed it worse. When I worked — I was really robbing the poor — the poor — whom I wanted to help!' He searched the judge's impassive countenance with anxiety. 'Can't you see that, Your Honor?'

The early twilight in the dingy courtroom took on an added quietude, as of suspense. The missionary's keen yet wistful tones suggested, in that deepening and desolate dusk, the voice of one crying in the wilderness.

'It is the way of the world,' His Honor commented.

An attendant switched on the lights. A little sigh of readjustment to ordinary standards ran through the small group of witnesses and officials of the preliminary hearing.

'Of *this* world,' amended the plead-

ing voice of the missionary. '*My* work is for the world to come. I could not be reconciled. Night after night, Your Honor, I wrestled with God — begging to be shown how to give to the poor without first taking away from them. One night, the way He spoke that time to Jacob, God spoke to me: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Then the great light shone about me, and I saw what I could do; how God had, for a long time, been preparing my hands.' He paused; for the first time he seemed at a loss for convincing words.

'What sort of work was it?' the judge prompted him.

'Your Honor — many a penitent thief has explained to me the mechanical tricks of his trade. At last my hand had found what to do against his coming.'

'Be plain!' the judge insisted, 'what was this work?'

'To take from the rich and give to the poor.'

This came within the judge's own spiritual purview. 'But,' he pronounced sternly, 'that is larceny — plain stealing.'

'Your Honor — it is — restitution.'

'Get on with your story!' There was testiness in the judge's manner of consulting his watch.

'God prospered his servant with the one talent!' Exultation sharpened the missionary's rapt tones. 'Two thousand dollars, Your Honor, in the last four months, I've taken from the rich and given to the poor —'

They all pooh-poohed that — those dingy courtroom people, beneath the glaring electric lights.

'Two thou —'

'Impossible!'

'Oh!'

'He's off his head!'

'Could n't be done!'

'You could not have given that sum

away without arousing suspicion,' the judge said, with indulgence. He now knew how to classify the prisoner, and was inclined to clemency; for political as well as humanitarian reasons.

Red Malone saw the matter from a different angle.

'Betcha 'e did!' he confided to the detective who had him in charge. 'That's 'ow I got onto 'is game. But I could n't seem to git onto 'is lay. That's wot got my goat!'

'I could have used twenty thousand the same way,' the missionary eagerly assured them. 'A ton of coal here — a barrel of flour there — a sack of potatoes — a ham — clothes — shoes — bread — meat — surgeons — hospitals — a year's rent in advance — dollars — twenties! — instead of dimes at the chapel door. Who was going to tell on me? Those poor fellows would never tell anything that might get me into trouble —'

'Or stop the supplies —' Red sniggered audibly.

'Order in the court!' commanded His Honor. 'Officer, if that man interrupts again, detain him elsewhere.'

With an air of superhuman meekness that was meant to be comic, but missed fire, Red subsided, mumbling under his breath.

'So,' the missionary went on, circumstantially, 'this messenger job gave me extra good opportunities. *Now* you see,' in fraternal appeal to the judge, 'why I was so glad to get it. It gave me my chance alone with the jewel-safe. The coat-suit I'd delivered, C.O.D., had to be tried on. I saw the lady close the safe-door, and my ear told me the tumblers had n't fallen into place. God's opportunity! As soon as she and her maid went out to try on the suit, it was simple enough, for me, to open the safe, get out the pearls, then close and lock the safe door properly.'

Once more he hesitated, glancing

askance at Red, who watched him with curious intensity.

'Continue!' instructed the judge.

The missionary glanced away from Red, drew a deep breath, and resumed. 'The maid came back, gave me the check, signed the book, took the receipt, and I left. Five minutes afterward, when I was sure I'd made my getaway, I was arrested — before I'd been able to dispose of the pearls.'

The judge cleared his throat, waited a moment, then spoke in undertones to the clerk.

'Have you taken this — er — confession, verbatim?'

'I have, Your Honor,' replied the clerk.

The judge spoke, guardedly, to the missionary.

'Have you anything further to add to your — er — statement?'

'Only,' with emotion so sincere that it grew painful to his smug and technically virtuous listeners, 'that God has finished with me on that lay. He now has use for me in jail. I go gladly — thanking Him that I have been permitted to do even this little for his poor — against the hour of his coming — at so small a price as imprisonment — to which he sent his Only Beloved Son.'

For a moment of utter quiet he stood, eyes lowered, hands pointed in prayer. 'When I go before that higher Judgment Seat, it will be with hands that have done whatsoever they have found to do — against the day and the hour wherein the Son of Man cometh.'

The awed stillness suffered violent rupture. Red-eyed Edward Malone — informer, veteran safe-cracker, convict many times over — rushed forward to the judge's desk.

'I stole them pearls!' he cried violently. 'Missioner's looney! — can't yer see? 'R else he's swearin' false — to save me! Say! w'y did n't he tell about *me*? — hey?'

The missionary caught Red's arm in passionate protest. Words struggled on his lips. Dr. Travers drew him back just as the officer gained Red's side and was about to lead the ex-convict away.

'Stand back, officer,' directed the judge. 'We will hear what more Malone has to testify.' He turned to the clerk. 'Swear this man again.'

The oath was administered to Red for the second time in the case, and gabbled with the perfunctory rapidity of an old hand.

'Edward Malone,' demanded the judge with impatient severity, 'have you anything of importance to add to your former testimony?'

'I sure have!' asseverated Red. 'I did n't tell it all — no more'n did missioner there.'

The judge studied him with distaste. 'Officer, what is this man's record?'

'Old offender, Yer Honor, second-story man. Safe-cracker. Three convictions in this court, and bad outside history. Last year sent up fer bein' implicated with the First National safe-cracking gang — remember? — Served one year. Been out three weeks.'

His Honor turned to the blear-eyed vagabond. 'Say what you wish to say, but be brief,' again consulting his watch. 'And remember that it may be used against you.'

'Well, now, Yer Honor,' Red's glibness took on confidential intonations, 'I'd been on to this yere missioner quite a spell, afore I took that trip up river youse know about. W'en I got back — blamed if he was n't there yet — doin' business at the same ol' stand. Looked to me like he'd found a mighty good lay. Thinks I, "I'll git in on to that. Where'd he git all them nickels and dimes?" I says. And w'en he got to shellin' out plunks, I says, "Wot's the answer? — som'ers on Queer Street — believe *me*!"'

'Get to the point!'

'That's wot *is* the p'int, Yer Hon-
or; him slippin' me a fiver onct last
week. Say! — that looked good to Red!
I says — "Make it fifty-fifty,¹ pard, 'r I
splits." Nothing doin'! Turned me
down cold. That got my red up, 'n I
trails 'im fer sure; swore I'd git 'im —
'n I did! Say!' — he leaned toward the
Judge, with a knowing leer, behind
which the psychologist might have read
a canny calculation, — 'he was bonin'
charitable ol' ladies 'n gents — wit'
that angel face he's got on 'im! Good
lay — long o' Christmas time,' judi-
cially.

'But,' commented the judge, 'not
necessarily criminal. Get on with the
case.'

'Well — thinks I — I'll stick er-
rour'. So, to-day I trails 'im to this
yere apartment house — me gittin' by
easy, 'counta sportin' missioner's over-
coat he'd give me the night before.
Lookin' purty slick, I was, fer onct. The
door of the apartment was on the latch.
I looks in. Missioner was standin' by
the winda, back to a dinky tin safe that
did n't look jest tight to me, somehow.
So I stepped in and twiddled the lock,
jest fer luck — and — say! — it falls
open to me! Me fer the loot! I gather-
ed in them pearls, 'n I'd jest dropped
'em inter me overcoat pocket w'en the
missioner turns. Say! — he lights in-
ter me like a tiger-cat, to trun me out!

'You mean to say,' the Judge inter-
rupted, incredulous, 'that Mr. — er —
Mr. Wright did not take the pearls?'

'You git me! — that is ter say —'
(carefully), 'he did n't *steal* 'em. He
took 'em, all right, from me — but he
never knowed it. I hears the girl com-
in', so I makes a quick getaway, leavin'
my coat in the missioner's hands, and
them pearls was in the pocket. He never
knowed he had 'em till he got pinched
— see? I was playin' bot' ends ag'inst

¹ 'Fifty-fifty' is argot for dividing even. —
THE AUTHOR.

the middle. 'F missioner gits nabbed,
I'm safe. He won't never split. 'F he
gits clear — I'll cop them pearls off'n
'im 'fore he ever knows he's got 'em.
See? Well — I gits pinched first, bein'
acquainted like with the cops — an' I
ain't lookin' so tony — shy the mis-
sioner's overcoat. I gotta play safe, so
I sicks the cop on to the missioner. 'T
was 'im er me — I knowed he would
n't split. And — he — did n't.'

The missioner's emaciated features
twisted convulsively.

'Don't listen to him! *I* stole the
pearls! He caught me at it! Much of
the rest he said is true — but — *I* open-
ed the safe! — *I* stole the pearls! — I!
— myself!

'Why did you not tell, before, of Ma-
lone's complicity?' the judge inquired
with severity.

'It was n't comp —'

'T warn't complicity!' Red vocifer-
ated, taking the word from the mis-
sioner's lips. His eyes grew more con-
gested than even their evil wont. 'I
done it all myself! He was jest tryin'
to purtect the lady's propitty — see? —
Missioner's looney, don't I tell you?
Look at him!'

They were all looking at him by this
time, where he struggled feebly in Dr.
Travers's professional grasp, his coun-
tenance white and strained.

'W'y, he's been preachin' 'bout peo-
ple takin' other folks doin's on their
own shoulders till it's clean gone to his
head. Now he wants to take my do-
in's on to himself — like — like' — sud-
denly grown shamefaced — 'aw — like
this yere Jesus Christ he's alwuz
preachin' about — *I* guess —'

The missioner freed himself from Dr.
Travers.

'I did not tell about Red,' he again
took up his reply to the judge's ques-
tion, 'because I not only took the pearls
from their rightful owner,' — he paused,
— 'if there could be rightful ownership

of such gauds, when thousands of people within hands' reach were starving — and because it was I who put temptation in my brother's way. I was the occasion of his stumbling. "Woe to that man through whom the occasion cometh." The responsibility for his stumbling was mine. It was right that I, upon whom lay the guilt, should pay the penalty. Now — this is the way it happened.'

The short, clear sentences followed one another with the sharp ring of truth.

'Just as I was closing the safe-door Red came in from the hall, as he told you, wearing my overcoat. He jumped on me, snatched the pearls, and put them into the overcoat pocket. While we were struggling, the maid partly opened the door into the other room. She was coming back. Red got scared. He slipped out of the coat and escaped, leaving the pearls with me. I put the coat on, signed the receipt, as I told you, and left. That was the way of it.'

The judge pondered.

'You told a different story, under oath,' he reminded the missionary, with recurring severity. 'How can you expect me to believe this one? And' — acutely — 'what possible motive could Malone have for asserting his guilt? Your religious convictions and the fact that by your own confession you have already paltered with your oath, go far to discredit your present statement. No evidence is so open to suspicion as a volunteer confession,' he commented wearily.

The missionary's hard-won self-control broke.

'I tell you I did it!' he cried out in sudden passion. 'I—I! —' he swayed, then partly recovered his poise. 'Red must be drunk —'

'Aw — gwann!' repudiated Red. An instant later he shouted, 'Look out! He's falling!'

The missionary, ghastly but still protesting, steadied himself.

'I — I warn you! —' he muttered, looking helplessly about for support.

Dr. Travers forced him, still ineffectually trying to make himself heard, into his chair. The doctor then formally addressed the court, consulting, in so doing, certain notes he had made on the case.

'Your Honor, in view of Edward Malone's confession, corroborated by the testimony of the owner of the pearls and her maid, that William Wright came into her apartment without an overcoat and was wearing one when he left; that on leaving he showed no excitement or haste; also in consideration of Wright's proved good character, and his religious humanitarianism which could easily lead him to take another's man's guilt upon himself — especially if, as in this instance, he felt a moral responsibility for that guilt; so in consideration of his present physical and mental breakdown, due partly to lack of nourishment and partly to overwork in the cause of charity; also in view of his obviously fixed idea that God has use for his services in jail; for these reasons, taken in consideration with the conflict between his two statements in regard to matters of fact, and with Edward Malone's lack of motive for assuming the guilt of the theft if he were in reality innocent, I ask for the discharge of William Wright from arrest.'

It would have been hard to say whether the judge or Red Malone listened to this somewhat involved yet concise appeal with the more concentrated attention. A moment of deep silence ensued.

'Discharge is granted,' pronounced the judge at last, with evident relief. 'Dr. Travers, I place William Wright in your charge for medical attention. You will produce him should he again

be required by the court. Officer, detain Edward Malone.'

While the necessary papers were being made out at the judge's desk, the missionary, his heart wrung with the knowledge of his guilt, — of which he seemed so strangely powerless to convince any one else, — arose unsteadily from his chair and went over to the new prisoner, who was for the moment left unguarded — although he was well known to be a jail-bird a dozen times over.

'Red! —' the missionary broke into anguished expostulation, — 'you *know* I did it!'

'Well,' Red conceded, after furtively assuring himself that no one was within ear-shot, 'fact is — you did. Well —' belligerently, 'what of it?'

'*Why*,' implored the missionary, 'why take on yourself the punishment for a sin that is not your own?'

Red shuffled his grotesquely covered feet. An awkward grin bared his broken, tobacco-yellowed fangs. He rolled his bloodshot eyes in complicated paroxysms of bashfulness.

'Aw! —' he scoffed. 'Well — say! — 'cordin' to *your* tell — 't ain't the first time on earth that there foolstunt's been put acrost.'

PUBLIC-SCHOOL MUSIC

BY THOMAS WHITNEY SURETTE

I

It is characteristic of our complaisance in matters educational that of late years we have seen subject after subject added to the curricula of our public schools, and have cheerfully voted money for them, without having much conception of their value or of the results attained by introducing them. Education is our shibboleth, our formula. The school diploma and the college degree constitute our new baptism of conformity. We do not question their authority or their efficacy. They absolve us. Our public schools have become experimental stations for the testing of theories, until the demand for more and more specialization has resulted in an overcrowding of the curricula and a consequent su-

perficiality in the teaching. 'That any man should die ignorant who is capable of knowledge, that I call a tragedy,' says Carlyle. But there is a greater tragedy still, which is that our capability for knowledge may be so overburdened by irrelevant information as to become worthless to us. We study everything and we know nothing. Our schools become detached from the realities of life because we pursue so diligently the semblance of those realities.

Our objective is definitely practical. We expect education to fit boys and girls to cope successfully with the everyday affairs of life, we frown on anything that savors of the unpractical, and we instinctively distrust the word 'beauty.' We are like Mime, who thought that courage lay in the sword itself. We, too, have the pieces of the

broken blade and they are as useless to us as they were to him. Of what avail all this information which we so slowly and painfully acquire? Can it be put together, Mime-fashion? Or is there something which can fuse it? Has it not all a common source, and is not that source in nature? The very thing we fear most in education is the one thing that tempers all the others, namely, beauty. For in education, as in everything else, beauty means sequence, order and harmony; beauty relates things to each other; multiplies arithmetic by geography, objects by sounds, acts by feelings. If there were a world with one human being in it, and only one, his sweetest, gentlest and most inevitably perfect act would be to leap into the mother sea and rejoin nature. An isolated fact or an unrelated piece of information differs only in this respect from the human being, in that it never was alive.

We pay lip-service to beauty. We study poetry, but we deal chiefly with poets — with their being born and their dying, with the shell of them; whereas a poet is valuable only for what beauty he brings us. We even try to extract morals from him, or to find in him codes of conduct, philosophies, and the like, forgetting Swinburne's fine saying that 'There are pulpits enough for all preachers in prose. The business of verse-writing is hardly to express convictions; and if some poetry, not without merit of its kind, has at times dealt with dogmatic morality, it is all the worse and all the weaker for that.' But poetry does, at least, express itself in words, and words are tangible and useful things. Music, on the contrary, deals only in sounds, and these — seeming to be of doubtful use — we look on with suspicion. We do allow Music to enter a corner of our educational sanctuary, but then we slam the door on her and leave her there

until June, when we expect her to come forth garlanded for the graduation exercises. The taxpayer attends these exercises and listens to the singing of the children in that complacent mood which he commonly assumes when he thinks he is getting his money's worth, although he very likely knows that his own public-school education in music did nothing for him whatever.

What are the claims of music as a means of educating the young? To some educational administrators it seems to have almost no justification. 'What can be accomplished by it?' they ask. 'Singing is not necessary as a factor in life.' 'Music is of little importance in a work-a-day world.' So argue the school men who want 'results,' as they call them. The passion for categorical facts, arranged in methodical sequence term by term, year by year, and culminating in a skyrocket burst, every fact blazing up separately for an instant as though it really were alive, and then going out while the charred embers fall far apart on a patient earth — this is fatal to any real education. But the real object of education should be first to make human beings capable of hearing and seeing intelligently and of using their hands skillfully, and then to train the mind so that it can receive and assimilate knowledge and turn it into wisdom. I propose, then, first, to examine the claims of music as a subject to be taught in our public schools; second, to examine into prevailing methods of teaching it; third, to investigate the results now obtained; and finally, to suggest ways of bettering our situation.

I have referred in a former article¹ to the qualities in music which make it especially valuable for children, and what I have said there applies with equal or even greater force here. Any

¹ 'Music for Children,' the *Atlantic Monthly* for March, 1916.

one who has compared town and city life in this country and in Europe, and has seen what a pleasure and what a civilizing influence music may become when it is properly taught in childhood, must realize how great a loss our people sustain by the neglect of singing. We are only now beginning to realize how long it takes to weld a diverse people into one by means of an intellectual conception of nationality. The thin bond of self-interest, the advantage of 'getting on' in the world — these keep us together in ordinary times; but in a great crisis such bonds break. The haven of sentiment is needed. We want a common sympathy; we want above all some means of expression for that sympathy. There have been of late numerous great meetings at which the feelings of men and women have expended themselves in shouts, in cheers, in the clapping of hands, and in other inarticulate methods of expressing emotions. What would not a song have done for these thousands — a song they all knew and loved? Are we forever to be dumb?

Our hope is in the children, to whom music is of inestimable value. In the first place (as I have pointed out in a former article) music supplies the only means of bringing young children into actual and intimate contact with beauty. In the kindergarten or in the first grade of the public schools children are capable of singing, and love to sing, simple songs which, within their limited scope, are quite perfect, whereas their capacity for drawing, or for appreciating forms and colors, is comparatively slight. In music children find a natural means of expression for that inherent quality of idealism which is a part of their nature. When children sing together their natures are disciplined, while each child at the same time expresses its own individuality. Activity of ear,

eye, and mind together tends to cultivate quickness of decision and accuracy of thinking. In the matter of rhythmic coördination alone music justifies itself. Rhythmic movements to music have long since come to be recognized as a means of mental and physical development. All sorts of interesting and stimulating exercises can be used in connection with the teaching of songs to little children; and any one who has ever watched a child's development through intelligent instruction in singing and in rhythmic exercises must have realized how keen its perception becomes and how valuable to its general intelligence the training is.

Singing beautiful songs prepares children by the best possible means for an intelligent understanding of the compositions of the great masters, which, for lack of this preparation, many adults never comprehend. The educational administrator who denies a great composer the distinction he gives to a great poet is going against the testimony of generations of cultivated and educated people all over the world, and, moreover, is tacitly acknowledging that he believes greatness to be a matter of mere outward expression. The element in Shakespeare's writings, for example, which reveals his greatness is the same element that reveals Beethoven's — namely, an imaginative, beautiful, and true concept or idea of human life. Beethoven is as true as Shakespeare. The same fancy, the same daring, the same grandeur, the same extravagance of imagination, and the same fidelity to life are found in each. That one uses words and the other mere sounds, affects the case not at all, or, if at all, in favor of music, since these elements or qualities of life are expressed more directly and more intensely in music than in words.

Yes, there is every reason for giving

music a real place in the curriculum, save one, and that is this: you cannot give an examination in it. Fatal defect! No A+ or A- for the child to take home proudly to its parents. On a certain day at a certain hour you cannot find out by a set test what, of the beautiful thing we call music, a child has in its heart and soul. The result you hope to gain consists chiefly in a love of good music, and a joy in singing it—a result that is likely to affect the happiness of the child all its life long. The whole tendency of singing in schools has been to civilize the child, to make it happy and to help its physical and mental coördination; yet you deny the value of such training, you refuse to give it a real place in your curriculum, you call it a fad or a frill.

What an extraordinary attitude for an educational administration to assume! The world is, then, merely a place of eating and drinking, of mechanical routine, of facts. There are to be no dreams; the flowers, and brooks, and mountains, the sky, birds' songs, and the whole fantasy of life—these are nothing. Beautiful objects in which the eye delights, beautiful sounds that fill the soul with happiness and create for us a perfect world of our own—these are useless because they will not submit to an examination in June and cannot be made to figure in a diploma. How many young people, I wonder, graduate from our institutions of learning with nothing *but* a diploma? Would it not be of great value for children if they were taught to see and to hear vividly and intelligently, to be alive to all beautiful objects, to love a few beautiful poems, to have the beginnings of a taste for literature, to be able to sing fine songs, to take part in choral singing, and to know well a few pieces by Mozart or Schubert? Do not all great things establish relationship, and do not all

little things accentuate differences? What education is better than that which unifies the individual with the universal? Is not this whole world of fine literature, painting, sculpture, and music in the very highest sense, then, an education to the individual?

We march in endless file along a hard paved way out of the sun, our goal a place where *use* holds sway. We reach the goal and begin our labors under the lash, catching a glimpse only now and then of stars, of flowers, of brooks, of green fields—only a glimpse, for *use* holds us fast. After a time we forget them altogether as *use* fastens its grip upon us more securely. We plod onward, machine-like, until all sense of beauty is dead, and the world is a treadmill of money-getting and of trivial pleasures. Then our blindness reacts on our children. We have forgotten the impulse of our childhood. The love for beautiful things has left us, and we have no longer a sense of their value. Must our children continue to suffer for this? Must they, too, become the slaves of *use*?

II

That complaisance of ours to which I have referred is nowhere more evident than in the large sums we spend on the teaching of music, and in our ignorance of the results. School boards and school superintendents usually possess little knowledge of the subject and have no means of knowing the quality and the effect of music-teaching save by such evidences as are supplied by the singing of the children at the end of the school year. No one asks what the one thousand or the fifty thousand dollars spent by the school board earns. The money is appropriated and expended on salaries, music-books, etc., and there the matter is left hanging, as it were, in the air, not to be

heard from again until the end of the school year. No committee supervises the selection of the books or the methods of teaching. The supervisor is in autocratic control. The system is like an inverted pyramid propped up by an occasional show of singing, by the fallacious excuse that singing is a relaxation after burdensome tasks (fallacious because such relaxation by singing could be carried on without the expensive paraphernalia of a school music system), but most of all supported and fostered by the equally fallacious belief that reading music 'at sight,' so called, is an end in itself. So completely divorced is it from such control as is exercised over other subjects that it has become the prey of theorists who have accumulated around it a mass of pedagogical paraphernalia quite unknown in any other form of music-teaching, and essentially artificial and encumbering.

I have attended conventions of teachers where all the interest centred in pedagogical methods, and in the discussions of artificial terms and theories. I have met teachers who say they discourage the children from singing because it ruins their voices (!), and who confine their instruction to the theory of music. The fetish of sight-singing has cast its blight over the teaching of little children, so that, instead of letting them sing by ear simple and beautiful songs — which nearly every child loves to do — they are taught at the age of five or six the mysteries of intervals and all the rest. And since the time-divisions of music present difficulties too great for their young minds, measure lines are discarded and new names are invented to describe the time-values of quarter notes and eighth notes, such as 'type one,' 'type two'; or artificial syllabic terms are piled one upon another until such a monstrosity as *tafatefetifi* re-

sults. It is obvious that a long experience of music through singing should precede any instruction as to the time-value of notes, and that, if a child has sung many times by ear the sounds represented by these artificial terms, and has continued to sing by ear for two years or more, and has stored up a series of musical impressions that have developed its musical taste and instinct, and has mastered the rudiments of numbers, the teaching of the notes becomes a much simpler and more natural process, involving no other terms than those ordinarily in use in music. You can then call a note by its generally accepted name — half, quarter, or eighth.

How did this all come about? Primarily through the indifference of the public, and through the incapability of the school authorities to control the teaching. Never having been so educated in music as to realize that it contains the highest kind of educational possibilities, parents take little interest in the music their children learn in school. The connection between music and life is lost. The supervisor may or may not be a good musician; he may be entirely indifferent to the highest possibility of music as a factor in education; his taste may never have been properly formed. He is likely to be helpless, even though he feels the need of reform, because he needs music-books, and has to take what he can buy. The making of music-books for schools has become too much a matter of commercial competition, and particularly of commercial propaganda, and this latter condition is fostered by the summer schools for supervisors controlled and operated by the publishers of school music-books. The result of all this is that a cumbersome pedagogical system has become firmly entrenched in many towns and cities.

One of the greatest difficulties con-

nected with public-school music-teaching is the inability of some of the grade teachers to teach music. The daily lesson is given by her. The music teacher visits each room once in two, three, or even four weeks. It is not necessarily the grade teacher's fault if she cannot teach music well, because the training given her in the grade schools and normal school may have been quite inadequate. But teach music she must — as a part of her regular duties. My own observation leads me to believe that a good many grade teachers are capable of doing this work well, that few do it as well as they might do if they were given more training, and that some teach so badly that it results in more harm than good. In any case I am opposed to any transference of the daily lesson from the grade teachers to an expert, not because I think the expert would not do it in some ways better, but because it would mean a very large increase in the expense of our schools, and because I believe that only a few grade teachers are incapable, under proper training, of giving a satisfactory music lesson.

Furthermore, I believe in keeping the music lesson as a bond of sympathy between the grade teacher and the children. Singing is an entirely natural art for any human being who begins it in childhood and pursues it through youth. I look forward to the day when we shall all sing. I object to the displacement of the grade teacher in the one function of school life which is intimate, free, and beautiful, in which facts, numbers, places, events, names are forgotten, and in which the spirit of each child issues forth *under the discipline of beauty*. (I place these words in italics because I am constantly being told that the great thing in the education of children is to give them self-expression; to which I reply that self-expression except under discipline

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— using the word in its larger sense — has never helped either the individual or the race.) We must look to the normal schools for this improvement in the ability of our teachers to teach music; and the normal schools, in turn, must expect our high schools to send forth their graduates properly taught in music, so that normal schools will not have to spend time (as they often do now) supplementing the imperfections of the earlier training.

III

But the real failure in the administration of school music is due to a false ideal. And it is in this mistaken ideal or purpose that the crux of the whole matter lies. Nearly the whole stress of teaching is laid on expert sight-reading of music. Go into a schoolroom with a supervisor to hear his class sing, and he will almost invariably exhibit to you with pride the capacity of the children to sing at sight. He will ask you to put something impromptu on the blackboard as a test of their proficiency. He will exhibit to you classes of very young children who have already learned to read notes and who can sing all sorts of simple exercises from the staff.

What is meant by the term 'sight-singing'? It means, if it means anything, that a person shall be able to sing correctly at the first trial his part in any piece of vocal music which he has never seen or heard before. And this, which we spend our money for, is an entirely artificial attainment, since in real life we are almost never required to do it. 'Sight-singing' has become a shibboleth. What we want is a reasonable capacity to read music, for that is all we are ever called upon to do in actual life. Go into the best choirs in this country and ask the leader how many of his boys or men or

women can read music 'at sight,' and his answer will almost invariably be, 'Not one.' Let us then teach children to read music by giving them as many trials as necessary, and let them gradually acquire such familiarity with intervals and with rhythmic figures as will make it possible for them to sing with other people and enjoy doing so. We shall then get rid of an artificial ideal and have just so much more time in which to cultivate music for its own sake.

Furthermore, 'sight-singing' is not successfully taught in American public schools. The vast majority of our children never attain to that expertness which is the present objective of the teaching. So we have a double failure—in ideal and in practice. (This is not a place for a discussion of the various methods of teaching sight-singing. The method commonly used in this country is derived from English practice, and we have ignored the much more accurate and scientific systems of France and Germany.) The supervisor who takes so much pride in the capacity of his pupils to sing at sight ought to be chiefly interested in something much more important—namely their ability to sing a beautiful piece of music and their joy in doing so, for that is the only justification for his presence there. Many supervisors seem to have almost forgotten that music is a thing of beauty, and that the only way to keep it alive in a child's heart is to teach the child to sing beautiful songs. Constant contact with inferior songs for children may indeed have so affected the supervisor's taste that he himself can no longer detect the difference between good and bad.

For eight years, then, in our public schools children are taught to sing at sight. Is there a fine song presenting a certain difficulty, it is placed in the

book at the point when that difficulty arises, and is treated as a sight-reading test. It is subjected to analysis as to its melodic progressions, each of which is taken up as a technical problem. This is precisely the method so often and so fatally used in connection with poetry. The Skylark's wings are clipped. The Grecian Urn becomes an archæological specimen, the Eve of Saint Agnes a date in the almanac.

This brings me to the most important part of the whole matter. If expert sight-singing is not only a false ideal, but one impossible of general attainment in public schools under the conditions at present existing, what does justify our expenditure of such large sums of money? The sole justification for it and the real purpose of public-school music is to bring children to love the best music and so to train their taste for it as to make them capable of discriminating between good and bad. Now, a thorough test of children in the kindergarten or the first primary grade of any public school anywhere will surely reveal that such children start life with the makings of good taste in music. Nature is prodigal here—prodigal and faithful. In the most remote villages in this country, in purely industrial communities, among the poor and among the rich (both having forgotten), children love good songs. It is their natural inheritance. No excess of materialism in the generations affects it in the least. This is the primitive endowment; deep down in human character there lies a harmony of adjustment with nature. Overlay it as you may with custom, or habit, sully it with luxury, it still persists, for without it human life cannot be. This idealistic basis of human life, which is never destroyed, appears fresh and unstained in children and in song it bubbles up as from a pure spring.

A certain small proportion of children

are backward in music, but the possibility of teaching them to sing has long since been satisfactorily demonstrated. They need special attention which it is difficult to give in public schools. They should, I think, never be taken from their seats in the room and placed at one side, but should be asked to listen to the other children, and occasionally to sing with them, the teacher standing near for help and encouragement.

Now, it has been a matter of frequent comment that there is no such increase in choral singing either in town or city as our public-school music-teaching should lead us to expect. In fact, the countless young people who graduate from our schools seem to make almost no impression on choral singing. It still remains the least of our musical activities. It is as difficult as ever to secure people who care enough for the practice of singing to come to rehearsals. Voluntary choral singing for the pleasure to be derived from it is rare. Are not our public schools partly responsible for this condition? Is not that natural taste and love for good music to which I have just referred allowed to lapse and finally almost to disappear? And is not this largely the result of too much technical instruction and too little good music? I know that there are many more distractions for children than formerly. I know that the home influence in most cases is slight, and that parents assume less responsibility for their children than they used to do. But, granting all this, the musical instruction in public schools does not fulfill its proper function, nor can it hope to do so until it changes its ideals.

There is no doubt whatever that, speaking generally, the best music with which to train the taste of young children is that known as 'folk-song.' The supposition that any musician is

capable of composing a fine enduring song suitable for children is false in its very essence. The constant appearance of new songs for children and their inevitable disappearance in the next generation is evidence enough that this is so, apart from the unmistakable evidence in the songs themselves. In reality the good tune is right, the poor tune wrong; the good tune conforms to, is a part of, nature; the poor tune is false in quantity and in sentiment, and not a part of nature. The fine tune is straightforward, honest, and genuine in sentiment; the inferior tune professes to be so, but is not. Fine simple tunes of the kind suitable for children to sing have been composed, — 'Way down upon the Suwanee River' is an example, — but they are very few in number. The only safeguard is to keep chiefly to the old melodies whose quality has been proved. And since the number of fine folk-tunes is more than sufficient for our purpose, and since most of them are not copyrighted, there would seem to be no reason whatever why they should not constitute the larger part of the music we give our children to sing in their early years of school life.

I have said that children like real tunes in preference to false ones. We have therefore a perfectly sound basis upon which to build. But it must not be forgotten that singing is in itself an agreeable pastime to children and that their taste can be lowered as well as raised. With their fundamental good taste to build on we can be reasonably sure of accomplishing our purpose if we provide them all through their school life with the best music and no other. This is not done and the failure of our school music to justify itself can be attributed chiefly to this.

Nowhere is this more evident than in the very place where it will do the most harm — namely, in the kinder-

garten. And this is true of kindergartens generally. In the process of providing very young children with suitable words for their songs—which in the kindergarten are considered of first importance—the effects of inferior music seem to have been entirely ignored. In other words, the one sense through which young children receive their most vivid impressions has been systematically and persistently violated. I have examined a great many song-books used in American kindergartens and I have never found one that was really suitable for the purpose of training the musical taste of young children. Our craving for a complete pedagogical system is characteristic; it is our refuge, our bulwark. Instead of facing actual problems as they are, we take some ready-made system—which some other perplexed person has made for a shelter—and proceed to adopt it *in toto*. I mean by this that the custom of the kindergarten teacher is to buy a book in the open market—a book whose sole guarantee is that it is for sale. It probably contains inferior music, but the purchaser asks no questions. Now, an enterprising and well-equipped teacher could gather together during the summer holiday twenty-five simple folk-songs, could have suitable words written for them, and could have them mimeographed (if more copies were needed) and put into use in her school. I say nothing of the benefit *to her* of doing this.

IV

I have drawn the foregoing conclusion from an extended observation and experience of public-school music, and I ought to add—lest the record seem too disparaging—that in a considerable number of places intelligent and open-minded men and women have been doing their best to stem the tide of

inferior music and of artificial methods of teaching. During the last two years I have been serving on an unpaid advisory committee on music appointed by the School Committee of the city of Boston to improve the teaching of music in the public schools. The School Committee of Boston consists of five members elected by the people. The Committee became aware of the inefficiency of the teaching of music through an independent investigation carried on by Dr. A. T. Davison of Harvard University (who is chairman of the Advisory Committee), and they asked him to form a committee to help them. Boston was then spending some forty thousand dollars a year for public-school music.

During one school year the several members of our committee visited schools, taking notes of what they heard and saw, and finally each member submitted a written report to the chairman. These were made the basis of a general report which was unanimously adopted by the advisory committee and submitted to the School Committee, by whom it was accepted.

The Boston teaching was especially weak in dealing with rhythmic, and for a perfectly simple reason. Rhythm was taught, not as action, which it is, but as symbol, which it is not. The various rhythmic figures were taught, in other words, through the mind instead of through the body. These rhythmic figures were given arbitrary names (to which I have already referred) and the children looked at the symbols, were told the strange names given to them, and, sitting quite still, produced the required sounds. The teachers did not even beat the time. The usual answer we got when asking about rhythm was, 'Oh, they feel the rhythm!' This may have been true but, if it were, the children were extreme individualists!

This sort of rhythmic teaching is

common in the United States and the defect is a grave one. The arithmetical complications of rhythm in music should not be taught to little children at all. Just as they should sing the melody by imitating the teacher, so they should be taught the rhythm by imitating, *in action*, the time-values of the notes. A child who has sung a simple folk-song many times, and has danced, or marched, or clapped his hands in exact time and rhythm with the notes, can be taught, later, the pitch-names and the time-names of those notes without the slightest difficulty and without any subterfuge whatever. In a schoolroom containing some forty children and with the space largely occupied by desks and seats it is, of course, impossible to carry on any extended exercises in rhythm. But every effort should be made to teach musical rhythms as action before they are taught as sounds. Whenever possible, classes should be taken to the assembly room, where there is a sufficiently large open floor-space for such exercises.

But the most distressing condition in the Boston schools — and this would be more or less true everywhere in our country — was that all the children in the kindergarten and primary grades were learning such songs as would eventually destroy their natural taste for fine music. This is the one great indictment against public-school music in the United States — that it has been made to order for school-books, and to fit technical problems, and that it consequently fails to keep the allegiance of children. Nothing but the best will ever do that, and until we supply the best our school music is bound to fail. Our committee, as a preliminary step toward reform, recommended that all instruction in reading music should be postponed until the last half of the third grade. This allowed us to insti-

tute singing by ear and at the same time to teach rhythm by beating time, clapping hands, marching, and the like. A book of folk-songs was compiled by Dr. Davison and myself and was adopted and published by the School Committee.

The greatest difficulty here has been to get suitable verses for the simpler songs. We have spent much time over this one matter and have not, even then, always been successful. Good verses for very young children who cannot read (and who must therefore memorize them) are difficult to secure, and — to instance how painstaking the process of making a book of such songs is — we have sometimes received half a dozen sets of verses for a simple melody without finding one that we thought suitable.

It is perhaps too soon to draw very definite conclusions from the results of these reforms in the Boston schools. One thing is certain: a very large number of children five, six, and seven years of age are now singing really beautiful songs without seeing any music at all and without being told anything whatever about the notes, rests, and intervals which occur in them. Upon the experience of these two and one half years of singing by ear we shall build up skill in singing by note, and this skill will be acquired with much greater ease than would be otherwise possible. It is also worth noting that the expense of music-books in these three grades is more than cut in half, since the music-book is placed in the hands of the teachers only and an inexpensive book of words is given to each child in the second and third grades. The average school music-book contains too much material and is unnecessarily expensive.

In the Boston schools ninety minutes a week is given to drawing and sixty minutes a week to music. It is obvious

that a daily lesson in music twelve minutes long is entirely inadequate for proper instruction. An increase to twenty minutes per day or to three half-hours per week is highly desirable. In many schools entirely too much time is devoted to preparing music for the graduating exercises. Failing an examination, what is there left but an exhibition?

It is a task of real difficulty to reform any strongly entrenched system or method of education. What is conclusively demonstrated as a more sensible method runs against self-interest, tradition, intellectual immovability (to use a moderate term!) and other even more violent opposition. The reforms we are instituting in Boston need the combined force of all the persons in authority, of all the teaching staff and of public opinion. No one of these forces is being fully exerted, owing to circumstances over which we have no control. But we have accomplished something, for we have reduced the expense and we have simplified the teaching; and each of these improvements was sadly needed.

v

One of the encouraging signs of our advancement is in orchestral playing. School orchestras have become important features of school life, and the excellence of some of the orchestral playing is remarkable. It often outshines the singing, and it is frequently self-contained, being under the direction, not of the music-teachers, but of the headmaster or one of his assistants. In this department of music-teaching, as in the singing lessons, much depends on the attitude and the qualifications of the headmaster. In our Boston schools there are notable examples of fine music fostered and sustained by enthusiastic and capable headmasters,

who lay great stress on that as contrasted with mere technical expertness.

Credit toward the high-school diploma is now given in Boston for study of the pianoforte or an orchestral instrument outside school hours and with independent teachers. Lists are issued to indicate the standard of music and of performance for each grade, and certificates of hours of practice are required of parents. This system of credits depends for its success on securing competent examiners not otherwise connected with the schools, for by this means poor teachers are gradually eliminated. Many schoolrooms are provided with phonographs, which may be a powerful factor in building up or in breaking down the taste of children. An approved list of records for the Boston schools is in course of preparation, in order to eliminate undesirable music and to increase the usefulness of the instruments.

Singing by ear spontaneously and without technical instruction, but rather for the joy of doing it, and for the formation of the taste on good models, is the proper beginning of all musical education. Such experience, coupled with proper rhythmic exercises, constitutes a real basis, not only for reading music but for performance on any instrument. No child should be admitted for possible credit in pianoforte-playing or be allowed to enter violin classes until so prepared in singing and in rhythm. The pianoforte neither reveals nor corrects the defective ear; the violin, on the other hand, does reveal it, though it does not necessarily correct it. Defective rhythm can be properly corrected only through actual rhythmic motions of the body.

Many high schools now offer courses in what is called 'The Appreciation of Music.' The success of such courses depends to a considerable extent on the quality of music used in the pri-

mary and grammar grades. If the children have been singing inferior music for eight years, the difficulties of teaching them to appreciate the best is correspondingly increased. If, on the contrary, their taste has been carefully formed on good models the introduction to great music has already been made. In short, courses in appreciation should be the culmination of the musical education of our young people. They should have for their object, first and foremost, the cultivation of the musical memory. This is an absolute essential to anybody who hopes to listen to music intelligently. After this has been accomplished the student should listen to simple instrumental pieces whose style and form should be explained and the explanation should be as untechnical as possible.¹ Each of the properties or qualities of music is susceptible of treatment on the broad ground of æsthetics, and one's success in teaching young people to understand it depends considerably on the ability so to present it. The instructor should play on a pianoforte all the music studied or, failing that, a mechanical pianoplayer should be used.

And now let me say that the most important and beneficial step any community could take toward improving its school music would be to secure a supervisor who is untainted by current American pedagogical theories of sight-

¹ Counterpoint, for example, is, strictly, note against note — two melodies parallel to each other. Æsthetically, counterpoint consists in illuminating, illustrating, or developing a phrase or theme by *parts of itself* — what in architecture would be described as making the ornament grow out of the structure. — THE AUTHOR.

singing; who will not attempt to teach little children something they cannot possibly understand, and who will use nothing but the best music from the kindergarten to the high school. No community is really helpless if it will bestir itself. If our public-school music teaching were well devised and properly administered, and if our children were taught to sing nothing but the best music, we might look forward to a time, not far distant, when a generation of music-lovers would take the place of the present generation of music-tasters. Our young people would gravitate naturally into choirs and singing societies. Groups of people would gather together to sing; families would sing together; there would be chamber-music parties; we should pass many a quiet domestic evening at home listening to Mozart and Beethoven instead of playing bridge or going to a moving-picture theatre. The whole body of American music would be affected by the influx of those young people who would want the best. In course of time, perhaps, — although one must not expect the millennium, — the vapid drawing-room song would disappear along with the tinkling pianoforte show-piece. 'Cellists would play something better than pieces by Popper; the thirteenth concerto by Viotti and the thirtieth Hungarian Rhapsody would be relegated to that limbo where now repose (we hope in death) the 'Battle of Prague' and 'Monastery Bells.' This cannot be brought about casually. We must set about it; and the place to begin is in our public schools.

THE TRENCH-RAIDERS

[THE author of this graphic diary is a Canadian officer who has distinguished himself in the service. The raids he describes with such terrible directness took place by way of preparation for the general assault of the German lines. They were planned, as everybody knows, to harass the defenders and do all possible damage without intention of bringing on a general engagement or making permanent acquisition of territory. What follows, though written without remotest thought of publication, is printed textually from the manuscript excepting only that all names have been changed. — THE EDITORS.]

I AM writing this up on February 3, and, now that it is all over, I can tell you about it. The week I have spent at the Grenade School was really training bombers and scouts for a special raid that we were going to make on the German trenches. I of course could not mention anything about it before. We had a very busy week, and I had an exact plan of their trenches laid out life-size on the ground with tape, and on this we practiced day and night, also going down and practicing in some real trenches of the support lines. I had nine scouts and twenty-three bombers, Captain Archer, the Bomb Officer, and myself. I was in command, made all the reconnaissances, and Archer trained the bombers. I gave them lectures on what to expect and what to look for, and we even learned how to say in German, 'Hands up!' 'Come out of there!' 'Be quick!' 'Keep quiet!' etc. We spent a lot of time choosing weapons and deciding on dress and equipment and working out the artillery, machine-

gun, and rifle grenade battery support required.

Sunday, *January 30, 1916*

We were now all ready. The men had supper early and moved off to a strong point half a mile from our front line. There they had their faces blacked, so as not to show up when the flares (star shells) were up, and also for means of identification. I left later and wrote some letters, as I thought there was a sporting chance that I would figure in the casualty lists in the morning, but was n't worrying much, as I figured our plan was all right and I had the finest men in the world with me to carry it out. The weather was right. A pitch-black night, just above freezing, and the moon not due to rise till after 4 A.M. We were to try to attack at 1 A.M. At 10 P.M., two of my scouts went out to cut the German barbed wire. This was a heroic task, as the stuff is awfully thick and fifteen yards across. They expected to be through at 12.30 A.M. I might say that the — Battalion was putting on a similar show about a thousand yards south, and the great thing was to have them come off at the same moment.

Monday, *January 31, 1916*

At twelve midnight, we moved up to the front line in our correct order and went right out through a gap in the parapet to a hedge corner 150 yards out in No Man's Land. The trenches are about 250 yards apart here. Here we lay down to wait for word from Bates. I had a signaller installed out there with a buzzer telephone, and we were connected up at once with everybody concerned right back to the brigadier. At 12.30 A.M. I got anxious about Bates

and sent a scout to find out what was the matter. He came back about 1 A.M. and said there had been a lot more new wire put out during the fog that day, but the scouts were still cutting. We had laid a white tape on the ground all the way from our trenches to the German wire and through the wire too, and had also paid out a long rope to pull back any heavy object. We also had a little bridge ready to put across a ditch, if one was found. We were getting pretty cold lying on the wet ground, and not able to move. About this time we got a message over the wire asking if Captain Shaw wanted any rum, and I wired back, 'No Dutch courage needed, thanks.' About 1.50 A.M. Scout Benton came in and reported that the wire was cut. I wired this in, and six minutes later the — Battalion got theirs cut, and we were both told to attack at 2.30 A.M. We were about frozen stiff by this time, besides being wet, but my sympathy went out to those boys in the wire. There they were under the nose of the sentry, working quietly on, not only cutting wire but having to carry it away. Just then Bates came back himself, and told us the Germans were nervous, and there seemed to be a lot of them in the trenches, and we would have to keep very quiet.

Well, we started, and every time a flare went up we flattened ourselves to the ground and prayed to high Heaven that no one would see us. However, we made the trip so quietly that Hartley, who was expecting us, never saw or heard us until Archer and I closed up on him. A great tree had been knocked down by a shell a few days before and lay breast-high across our path in the wire. Over this we had to climb, first one leg and then the other, and every once in a while a sentry would blaze away into the night over our heads. This was the worst part of the whole affair, because any sentry on the alert

would have seen us. I thought the crackling of the twigs would have given us away, everything was so still; and I expected every instant to hear a machine gun close by open on us — but these Huns are a sleepy bunch. When ten men had got over the stump and twenty-four more were strung out forty yards behind, the — Battalion started. We heard a volley of bombs, and instantly the air was full of flare rockets, and the jig was up. There we were all tangled up in the wire, looking as if a search-light was shining on us. The alarm had been given; men were running along the walks inside, sentries were speeding up their fire, so we had to act quick. Hartley, Archer, Bates, and I crawled up the great high parapet abreast, and each threw a bomb over. They exploded with a fearful crash, and then things began to happen quick — too quick to remember everything. I got on to the broad top of the parapet and looked into a trench ten feet deep and forty feet long. About thirty feet on my left, in a corner, I spotted a sentry. I yelled to the boys to come on, and the sentry took a pot shot at me, but his aim was bad. I shot at him with my revolver. He was yelling 'Alarm!' at the top of his voice, and then decided to go, and stepped down; but I got him good with my second shot. I jumped into the trench and landed on my feet. I got my back to a little recess and took my flash-lamp and looked at my watch. The rest of the party came over with a rush. Almost at once Corporal Jones was shot through the head, and fell at my feet. I got knocked down with something and dropped my lamp. I took Corporal Jones's out of his hand, turned around, and flashed it on a Hun who was coming at me head on. I shot him through the stomach. Archer, Hartley, and I got Corporal Jones out, and then Bates, who was dead. It was an awful job, as a dead man is so heavy

and the trench so deep. All this time there was the most awful noise going on, and the sky was alight with the flashes of explosions. Our bombs are deadly things, and the Germans were bombing us back. They got a machine gun in the trench and enfiladed us and killed Brown and wounded Sergeant Simkins, and Lieutenant-Colonel Porter, all in one corner. We got them all out. I turned around and examined the dug-out in front of which I was standing, and found nothing there. When I came out, one of the bombers shot at me point-blank, but the safety catch of his revolver was on, so the revolver did not fire. He thought I was a German coming out! Archer came to me, mad as the dickens because his revolver was jammed. I reloaded mine and tried to fix his, but could n't. So we searched the German I shot and took a box of sugar out of his pocket. We did n't want the sugar, but the address on the parcel which gave his regiment, etc. I got his cap, but lost it. He was a young, fair-haired fellow, and shut his eyes when I looked at him. I thought he was shamming dead, and ordered him to climb out, and tried to drag him out, but he was too heavy. Soon I noticed nobody but Sergeant McDuff on my right and Captain Ashley on the left. I asked if their parties were all out, and they said 'Yes.' So I blew my signal and told them to 'beat it,' and we all jumped.

We had been in six minutes! What happened was that our men spread right and left, and cleaned up three or four bays altogether. We had run slam into a 'stand to,' and men were thick. We killed between forty and fifty of them. The men were so wild about Bates and Brown that they killed every one, although they squealed and yelled, 'Please, mister,' and 'Kamerade.' We got two prisoners, and they were both killed getting them out. We

sure got even for the mine explosion in October that night. Well, we ran out of their wire. I was last, and kept chasing them along. I noticed that there was no fire coming from this particular point, and yelled at the men to run. Captain Ashley was with me, and said he was all right, but as a matter of fact he had eight wounds, though I did not know it. Corporal Perry fell in a shell hole up to his neck in water. He was hurt in the knee, and I pulled him up. I finally landed up at our trenches with Sergeant Simkins's arm around my neck; he was pretty badly shot up. All the way back our artillery kept up a terrible fire on the enemy. The Germans cut loose with everything they had, but I had been figuring the thing out for two months, and knew exactly where they would fire if surprised, and carefully kept out of those places, so got the whole party home without any losses on the way. We got back to our starting-point, called the roll, and found three dead, one missing (probably dead), and five men wounded.

I felt terribly about poor Benton (one of the two scouts who cut the wire). He was in my old platoon, and was a natural scout and sniper, and a man whom all the scouts respected. He was a great chum of Scout Hearn, who was also in the fight and did wonderful work. At the beginning of the row he ran along outside the parapet to the next bay and looked over. Three Germans were running past. He shot them all, and jumped in to meet two others coming the other way. He shot the first and took the other prisoner, but he got killed on him on the way out and fell back into the trench. In an instant he jumped in after him and stripped him of everything but his pants and boots, handed the stuff out in two sandbags, and then on to the next bay. He killed four more, and then spotted a crowd of fifteen or twenty Huns in one place, all

struggling and confused. He went back and got two bombers, Nash and Chase, and they threw about a dozen bombs into this mass, and must have nearly exterminated them. It was just sheer butchery, not fighting. On the other flank the fellows got it hotter with the machine-gun, but bombed the crew and destroyed the gun. Captain Archer shot off his first clip of cartridges, then pulled the bayonet from his puttees, and after killing two Germans with that he threw it away, complaining that it was too dull; and taking the bayonet off another German he killed him with his own weapon. I think Fritz will have a wholesome respect for the Canadians after this. Whom do you think we had the luck to thrash so well that night? Nobody else but the troops of the — Division of Prussian Guards, just moved into the trenches that night for a rest(?) after being in many battles on the Russian front.

We who could walk marched away home to the Grenade School, where we arrived about 2 A.M. and had a hot meal. General Meldrum, Major West, and other officers came in to congratulate us. I turned in at 6 A.M. but could not sleep, so got up at 10 A.M. and got cleaned up. My face was still black, and my uniform a wreck. The colonel came up about noon, and we started to get the men's stories. Then I went down to Brigade Headquarters and spent the afternoon there, and had dinner. General Birch and Colonel Geary of the General Staff were down, and shook hands with all the men, and said they had made history, for it was the first recorded instance in this war where a successful attack had been made without artillery preparation to cut the wire. Major Barnes of the Army Staff was down and congratulated me. He is a brother of the great Admiral Barnes. Our men are all delighted, and the fight will buck up the whole division. Colo-

nel Pike says our fellows will never fear a German after that. They say the men in our trenches lined the parapet during the scrap and rooted and cheered for us as though it were a hockey match. When they saw us come out, they set up such a cheer that it could be heard a mile away. Well, I turned in early and had a sound sleep.

Tuesday, February 1, 1916.

Congratulations are the order of the day. I did n't think our little show would make such a fuss, but it seems that it has. The colonel and I rode over to — to see our wounded, but they had all been cleared the night before for England except White, who had to have an operation, but will be all right. We rode back, and I got a scratch lunch at 3 P.M. That night the battalion moved into Brigade Reserve, so I went up to live at headquarters.

Forgot to say that in the morning we buried Corporal Jones and Sergeant Simkins in the little military cemetery. Our chaplain read the service, and the sad part of it was that his own son, Lieutenant Warren, of the — Brigade, was shot that morning while on patrol in No Man's Land.

Thursday, March 30, 1916.

Fine and clear. Lieutenant-Colonel Jessop came back, and is acting brigadier, and Lieutenant-Colonel Pierce went on leave. Did not get away from office all day, except for a short walk.

Friday, March 31, 1916.

A beautiful spring day. We were relieved by a British brigade, who are moving into our area, and we moved out to a rest area. They have been in a lot of fighting, so hope they have a quiet time here. We have had a pretty soft time compared to lots of people in this war. We gave their staff lunch, then we handed over and they took

charge, and we had dinner with them. It is quite a simple thing. We take out about 4000 men with all their arms, equipment, stores, and baggage, and turn over several thousand yards of line to an equal number of people with just as much stuff as we have. Everything is checked, receipts given; everybody sleeps in a new place that night; and every man has his supper on time. After dinner Lieutenant-Colonel Jessop, Captain Black, and I got in a car, and went away off at a fearful rate of speed over fine roads well over the border into France to a nice big house. I got a good mattress on the floor upstairs and had a fine sleep.

Saturday, April 1, 1916.

A fine warm spring day. I find this is a fine large house in a nice garden, on that busy road up which we marched that dusty day last September. Nearly everybody was out, and I had to mind the office all day. I hated to stay inside.

8 P.M. Just got word that, instead of getting a week's rest here in good billets, we have to move into another part of the line. Some of the Twenty-Seventh have already started. Poor fellows! they only got here this forenoon, so it will be a long day for them. We go in the morning, so will be up late packing again.

Sunday, April 2, 1916.

A real hot day. Our brigade formed up and away we marched. I was up at 5 A.M. and we were all busy very early. Black and the General dropped out at Division Headquarters, so Lieutenant-Colonel Jessop was in charge, and I rode with him at the head. Two whole divisions were on the move, so the traffic on the roads was immense, but well handled by our police, and we had no blocks, and arrived on time at a town where I had never been before. I was busy directing battalions to their new

billets, and had a good chance to see all the men go by. I was never so proud of our fellows. They looked so big and clean and fresh, and compared very favorably with all the British regiments which had passed us. We have a nice camp here, and I am sharing a hut with our chaplain, Major Warren. I wish we could stay here a week. The grass looks so green in the fields, I feel more like playing baseball than anything else.

Monday, April 3, 1916.

Fine and warm. Fairly busy all day. Got another order to move into the line to-night, so the business of packing everything up once more was gone through. Not bad — three moves in three days. We got down to our new headquarters about 9 P.M., and our regiments took over the new line. Our headquarters are in dug-outs, in what was once a garden. We are quite comfortable, but no moving about in daylight and no fires are allowed. I wish I could tell you where we were, but it's a place with a reputation. The British have just taken a piece of the German line after blowing up some enormous mines, but they did n't get it quite all and fought for the rest for a week, and now they have it. They are good troops, but badly shot up and dead tired, and were more than glad to see us. No doubt the Boche will try to take the line back, and we are in for a hot time, but we say he can't do it. To make us feel that this here war is still going on, we were shelled for three hours, just after we arrived, but beyond damaging some good clover in the next field the result was nil. Black spent the night in going over the line.

Tuesday, April 4, 1916.

Black came in at 4.30 A.M. covered to the eyes with mud and very much disgusted. He had a long story to tell, but the gist of it was that things were

in worse shape than we thought. He said the dead were so thick he couldn't help walking on them. I thought he was excited, but know better now. I started round about 10 A.M. and picked up Dan Ferris and Captain Mann of the 28th. Both good snipers, checking things over. We crawled through a long irrigation ditch about two and a half feet deep, called a trench, across what was No Man's Land. We got to the Boche trench, which was looking very much the worse for wear. My intention was to go through it and out the other side. The water was hip-deep in places. Dead bodies of English, Scotch, and Germans were everywhere. It was not a pleasant sight, but I will spare you the details. About this time the Huns opened up a furious bombardment with heavy shells, about one hundred yards down the line. Pretty soon the wounded began to come out, so I saw it was no use trying to push through, and waited for the cannonade to stop; but after waiting an hour it only got more intense, and, what interested me more, began to come my way. So we all made a motion to adjourn. On the way back a high explosive shrapnel burst over us, and Ferris got hit in the leg, and Mann got a scratch. Ferris joked about it and walked out, but I made him go to the dressing-station and get fixed up. I was bound to get round the line, so worked out to a road about a mile in rear and through a wood where the 29th were in dug-outs. Had lunch with Major Penn and Bob O'Hara, and finally got around to the extreme left near a canal and to the 31st line, but could n't get back through to the right, owing to a gap in the trench. Five men before me had given up their lives trying to cross the gap, so I could n't see the use of me doing likewise. I turned back therefore and walked back home. I went out with four men for company, and we were seen and shelled, and had to take

refuge in a ruin for a while. I met Major Eastman down the road, and we went out together. When we got near one of the batteries, the Huns shelled it, and splashed mud all over us, so I was glad to get in finally. Our people were heavily shelled in the line to-night. Back at our old area we had the Hun pretty well behaved, but I can plainly see this is a hot spot, and that he will *strafe* us every chance he gets, and you will hear more of this place later on. One thing is sure, and that is we got a raw deal. We took the place over in the dark from exhausted troops who were only too glad to get out. We had never a chance to look the place over in daylight, and were at once faced with the problem of clearing out a lot of British wounded and burying the dead, as well as trying to consolidate and guard our new line, which might be attacked any minute.

Wednesday, April 5, 1916.

The General and Enderby went around the line and got caught where I did yesterday, and were nearly killed, but got out all right. I have been very busy with maps, as everybody is clamoring for them. The shelling on the line was very heavy, and it is very trying on the men's nerves to stand in a wet trench for hours and see and hear shells hit the trench all about them, and see their chums getting knocked out. Moreover, the dead and badly wounded usually have to stay there till night before they can be brought out.

Thursday, April 6, 1916.

Was awakened at 3.30 A.M. by a heavy bombardment, so got up, and found the General and Black in the office. Pretty soon the 27th 'phoned to say they had a prisoner and he said the Germans were going to attack at dawn. This was immediately followed by 'They are attacking now at —,'

and the telephone was cut off. Well, things began to hum then. Our artillery at once opened a terrific fire, and the battle was on. It was hard to get news, so I got two scouts and bicycles, and we got down to a little ruined village about a half mile behind the firing-line. We had a telephone station and a dressing-station there. I never saw a place that was such a complete ruin. Nothing is standing whole, and our men are kept in dug-outs burrowed into the wreckage. One makes one's way about, not by following the streets, for that is inviting sudden death, but by devious routes through the wall of one house into another, and by cellars and ditches. The first thing we did was to get an observation post. The country is a flat marsh, so there was nothing for it but a wrecked attic of a school facing the German line. We got sandbagged in there and set up two telescopes, and we soon had the Boche located, digging for dear life in two of the big craters. I had to admire the devils, for they exposed themselves recklessly from the waist up, and worked like good fellows. I got Mann and Ferris (who, by the way, got out of hospital) and twelve other snipers working. Mann crawled up close, under heavy shell-fire, and picked off twelve Huns, and after that they did n't show themselves very much. Then the Boche did a rotten thing. He laid a wounded Canadian on the parapet and sniped over his body, knowing we would not shoot. I can't tell you the whole story, but shortly it is this:—

The British made an attack on the German line after blowing six big mine-craters under them. The British then charged over in the confusion, and under cover of their artillery fire, and occupied the German line, but did not get quite all of it, and the Germans got though the gap and occupied one of the craters. But the British finally cut them off and starved them out, and

took over eighty prisoners. By this time the British were getting very much exhausted, and had lost a lot of men, whom they had had no time to bury or even carry out. The trenches were waist-deep in water and choked with dead men and débris of all kinds. The result was, we had gained a valuable little knoll, which was defended by a thin line in terrible shape, and where the enemy was sure to attack in a day or two. This was the place we took over in the dark from people so tired and hungry that when they heard we were coming their one desire was to get out. Mind you, these fellows had made a most gallant fight, but they were all done in. It was a leap in the dark for our boys, but they took it cheerfully. I have told you how I went around the trenches on Tuesday. Well, very early Thursday morning, after a most terrific bombardment, which on a small part of our new line absolutely killed or wounded every one there and destroyed all our machine-guns, and flattened the trenches out completely, the Germans came in through the gap and got into two of the craters, and took out people in the rear. Moran and Davis, of the 29th, hung on most of the day, but finally had to pull out. From 4 A.M. until 10 P.M. the artillery of both sides never ceased, until the guns became red-hot and horses and men were exhausted. British gunners who have been in the Ypres salient for a year or more say they never saw anything to equal it. Talk about a shell never hitting twice in the same place! Why, the dirt would n't settle from one explosion before another shell would land in the hole. The 28th were in the little village and nine of us shared one cold dug-out for thirty-six hours. I was at the telephone most of the time, and got no sleep, and we lived on cold grub until the night, when the faithful Violet brought us down hot coffee and pork and beans.

During the day the 28th made several gallant bombing attacks, and captured and held three of the craters, but had heavy losses. It is a terrible place, all holes and craters and water and dead and wounded men. Lieutenant Robinson led the first bomb attack with all those fine bombers that were in the raid with me, and when he came back he cried like a baby. Kittson tried it next, got out there in the dark, and got absolutely lost till 4 A.M. Friday, and he came in and bawled and wept like a child for half an hour from sheer rage and exhaustion and nerve-shock. Then Peter Baxter took it on, and stuck at it all day, and Newton and Barker relieved him at night. I could fill a book with tales of daring done those two days. Scouts of all battalions made trip after trip with messages in the open, because they couldn't move fast enough in the communication trenches ('C.T.' for short). Signallers repaired wire under heavy fire. Stretcher-bearers went everywhere, even into the craters, after wounded. Men everywhere stuck to their ground, when their trenches and dug-outs and wire were all gone and all their officers too. Well, our brigade was partly relieved Friday night, and I walked back to headquarters, helped on my way by a liberal supply of gas shells, which make the eyes water and the throat sore; and finally, after a two-mile walk that seemed like fifty, I got there, and found all our staff but Black had gone. The 4th Brigade offered me dinner, and I tried to eat it, but could n't, as the Germans strafed the whole place. I would just get a mouthful when I would hear a shell coming and have to dive for a dug-out. This part of the country is really getting unsafe.

I could n't get a bed and had no blankets; but as I had gone sixty-four hours with four hours sleep I did n't care much, so curled up in a corner and

soon was asleep. But Captain James Pelham (son of the General) very kindly dug me up and put me in his cot and slept on the floor himself.

Saturday, April 8, 1916.

General Shelton came down, and I got a ride back in his car, and about noon landed up at the nice rest-camp where we arrived last Sunday. Everybody is all in, and nobody knows the day or date, or when we were here last. We were cheered up by reading in the English papers that 'the Canadians had lost the trenches won by the British.' Everybody feels very sick about that. I think it is a rotten thing to say. If we had won them, they would have taken all the credit themselves. The Commander-in-Chief of the Army now says that the line was tactically unsound and an impossible one to hold, and no blame attaches to us. Even at that, if we had had a chance to look it over once in daylight, we would never have let the Germans through. Well, we did our best, and the casualty lists will show that we stood our ground and made a fight, and what's more, we are still fighting. Newton got relieved tonight and is O.K.

Saturday, April 15, 1916.

Cold and wintry, with showers. Felt miserable all day. Think I have a touch of grippe. Went around and saw the scouts of three battalions. Corporal McBride, of the 28th, is getting a commission, and is going to be scout officer of the battalion.

Sunday, April 16, 1916.

A little warmer. In the morning walked over to the neighboring village, and from there to the 31st camp. Had a talk to the new scout officer and to Lieutenant-Colonel Stone there, and walked back. Worked in office all afternoon and evening.

Monday, *April 17, 1916.*

Cold and showery. Did not get out of the camp all day. Two of our battalions went into the line to-night. We follow to-morrow.

Tuesday, *April 18, 1916.*

Cold, windy, and wet. How I hate this country! I am absolutely fed up with the war this week. Got a motor car and the General, Black, Sheyne (the interpreter), and I went down to headquarters in the line. Things have been bad along here, and the other brigade staff are staying on to help us. The amount of work to be done on the line is immense. Sometimes hundreds of men work all night in the rain to do a piece of trench, and the next day the Germans throw a thousand shells or so at it and flatten it out. The amount of artillery ammunition used up in a day on both sides of this front is a fright. They don't care what they shell or how often. We made a mistake here and the wily Hun is taking full advantage of it. Some day the story will be told. It would be funny if it were not for the fact that so many men have been lost over it.

Wednesday, *April 19, 1916.*

Was up at 2 A.M. to take the night shift and was busy all day. The night was quiet, suspiciously so. They shelled our men heavily in the craters all afternoon, and they became cut off from us. Just after 6 P.M. we saw signs of an attack coming, and turned loose all our artillery. The General ordered me to go down to the line at once, so I went to the battered little village where I spent April 6 and 7. It was an awful trip. I had Carter, a 28th scout, with me, for no one ever goes alone here. I can't tell you where we are, but it is in the Ypres salient, and that is the most critical place in the British line and the country fairly bristles with guns. On our way down we had to pass any number

of batteries, concealed in all sorts of places, and they were all firing. As it was getting dark, the flash of the guns lit up the sky, and Fritz was busy trying to knock out our guns and catch troops and transports on all roads. Carter and I hit across country, avoiding all hard roads, tramways, and camps like a plague, and sticking to the soft, muddy ground. It was harder going, but, if a shell hit near us, we stood a good chance that it would bury deep in the mud before exploding, and we would be comparatively safe. We could not tell the difference between the shriek of the shells going and those coming. Flares of every color were going up like mad, and our front line was catching it, I could see.

As soon as I got to the village, I got to the signaller dug-out and got busy with the 'phone. I learned that the Germans had attacked and been beaten off, but we had been forced to retire a little in one place. Well, it was an all-night struggle under impossible conditions. The mud is beyond description. It is so deep that it is not possible to walk in it. Men lie on their bellies and wallow and wiggle through it! Then rifles and ammunition become useless, and they are exhausted before the real attack starts. A major who came back to report fainted in my arms, and was unconscious until morning, when we removed him on a stretcher. Fresh troops were put in the line at daybreak, and I saw the others come out. There was plenty of fight left in them yet, but they were very wet and tired. Some were barefoot, having lost their boots in the mire. Of course the rain poured down the whole night on the sodden mass of ground they call Belgium.

Thursday, *April 20, 1916.*

I stayed till the afternoon going around to the different O.P. (observation posts). The shelling of the past

few days has altered the scenery considerably. No definite line can be seen. All is chaos, a mass of torn-up earth, and wreckage, and dead bodies. I got back to headquarters and found they had been shelled last night. An artillery officer was killed, and two men wounded. Our dug-out got a wallop too, but it is a steel one and the shell bounced off. Everybody is dog-tired. I have had no sleep practically for three nights, being sick all the night before we went in. We were all looking forward to a sleep to-night, as another brigade was relieving us, but it ended up in me walking about three miles to the other brigade's camp. Somebody gave me wrong directions, and I did a lot of tramping around the country before I arrived. Finally, about midnight, Barnet and I lay down on top of Pinckney's bed and slept till 5 A.M.

Friday, April 21, 1916.

Somebody said it was Good Friday. Have n't the slightest idea myself. We had an early breakfast and got a car to take us to our headquarters in the rest billets. There was a lot to do, and many reports needed, but I quit in the afternoon and took to bed. I have rather a bad cold and did n't see how it was going to get better unless I laid up. The faithful Peters put mustard plaster on my chest and got some cough mixture for me. It is pouring rain and a terrible night to be out. How I pity the poor lads in the trenches! The word has just come in to have our gas helmets handy, as there is a gas attack somewhere. We can smell it here. However, I can get twelve hours' sleep in dry blankets to-night. I suppose this is a holiday at home. This is not a very cheerful diary, but I will be all right to-morrow.

WHAT OF ENGLAND?

[The following extracts are from a correspondence between two friends; the first and last are by an American whose New England ancestry runs into the Colony of Massachusetts, and who occupies a position in a college near Boston; the other is by a Canadian who has lived for many years in the United States as a student and teacher in a University of the Middle West. Secure in their mutual respect and friendship, they make an honest attempt to define the motives of that England which is so dear to them both. — THE EDITORS.]

1

ENGLAND sees this war as a war of right against wrong. She quite honestly believes it to be that.

This view of herself, which is at once the weakness and the strength of England, is characteristic. It is the view expressed by the Man in the Street and by Sir Edward Grey in his admonition to neutrals.

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I am of English speech, of English blood, brought up on English literature and English history, dearly loving England and cherishing my English heritage. What can I say to Sir Edward Grey's challenge? *Not what I should like to say.* Only that I do not believe that she represents righteousness in this war — neither she nor any belligerent. I do not believe that the cause of small nations is guaranteed by

her victory, or necessarily defeated in her defeat. Unspeakable as would be the calamity of a victorious Germany, I do not believe that crushing Germany would strengthen the development of democracy in Central Europe, but the reverse. For if Germany is crushed her people will be bound by every tie of indignant loyalty to the imperialism which gave them their brief forty-four years of unity, glory, and economic prosperity, while Russia would be given a power more unbridled than ever before, to hold down her subject classes and her subject peoples. England's loss of interest in Finland's wrongs, her surrender of Russian refugees to the Tsar's police are very evil auguries.

As between the belief of England that her cause is justice without alloy, and that of her outside friends who do not believe this, where, *a priori*, is the truth likely to lie? With those whose press is censored, whose publishers can issue no 'enemy' works copyrighted since the war began, who are engaged in the heat and dust of the struggle, whose hearts are sore with suffering, or with neutral friends who cannot accept England's cause at her own valuation?

Not doing so, am I, as Mr. Muirhead said in the New York *Nation* last summer, like the benevolent old gentleman who impartially admonishes two fighting boys without taking the trouble to notice that one is a bully and the other putting up a righteous fight?

This fight is indeed one in which tremendous issues of right and wrong are involved and in which (as I see it) the guilt of the Central powers is the greatest. But it is also a fight (as I see it) which both are to blame for bringing on, if one traces the responsibilities back a little way; in which both have mixed motives; to end which, both must yield something. So far from feeling self-righteous for myself and my nation,

I am most painfully aware how far I and mine fall short, and how cheap is the virtue of those who have not been through the fiery furnace. Yet we, outsiders but not alien, may help by stating our cooler point of view, and the opportunity to do so creates the duty.

May the love of fair play, which is one of the finest English traits, triumph over the tendency to self-righteousness, which is not hypocrisy (though many not unfriendly Continental observers interpret it as such), which is, rather, twin-brother to the self-righteousness of Germany, though neither country could endure to admit it. Just as German sentimentalism has taken at one time the guise of the sorrowing Werther and at another the guise of the knight in shining armor, so English idealism sees itself now as the apostle of free trade and peace, and again as the armed champion of the weak and oppressed.

When is our England, which combines hardheaded practical sense with the honest simple purpose to do right at whatever cost, going to come to herself and deal with the issues of the war *as they now are*, apart from rhetoric and Kiplingism?

II

What you have written regarding England's present attitude on the war has interested me profoundly. I feel with you that just now, when the censorship of peace discussion is somewhat relaxed, there is a very definite kind of help which sympathetic Americans can give to thinking Englishmen. That help must consist in holding up a kind of mirror by which England could see herself as others see her and be saved from foolishness and self-righteousness, from mistaking national pride for national conscience, from missing something of that deeper ideal of interna-

tionalism for which she honestly supposes herself to be fighting. If she does think of this war as one of right against wrong, if she has made her heroic sacrifices in that spirit, then she can and will listen to the highest reason. But if Americans, and especially American pacifists, are to gain her ear, they will have to bear certain things in mind: —

(1) England as a whole does not believe in non-resistance. She believes that principles have to be vigorously maintained and contended for, and that military force is a justifiable means to use if other means are not enough.

(2) England believes that there are at present vital points at issue. If you scold her for self-righteousness in contending that her cause is just and that the war is one of right against wrong, she may admit, as a matter of taste and good manners, that you are probably in the right of it; beyond this she will be more or less puzzled as to what you mean. The average Britisher in his most candid and confidential mood may confess a good many national sins — that in Persia and Morocco England's hands were n't clean, that the Boer War was a crime, that there are plenty of things to be ashamed of in Egypt, India, and Ireland, that an alliance with Russia has its embarrassing aspects, and that England is not free of blame for the conditions that brought on the war; that some of the methods of carrying on the war have not been what one would have chosen, that the German people may be in the main very decent, and that not all Englishmen are angels.

But he will nevertheless — all this and more being granted — stoutly insist that the war is one of right against wrong. 'We'd be glad to stop,' he will say, 'if Germany would give in, but if she won't what are we to do? Come now, honestly, what can we do about it? Even granting, for the sake of argument, that we are partly responsible for

letting France and Belgium in for this, is n't that all the more reason why we have got to get them out of the scrape? You say we ought to yield. Yield what? Yield Belgium, Serbia, and France to Prussian domination? Yield Europe to the menace of militarism? Just because we have n't any Germans in our own territory; just because we are the fellows with the navy and with resources over seas; just because we are n't feeling the pinch yet as much as the others but will feel it if we go on; just because we have been slow and bungling in getting at it and were n't prepared when we ought to have been and have had to let France bear the brunt of it; just because the others could n't go on without us — don't you see, all that is the very reason why we have to stay in? The whole thing is a point of national honor and world-responsibility. *We may have done wrong in the past; I grant you we are n't perfect. But that's no reason for doing wrong now.* Two wrongs don't make a right. Yield! Yield the principles of freedom and justice? You know you *can't* mean that seriously! Of course we ought not to take any particular credit to ourselves for fighting. Any decent fellow would fight. But it is of absolute importance to keep it clear in our own minds and the minds of our people that it would be a mean, cowardly trick to quit.

'We are sorry about the mails and the interference with trade and all that. The war has been rough on you neutrals, but not half so rough as it has been on us. We've carried the heavy end — don't forget. And you have only had to sit still and make money. Of course, in going to put out the fire, as it were [here we will let him borrow an illustration from a recent cartoon], we've had to cross your lawn, and technically we've no right to be there. But if we don't put the fire out, your place will catch next. Technically we ought

to have gone around another way if you shut your gate against us, but that would have increased the risk to all concerned. We may have dug up your lawn a bit, but we were careful not to hurt anybody and to do as little damage as might be. I know we're using our own private apparatus, but if the town had no fire engine, what were we to do? And you know—if you don't mind my saying it — *if you had any sense of civic responsibility, you'd have turned in and helped us.* I'm prepared to admit that man for man the Germans may be as good as we are; but I'm not prepared to admit that this war is a case of six of one and half a dozen of the other, or that it's a toss-up who ought to win. It's a war of right against wrong, and if we want our people to behave worthily, we've got to keep that fact clearly and steadily before them. For until we can obtain the freedom of Belgium, France, and Serbia and some guaranty that the thing won't happen again, we've got to keep on fighting.'

This being the state of mind of the Britisher, it is of no use to urge him to 'yield.' Any hint of compromise will close his ears to what you have to say. You must make it clear to him that you have in mind some alternative to his present course of action, some constructive alternative, which will not outrage his own code of honor, though it may transcend it. If you wish him to stop the war now, you will have to point out either (a) that the essentials of 'the right' can be obtained from Germany now as terms of peace, or (b) (if you disbelieve sufficiently in the military method) that even if Germany would not now agree to 'right' terms, the Allies could nevertheless stop fighting without yielding, by continuing their moral protest and by keeping up the fight morally until the 'right' has triumphed.

(3) And now here is a third thing to bear in mind in offering any criticism. Our Britisher, if he is a gentleman, will be polite, or try to be, and will do his best to conceal the fact that he minds what you've said. *But as a matter of fact, he is cut to the heart.* Look him straight in the face and you will see that his eyes are miserable. He is saying to himself that what he minds is not so much your criticism as your neutrality. That you are an American and, being an American, fail to understand and are detached and judicial and say 'you' when he vaguely feels that you ought to say 'we' — that hurts. Though, naturally, he is n't going to admit it, he feels precisely as he would if, for no reason that he could understand, his own brother courteously but firmly insisted on treating him as a stranger. One of the pathetic things in this war has been the way that England has turned to America for sympathy; the eagerness, for example, with which she has watched the American press; the conscientious way that a periodical like the *Nation* has tried to follow and respond to it. England wants to understand American opinion, but it remains more or less of a puzzle. Individual Americans have reacted in various ways. Some have been vehemently partisan and reflected the English view of the war. Some have been dispassionately critical. Blind partisanship — cold criticism! America might have given something so much better than either. Individuals have at times given that better thing; but America as a whole has failed to react. Somewhere she has missed the point. 'America is young and hard,' I used to explain it to myself in the first year of the war. 'Her cruelty is the cruelty of youth. She has not yet lived enough as a nation. That is why she cannot understand.' But I think that perhaps the true explanation is something like this: —

The European nations have been stimulated into intense national consciousness; America has not. She cannot react as a whole because her own thought, her own feeling, have n't been amalgamated. She has been divided rather than united by the war. And because the feeling of Americans is not collective, it lacks somewhat the depth and power that we find in the experience of the nations that have been consolidated by the war. The American who is determined not to 'make his judgment blind' has refused the British emotion, has refused the German emotion, and yet is not taken out of himself by that American emotion which ought to have gone out both to England and to Germany and given them something which they have been half unconsciously asking of America since the war began. That they have asked it, that there is wistful reproach — passing sometimes into proud and bitter resentment — in their attitude to America, is only a hint and symbol of the range of possibilities in the future world-order of the friendship of nations, which may introduce new and productive elements into the complex of human relations. America as a whole has missed the great experience of this period when humanity has been self-conscious as it never has been self-conscious before. America has not been able to gather herself into one unit of power and feeling, to concentrate her forces to one end. Yet it may be that it is in the peace negotiation, in the new, creative internationalism that she will find herself, and that those who have looked to her for comprehension and affection will no longer ask in vain.

And so it is a delicate matter for an American to approach the belligerents in a spirit of criticism. It is needful to remember that there may be bad motives as well as good motives for stopping a war; that England may be hon-

estly afraid of stopping, through bad motives, in weakness and weariness betraying what she feels to be her high cause. The pacifists must make it very clear that they do not want to impose their notion of right on her against her conscience, but that they have a positive and constructive ideal not out of harmony with her own, and that in asking her to stop the war, they want to appeal definitely to good motives and to repudiate bad ones.

What one would like to make England understand is that her lovers in the United States have taken her profession of idealistic motive quite literally and are applying to the British nation as a whole those standards of taste and feeling, of conscience, humanity, dignity, unselfishness, that have hitherto been applied to individuals only. Such a standard of criticism may be, as it were, unjustly high, may be unreasonable and discouraging, but it cannot be called uncomplimentary. Englishmen think the attitude priggish and presumptuous and are disposed to bid the neutrals concern themselves with their own national faults and responsibilities. But therein, after all, the English are unjust to their critics. It may as well be candidly admitted; the fault of those critics has been simply that they have idealized England.

And now what is it that we want of her — we, who cannot deny expression to our desire that she achieve the ideal of her that we cherish? If she would do for us just what we wish, what are the things specifically that we would ask her to do? First of all, as you have said, we want her to give up self-defensive argument and recrimination and to seek the right in simplicity and humility of spirit. We want her statesmen to give to the people new and high catch-words, sane, human, restoring. We want the censorship of ideas to cease, and freedom of thought and of

speech to prevail again. We want to be certain (though again it may be no business of ours) that England is going to remedy, as rapidly as she has power to do, any conditions within her own Empire which may be inconsistent with her avowed belief in the principles of the free development of every racial unit. Above everything we want indisputable evidence that England is sincerely seeking peace, the 'peace that shall last' because founded on justice, on the welfare and harmony of all nations. To our minds there is only one kind of evidence that could be indisputable; and that is a standing offer of immediate settlement, public, specific, always open. *Unwillingness or inability to define the terms of peace in a standing offer is to us a confession of mixture of motives, and produces in us an attitude of criticism and doubt, of neutrality and divided obligation, which we cannot help.*

What we want of England is that she put forward a challenge to the nations of the world, an offer to join with any nations that are ready, in the beginnings of international organization. In a world in which some nations are not yet willing to organize, any alliance to be ethical must be not a closed alliance of the old kind such as could be mistaken for an aggressive alliance, but a federation *perpetually open* to any nation that is willing to come in on condition of assuming reasonable responsibilities. By such a challenge we want England to mobilize her spiritual forces and to get the conflict as rapidly as possible out of the military and into the moral arena.

And yet, though the pacifist, like every one else, must have his own theory and his own conviction, he has no right to dogmatize about it. The 'conscientious objector' has no monopoly of conscience. Young men do not lay down their lives, fathers and mothers

do not give their sons for anything that we may touch with sacrilegious hands. Truth is not a theory, not a set of facts. It is a spiritual thing; and the price of it is obedience. He who gives most receives most. And the best thing the pacifist can do is to bow his head in the presence of those who have given more than he.

III

Yes, you are right. It is because I love and idealize England that it hurts me so to see her assume that it is for her to judge, for her to punish. It is because the sacrifice has been so unspeakably costly — on both sides — that I cannot bear to see it spent for any cheap imperialistic gains such as Italy on the Slavic side of the Adriatic, Russia on the Dardanelles, England in the German colonies — or for the still cheaper commercial exploitations designed at the Paris conference.

Annexations of Belgian and French territory by Germany, or the destruction of Serbia and Montenegro, I agree with you in thinking intolerable. But does any one really suppose to-day that the Allies could not make peace now without yielding these essential points? The cynical suspicion haunts one that England does not desire an explicit German statement which would deprive her of her claim that she is fighting to redeem Belgium and France and Serbia, and which would expose her as continuing the war which is ruining all Europe, for the sake of retaining the captured German colonies and dominating the near East.

As you say, each belligerent is under the gravest suspicion till terms are unequivocally stated.

The only tolerable solution of all this tangled misery is the international solution. I share your disappointment that America has not proved mature enough to lead the way toward this, and

I have hopes that she may yet do so in some measure.

England says that she must 'crush German militarism,' Germany that she must have a guarantee against future wars. Does this mean that England wants to tear Germany to pieces? That Germany plans to secure strategic frontiers, by annexation if necessary? Or would England accept, as proof that

the danger of German militarism is past, a willingness on her part to enter the international fold? And would Germany accept, as the needed guarantee of future peace, the creation of an organized society of nations offering really adequate protection against attack?

These are the questions on which the fate of the world hangs.

IRELAND, 1916—AND BEYOND

BY HENRY W. MASSINGHAM

'They that have red cheeks will have pale cheeks for my sake, and for all that, they will think they are well paid.' — The Old Woman, in *Cathleen-Ni-Houlihan*.

IN more than one period of the Anglo-Irish association it has been the misfortune of England to forget Ireland at the moment when the relationship of the two countries should have been closer and more sympathetic than usual. She forgot her after the famine, and she forgot her when the great war broke out. She had her excuse. The war had obliterated the whole field of her domestic politics and destroyed or suspended her party system. But even then her statesmen would have done well to remember that July, 1914, had been a time of crisis for Ireland, no less than for her. She had watched the enlistment of at least one hundred thousand Irishmen, answering to the ominous title of 'Volunteers.' She had found herself unable to fulfill her pledge of Home Rule save under conditions which Catholic and Nationalist Ireland would not accept, or which Pro-

testant Ireland would resist by force. Her experience of Ireland should have taught her the desperate seriousness of this sudden reincarnation of the spirit of force. The Ulstermen had got their arms, and one of their prelates had acclaimed the merciful Providence under which the gun-running vessel, the *Fanny*, had reached her destination 'guided' by 'God's hand' and 'shielded by his fogs.' Ulster was ready, or affected to be ready, to put all to the test of force.

We envy not the sluggard's peace,
We grasp our trusty sword,

sang one of the bards of Belfast of the incipient revolution.

The thunder was not all of the stage. Ulster's threat had all but demoralized the British army, and it was at least an important element in the German calculation of the part that England was likely to play in a European struggle. In July, 1914, there was well-founded belief in the imminence of at least a local civil war. In August, 1914, the

smaller disturbance had been swallowed up in the conflagration of the world. But the Irish problem remained, subject to three new and serious aggravations. The first was the postponement of Home Rule. The second was the weakening of the Irish Parliamentary party. The third was the growth of Sinn Féin. All three causes were connected. If Mr. Redmond's following had been a little stronger and younger, he might have wrested from England a definite concession for Home Rule in return for his rally to the war. This in turn would have drawn the vitality out of the growing movement of revolt and turned its energies inward and to constitutional lines. Mr. Redmond, never, like Parnell, a great personal force in Ireland, committed the generous error of leaning too heavily on English opinion in face of an uncompleted treaty of reconciliation with Ireland.

Nationalist Ireland was not unregardful of the cause of liberty in Europe; but she was hardly prepared to stand in a body by England's side in a great war. Nor was Mr. Redmond able to secure for her the romantic and individual share in the campaign at which he aimed. He hoped for an Irish Brigade, commanded by Irish officers. The brigade was never formed. Military etiquette stood in the way, and the delicate task of recruiting for the volunteer armies was not always intrusted to men who knew how to attract the political and religious sympathies of the towns and countryside of the West and the South. Nor was pro-Germanism quite absent. A section of the higher clergy, and some of the parish priests, were friendly to Austria as the great conservative Catholic power in Europe; a smaller section professed to find in Germany the champion of the principle of authority in the State, as against French skepticism and separatism. In a word, war distracted Ireland while it

united England. The latter was caught up in the whirlwind, while she was in the middle of a slow and much-impeded bit of political evolution of her own. Events marched too quickly for her.

Above all, the Ireland of the last ten years was herself the centre of an attractive and disturbing intellectual movement of her own. The Victorian revival of letters had died away. But Irish genius had rarely shone more brightly. Shaw, Wilde, Yeats, Synge, Moore, George Russell, and Lady Gregory were acknowledged stars of literature and journalism. Behind them ranged a peculiarly native and original flight of poetry and inspiration. The scholars of the Gaelic League, and the younger poets who sprang from its revival of the Irish tongue, owed nothing to English influences and traditions. Like so much of Yeats and Synge, they were pure Celt. And they stood apart from Irish parliamentary politics and in real, though not always avowed, hostility to it. What was Westminster to them? The homes of their thought lay amid the heather and cabins of Connemara and the rock-islands of the Atlantic coast, where the old language and the old folk of Ireland lingered. These wastes they repeopled with the delicate forms born of a half-tender, half-ironical and critical spirit. But they could not banish the present. The new Irish poetic drama was divided between the tendency to rebuke the romanticism of the national movement and the impulse to invest it with a fresh apparel of beauty, woven of poetry and legend. Who can say which was the stronger? The mockery of *John Bull's Other Island*, the more savage satire of *The Playboy of the Western World* condemned the revolutionary strain in Irish politics. 'Forget and work. — Learn and adapt. — Go back to business and good sense,' was their message. But neither could exorcise the idealism that looks through

Irish poverty by the windows of the soul. In *Cathleen-Ni-Houlihan* the idealism is undisguised. The Sinn Fein rising yields no surprise in the light of that slight but wonderful vision of the unreconciled Irish spirit. When the 'ships are in the bay' the Irish boy is still minded to leave home and sweet-heart, as he left them in the spring of 1916.

But it would be excessive to attribute Sinn Fein merely to the restless memories of the past which flit through the Irish mind, in the vacancy of unemployment and half-employment. Ireland, indeed, is still idle so far as her intellectual life is concerned, and will be so until Home Rule, an organized civil service, and a congenial educational system have filled the blank spaces of her energies. But she might have settled down to wait for the Home Rule bill to become a law but for the immense disturbance of the war. That brought with it two evils, the Coalition and Conscription. The first largely overthrew the Irish power in Parliament. When the two main British parties came into union, the Irish control of our politics ceased to exist. Liberalism, the friend of Nationalism, had fallen — or had apparently made friends with Unionism, its enemy. Conscription, again, set up a strong belief in the intention of the mixed government to draft the young Irish nation into the armies before it had settled in its mind whether it would accept a treaty of peace with its old master. Sinn Fein worked on this suspicion. The volunteers who broke away from Mr. Redmond's control — and the majority seceded — were diligently practiced in tactics designed to resist a house-to-house visitation of the recruiting sergeants. Impatient Ireland was told that conscription had been decided on in the secret session. In any case, with the postponement of Home Rule and the

certainty that either four or six Ulster counties would be excluded, the fixed points of hope or calculation in Irish politics seemed to disappear. What could the Home Rule bill set up? 'No real power of self-government; only a derived and enfeebled assembly, subject to the concurrent legislation of England and to concurrent taxation,'¹ said the extremists. To this Sinn Fein opposed the idea of Grattan's Parliament — the claim, namely, of the people of Ireland 'to be bound only by laws enacted by his Majesty and the Parliament of the Kingdom.' Given a coördinate parliament in Dublin, the Sinn Feiners would have been content. McDonagh, one of the executed leaders, was in the habit of declaring that he would make peace with England on the day after the King had been crowned in Ireland. The wilder spirits of the Irish Republican Brotherhood, the evil genius of Sinn Fein, saw such an independent Ireland arise from a German victory, and looked to a volunteer Irish army to guard and guarantee it.

But the Nationalist Volunteer movement did not arise from the war; it was an answer to the Ulster organization and was a more democratic copy of its method and spirit. Under the scheme of partition, Nationalist Ireland saw the flower of Irish Nationalism plucked away from the parent stem. Who was to look after the rights and liberties of Catholic Ulster under an Orange administration? The Nationalist Volunteers decided that they would. Who would keep the tender plant of Home Rule in being? That, again, should be their care. The danger of surrounding Mr. Redmond, Prime Minister of Ireland, with this unasked-for bodyguard was obvious; he had not created it, but neither could he disband it. Down came the European storm, blowing away the Ulster revolt and the threat-

¹ The Sinn Fein Constitution.

ened schism in the army, but leaving the Nationalist Volunteers in the field.

Had time marched a little slower, had Anglo-Irish reconciliation gone a little further, all might have been well, for Unionism was slowly edging toward an acceptance of Home Rule. But there were violently hostile elements. Orange Ulster had gone back to its drum-beating. Brought sharply face to face with a parliament for all Ireland sitting in Dublin, it would not allow that so bad a thing as Catholicism could turn out good men of business, fit to govern Ireland and be put over the heads of the merchants and manufacturers of Belfast, the inspirers and directors of the immense activity and success of the Northern industries. Pride of wealth, of race, and religion made it at once skeptical and intolerant of Home Rule. Nor, in spite of the secession of Sir Edward Carson from the extreme tenets of Irish Unionism, has it to this day taken one practical step toward conversion. It notoriously rebuffed Mr. Asquith on his visit to Belfast. It is not at all certain that it will consent to follow Sir Edward.

Yet the Ulster revolt aroused a deeper resentment in Liberal England than in Nationalist Ireland. Looking backward, the more extreme Irish Nationalist may have seen in it the rewriting of a famous page in Irish history, when the Protestant North led in the battle of liberty; and it was a not unnatural instinct for Mr. Redmond and his colleagues to counsel tenderness in dealing with it. They did not want to be responsible for coercing Irishmen, whether the color they wore was green or orange. But the ominous fact was, not only that Irishmen of all colors were getting in rifles, and that the country was beginning to look like an armed camp, but that the Parliamentary party was losing control of the situation. In the mere course of nature its strength

had passed its meridian. Its leaders were growing old, tired, and — in the view of an intensely Irish Ireland — over-Anglicized. Westminster had worn them out. A great Parliamentary figure, Mr. Redmond was never known and followed in Ireland as Parnell was known and followed. With the organization of the transport-workers, new economic questions had arisen in urban centres, with which he was unfamiliar; and new leaders, hot and impatient men like Larkin and Connolly, had arisen, to control or be controlled by them.

Mr. Dillon maintained a closer and firmer touch with the country, but he was unsympathetic to the coöperative movement and the new scientific spirit in agriculture, linked as they were, through the personalities of Sir Horace Plunkett and Mr. George Russell, to the literary revival and to the more temperate spirit and the moral teaching of the earlier Sinn Fein. Ireland began to want a different kind of parliament from that provided by the Home Rule bill, and different men to lead it. The Sinn Feiners themselves called for a federation of county councils. Pearse, the most idealistic of their leaders, was one of the few Irishmen who welcomed Mr. Birrell's Councils bill as a step in this direction. New ideas and possibilities for Irish education, the vision of a trained and organized race of farmers, were in their minds. The Parliamentarians were forgetting Ireland at the critical hour, and to her great misfortune Ireland forgot them.

Nor was Mr. Birrell, the Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant and the real governor of Ireland, the man to piece together the sundering elements in Irish political society. After years of office Ireland had tired him out. He had done two great things for her. He had carried a Home Rule bill, and he had settled the great problem of higher

education, before which the leaders of the two opposing schools of British policy in Ireland, Gladstone and Balfour, had equally recoiled. That was enough work for his unambitious, literary, and pessimistic temperament. The task of seeing Ireland through the interim period, during which the Home Rule bill would become a law, was distasteful and difficult. Distasteful, because it involved a series of small compromises in Nationalist administration, and difficult because of the growing Orange revolt and the unrest provoked by the war. It was necessary to govern to some extent with Mr. Redmond, and yet how could there be true partisanship between him and Dublin Castle? Some show of patronage Nationalism must claim, in view of the coming of the new order, but not without weakening its public spirit and popular appeal. Moreover Mr. Birrell felt that the half-acquiescence of the Executive in the incipient Ulster rebellion had disarmed it for a ruthless dealing with the Nationalist Volunteers. The Sinn Feiners were clever. They were careful to follow their illustrious model. The gun-running at Howth was a close copy of the Orangeman's exploit at Larne. Germany was the impartial provider of both these highly providential gifts. A Liberal statesman was in a dilemma. How crush a movement which its promoters identified with the law that was to be — that is, Home Rule — after half-condoning a movement directed avowedly both against the law that was and the law that was to come?

It would seem therefore as if Ireland, at the moment when she most wanted government, was most lacking in its means and instruments. British rule was gone or was going. Irish self-government, its inevitable substitute, had not arrived. Even if the path to it had been a smoother one, it was doubtful if the Home Rule bill was a vessel

into which could be poured the ripening energies of the people. Save in the towns, the standard of life was rising fast. No visitor to the West could fail to be struck with the social changes wrought by Land Purchase and Land Distribution, by the rehousing work of the Land Commission and the Congested Districts Board, and the application of Old-Age pensions on the English scale to a countryside where a flow of silver money was almost as rare a thing as boots on the children's feet. The people began to feel a new pride in themselves, and also to realize how narrow a life theirs must be so long as Ireland remained at once poor and dependent. Had Sinn Fein been in wiser hands, had there been no war and no Dublin strikes, had capital in the South been led by a statesman rather than by a man of hard and despotic temper, and had Mr. Redmond been able to add the flower of the new Irishmen to the little band of intellectuals he had actually recruited; had Britain been quicker and more generous, and Ulster less bigoted and self-sufficient, — in a word, had time and tide been for the most unlucky of countries instead of against her, — there might have been a promising start for Home Rule. The worst did not indeed happen. The country districts refused to join the towns, even in the one southern county where a rebellion was most to be dreaded; and the crushing of the weak and divided rising was certain when the formidable ranks of Volunteers shrank to the measure of a couple of thousand men and boys,¹ and a short-lived strategy of street-fighting. Again England had her chance in Ireland, and it is not certain that she has lost it.

The first steps were mistaken ones, for England failed to realize how completely the rising was broken and how

¹ I should say that half the prisoners I saw in Kilmainham were under 20. — THE AUTHOR.

important it was for the main body of Irish Nationalism to hold it in due perspective. Its extraordinary folly and impatience, the inconsequence of its leadership, the evil of the German association, were evident. But it had features bound to endear it to the Irish man and woman who read the history of their country less in sequence than in the flash-light of its romantic episodes. The Sinn Fein leaders were men of piety and singleness of character. I have heard the story of their deaths from an eye-witness: it was a study in unaffected courage and nobility of bearing. Ireland heard of it almost before the echoes of the firing party's rifles had died away; and the Catholic Church, faithful to her sons, has given it a canonization of pity and sympathy. Had the dribble of executions been avoided, or had it been stayed after the death of the signatories to the revolutionary manifesto, Ireland's first impulse of repudiation would, I think, have remained with her. If it changed to sorrow and anger, we must blame our want of magnanimity, and see how the break in the reconciling policy can be mended once more.

To this amending policy there are, I think, two main clues. The first is the break up of the solid Unionism which had never advanced since 1886, when its highest point was Mr. Chamberlain's conception of a grant of Home Rule based on the relationship of a colonial provincial legislature to a Dominion or Commonwealth parliament. There is again a Unionist Secretary for Ireland. But it is known that Mr. Duke has gone to Dublin to promote a settlement of the two inseparable questions of social order and self-government. His success with Southern Unionism can hardly be doubted; three figures of the quality of the Archbishop of Dublin, Sir Horace Plunkett, and Lord Monteagle could make a treaty with

Nationalist Ireland on a basis that would give the South and West a conservative, but a fairly enlightened and representative, government. Ulster remains; the wall of her local separatism is unbroken. Not so her old, fast alliance with British Unionism. Whether Sir Edward Carson's understanding with Mr. Redmond holds or no, the British Unionist party is under an unwritten but ineluctable compact with the Nationalist leader to give him the full equivalent of his support of the war and his tender of Nationalist aid for it. There is only one limit. A Parliament for all Ireland will now, it is clear, have to come through Ulster's disillusionment with partition, but also after fair trial of that experiment. What she wants is to realize once for all that the trial will be made, that is, that direct British government over two thirds of the Irish people will soon determine, and that her choice will then lie between acceptance of her lot in Ireland and a cramped and expensive life as an *annexe* of Downing Street. This is the point which will test the statesmanship of her leaders. Hitherto they have hardly been tried, for British Unionism has stood between them and true responsibility. The time is coming when they will stand alone.

The second clue to the future of Irish government is that which the rebellion itself has afforded. Strategically the Dublin rising was based on a clever plan of resistance to everything that a regular army could bring against the method of the barricades — except artillery. The moment this was brought to bear on the rebel lines by land and water, the fighting was at an end. The original political miscalculation — for there was no inherent connection between Sinn Fein and rebellion, and in its earlier stages the movement was both ethical and political — was still more vital. I have suggested that the Sinn

Feiners had not entirely misread the Irish situation. Absolute separation was not their real goal, but rather the organization of an Ireland cut away from the blight of Anglicanism and 'West Britonism.' And they achieved one true point of criticism. They saw that Ireland wanted something at once more practical and more ideal than the kind of parliament that the Home Rule bill, both in its first and in its amended form, could give her. The blunder of Sinn Fein was to think it possible that two virtually coördinate parliaments could exist (in dissension with each other) in London and Dublin. Obviously the disparity of wealth, of power, would be too great. A self-governed Ireland could always embarrass England. But England in isolation from Ireland or in hostility to her could ruin her economically and politically so long as the British Empire existed and we remained at the head of it.

The question is whether another and a better way is not open for the greater and lesser unit, to walk together. Such a way has been opened by the suggestion that a final settlement should come after the war, through the intervention of the over-seas Dominions, and as part of a new Imperial constitution. Some such work of federation is overdue, for the British Empire has clearly outgrown its one sovereign Parliament on the banks of the Thames. That idea is the one survival of Mr. Lloyd George's abortive scheme of partition. It implies something more than a system of delegation from the Imperial Parliament, with local assemblies sitting, say at Edinburgh, Dublin, and Cardiff. Our Imperial constitution must assume Ireland to be a unit in the Empire, and give her both a local representation and a share in the Imperial government. Her resulting liberties would then come, not as a gift from the nation that broke Ireland's Parliament, but from the

union of states on which the stamp of her own exiled genius is visibly laid.

But before the Empire takes on so great a responsibility, there is a question which she must ask Ireland, and which Ireland must ask herself once and for all — will she accept British citizenship? Why not? Even the Sinn Fein constitution does not prohibit a free union with her old suzerain. Nor with the defeat of Germany does any other possible future open up to her. Absolute independence is a dream. But independence on the scale or after the likeness of Canada, or New Zealand, in which thousands of Irishmen have a share, is no dream, but a possible, and even a near, reality. Only in this way do we attain a solution of the mixed problem of nationality and empire, which neither the Home Rule bill, nor Mr. Chamberlain's plan of provincial self-government, nor the Sinn Fein propaganda could yield. The existing deadlock in Anglo-Irish politics might seem to forbid such an issue. But the entanglement, like the blazing forest that lay in Siegfried's path to Brünnhilde, is more apparent than real. Nationalists cannot force Home Rule against Ulster. But neither, in face of Mr. Redmond's lavish gift of Irish youth for a British war, can Ulster stop Home Rule. Is it in her interest to try? Ulster is Irish, not English. Her trade looks on two great markets. The road to neither is in her hands or in those of Ireland. For the day after the partition to which she is in effect a consenting party, the Ulster commercial — who is a debtor to the Irish peasant-farmer — must ask himself whether he really wishes to see his creditor sole master of the finance and the administration of the West, the Centre, and the South. His answer may not be immediate, but it is not doubtful. When it is given, the story of old Ireland comes to an end and that of new Ireland begins.

JOHN BULL GETS HIS EYE IN

BY LEWIS R. FREEMAN

IN the year that had gone by since the first great air-raid on London, we knew that much had been done in the way of strengthening the defenses. Just what had been done, we did not, of course, and do not, know. We knew that there were more and better guns and searchlights, and probably greatly improved means of anticipating the coming of the raiders and of following and reporting their movements after they did come. At the same time, we knew also that the latest Zeppelin had been greatly improved; that it was larger, faster, capable of ascending to a greater altitude, and probably able to stand more and heavier gun-fire than its prototype of a year ago. It seemed to be a question, therefore, whether or not the guns could range the raiders, and, if so, do them any vital damage when they hit them. The aeroplane was an unknown quantity, and, in the popular mind at least, not seriously reckoned with. London knew that the crucial test would not come until an airship tried again to penetrate to the heart of the metropolitan area, and awaited the result calmly if not quite indifferently.

The Zeppelin raids of the spring and early summer, numerous as they had been, had done a negligible amount of military damage, and scarcely more to civil property. The death-list, too, had, mercifully, been very low. It seemed significant, however, that the main London defenses had been avoided during all this time, indicating, apparently, that the raiders were reluctant

to lift the lid of the Pandora's Box that was laid out so temptingly before them, for fear of the possible consequences. Twice or thrice, watching with my glasses after I had been awakened by distant bomb-explosions or gun-fire, I had seen a shell-pocketed airship draw back, as a yellow dog refuses the challenge that his intrusion has provoked, and glide off into the darkness of some safer area. 'Would they try it again?' was the question Londoners asked themselves as the dark of the moon came round each month; and, except for the comparatively few who had had personal experience of the terror and death that follow the swathe of an air-raider, most of them seemed rather anxious to have the matter put to the test.

Last night — just twelve 'darks-of-the-moon' after the first great raid of 1915 — the test came. It was hardly a conclusive one, perhaps (though that may well have come before these lines find their way into print); but it was certainly highly illuminative. I write this on returning to London from viewing — twenty miles away — a tangled mass of wreckage and a heap of charred bodies, all that remain of a super-Zeppelin and its crew which — whether by accident, intent, or the force of circumstances will probably never be known — rushed in where two other of its aerial sisters feared to fly, and paid the cost.

There was nothing of the surprise (to London, at least; as regards the ill-starred Zeppelin crew none can say)

in last night's raid. The coming of the airships was known far in advance. The night grew more heavily overcast as the darkness deepened, and toward midnight stealthy little beams of hooded searchlights pirouetting on the clouds told the home-wending Saturday night theatre crowd that, with the imminent approach of the raiders, London was lifting a corner of its mask of blackness and throwing out an open challenge to the enemy. This was the first time that I had known the lights to precede the actual explosion of bombs, and the cool confidence of the thing indeed suggested (as I heard one policeman tell another) that the defense had something 'up their sleeves.'

It was toward one in the morning when I finished my supper at a West End restaurant and started walking through the almost deserted streets to my hotel. London is anything but a bedlam after midnight, but the silence in the early hours of this morning was positively uncanny.

Reaching my room, I pulled on a sweater, ran up the curtain, laid my glass ready, and seated myself at the window — the same window from which, a year ago, I had watched. Would it be like that to-night, I wondered (there was now no doubt that the raiders were near, for the searchlights had multiplied and, though no detonations were audible, quick flashes told of scattering gun-fire), or would the defense have more of a word to say for itself this time? I looked to the heavens, where the shifting clouds were now 'polka-dotted' with the fluttering golden motes of a score of searchlights, and I thought that I had found my answer.

There was no wheeling and reeling of the lights in wide circles, as a year ago, but rather a steady persistent stabbing at the clouds, each light appearing to keep to an allotted area of its own.

'Stabbing' expresses the action exactly, and it recalled to me an occasion, a month ago, when a 'Tommy' who was showing me through some captured dug-outs on the Somme, illustrated, with bayonet thrusts, the manner in which they had originally searched for Germans hiding under the straw mattresses. There was nothing panicky in the work of the lights this time, but only the suggestion of methodical, ordered, relentless vigilance.

'Encouraging as a preliminary,' I said to myself. 'Now' (for the night was electric with import) 'for the main event.'

There was not long to wait. The gun-flashes had increased in frequency, followed by mist-dulled blurs of brightness in the clouds that told of bursting shell. Suddenly, through a rift in the clouds, I saw a new kind of glare, — the earthward-launched beam of an airship's searchlight groping for its target, — but the shifting mist-curtain intervened again, even as one of the defending lights took up the challenge and flashed its own rapier ray in quick reply. Presently the muffled boom of bombs floated to my ears, and then the sharper rattle of a sudden gust of gun-fire. This was quickly followed by a confused roar of sound, evidently from many bombs dropped simultaneously or in quick succession, and I knew that one of two things had happened — either the raider had found its mark and was delivering 'rapid fire,' or the guns were making it so hot for the visitor that it had been compelled to dump its explosives and seek safety in flight. When a minute or more had gone by without a single red glow growing out of the fitful flashes from the bombs, I felt sure that the latter had been scuttled, and that it was now only a question which direction the flight was going to take.

Again the searchlights gave me the

answer. By two and three — I could not follow the order of the thing, but I knew it was being directed by some extremely capable and well-informed individual 'somewhere' — the lights that had been 'patrolling' the sky moved over and took their stations around a certain low-hanging cloud. The murky sheet of cumulo-nimbus seemed to pale and dissolve in the concentrated rays; and then, right into the focus of golden glow formed by the dancing light motes, running wild and blind as a bull charges the red mantle masking the matador, darted a huge Zeppelin.

Perhaps never before in all time has a single object been the centre of so blinding a glare. It seemed that the optic nerve must wither in so fierce a light; and certainly no unprotected eye could have opened to it. Dark glasses might have made it bearable, but could not possibly have resolved the earthward prospect into anything less than the heart of a fiery furnace. Indeed, it is very doubtful if the bewildered fugitive knew, in more than the most general way, where it was. Cut off by the guns from retreat in that direction, but knowing that the North Sea and safety could be reached by driving, it is more than probable that the harried raider found itself over the 'Lion's Den' rather because it could not help it than by deliberate intent.

What a contrast was this blinded, reeling thing to those arrogantly purposeful raiders of a year ago! Supreme-ly disdainful of gun and searchlight, these had prowled till the last of their bombs had been planted, and one of them had even circled back. But *this* raider — although it was far larger than its predecessors, and was flying at over twice as great a height — dashed on its erratic course as if pursued by the vengeful spirits of those whom its harpy sisters had bombed to death in

their beds. If it still had bombs to drop, its commander either had no time or no heart for the job. Never have I seen an inanimate thing typify terror — the terror that must have gripped the hearts of its palpably flustered (to judge by the airship's movements) crew — better than that staggering helpless maverick of a Zeppelin when it finally found itself clutched in the tentacles of the searchlights.

All this time, the weird uncanny silence that brooded over the streets before I had come indoors held the city in its spell. The watching thousands — nay, millions — kept their excitement in leash, and the propeller of the raider — muffled by the mists intervening between the earth and the 12,000 feet at which it whirled — dulled to a drowsy drone. Into this tense silence the sudden fire of a hundred anti-aircraft guns — opening in unison as though at the pull of a single lanyard — cut in a blended roar like the Crack o' Doom; indeed, although few among those hushed, watching millions realized it, it *was* literally the Crack o' Doom that was sounding. For perhaps a minute or a minute and a half the air was vibrant with the roar of hard-pumped guns and the shriek of speeding shell, the great sound from below drowning the sharper cracks from the steel-cold flashes in the upper air.

It was guns that were built for the job — not the hastily gathered and wholly inadequate artillery of a year ago — that were speaking now, and the voice was one of ordered, imperious authority. Specially devised range-finders had the marauder's altitude to a yard, and the information was being put at the disposal of guns that had the power to 'deliver the goods' at that level, and probably a few thousand feet farther up if required. What a contrast the sequel was to that pitiful firing of the other raid! Only the

opening shots were 'shorts' or 'wides' now; and ten seconds after the first gun, a diamond-clear burst blinking out through a rift in the upper clouds told that the raider — to use a naval term — was 'straddled,' had shells exploding both above and below it. From that instant till the guns ceased to roar, seventy or eighty seconds later, the shell-bursts, lacing the air with golden glimmers, meshed the flying raider in a fiery net.

For a few seconds it seemed to me that, close-woven as was the net of shell-bursts, the flashes came hardly as fast as the roar of the guns would seem to warrant; and I swept the heavens with my glasses in a search for other possible targets. But no other raider was in sight; there was no other 'nodal centre' of gun-fire and searchlights. Suddenly the reason for the apparent discrepancy was clear to me. The flashes I saw (except for a few of the shrapnel bullets they were releasing) were only the misses; the hits I could not see. The long-awaited test was at its crucial stage. Empty of bombs and with half of its fuel consumed, the raider was at the zenith of its flight, and yet the guns were ranging it with ease. It was now a question, how much shell-fire the super-Zeppelin (for such there is every reason to believe it was) could stand.

In spite of the fact that the airship — so far as I could see through my glasses — did not appear to slow down or to be perceptibly racked by the gun-fire, I have no doubt what the end would have been if the test could have been pressed to its conclusion. Therefore, the idea seems to be for the powerful guns simply to prepare the raider for the 'killing,' after the manner of the picadors in a bull fight, and to leave the *coup de grâce* to be administered by the matador — an aeroplane. If this, as I feel sure, was the plan, it was car-

ried to its conclusion with the almost mathematical precision that marked the preliminary searchlight work and gunnery.

From the moment it had burst into sight the raider had been emitting clouds of white gas to hide itself from the searchlights and the guns, while the plainly visible movements of its lateral planes seemed to indicate that it was making desperate efforts to climb still higher into the thinning upper air. Neither expedient was of much use. The swirling gas-clouds might well have obscured a hovering airship, but never one that was rushing through the air at seventy miles an hour; while, far from increasing its altitude, there seemed to be a slight but steady loss from the moment the guns ceased until, two or three miles farther along, it was hidden from sight for a minute by a low-hanging cloud. Undoubtedly the aim of the gunners had been to 'hole,' not to fire the marauder, and it must have been losing gas very rapidly, even — as the climactic moment of the attack approached — at the time that increased buoyancy was most desirable.

The massed searchlights let go shortly after the gun-fire ceased, and now, as the raider came within their field, the more scattered lights wheeled up and 'fastened on.' The fugitive changed its course about this time, and the swelling clouds of vapor left behind presently cut off its foreshortened length entirely from my view. A heavy ground mist appeared to prevail beyond the heights, and in the diffused glow of the searchlights that strove to pierce this mask my glasses caught the ghostly shadows of flitting aeroplanes — the matadors manœuvring for the death-thrust.

The ground mist kept the full strength of the searchlights from the upper air, and it was in a sky of almost

Stygian blackness that the final blow was sent home. The farmers tell weird stories of the crackle of machine-gun fire above the clouds and the detonations of bursting bombs striking their fields; but all these sounds were absorbed in the twenty-mile air-cushion that was now interposed between my vantage-point and the final scene of action.

Not a sound, not a shadow, heralded the flare of yellow light which suddenly flashed out in the heavens and spread latitudinally until the whole body of a Zeppelin — no small object even at twenty miles — stood out in glowing incandescence. Then a great sheet of pink-white flame shot up, and in the ripples of rosy light which suffused the earth for scores of miles, I could read the gilded lettering on my binoculars. This was undoubtedly the explosion of the ignited hydrogen of the main gas-bags, and immediately following it, the great frame collapsed in the middle and began falling slowly toward the earth, burning now with a bright yellow flame above which the curl of black smoke was distinctly visible. A lurid burst of light — doubtless from the exploding petrol tanks — flared up as the flaming mass struck the earth, and a half-minute later the night, save for the questing searchlights, was again as black as ever.

Then perhaps the strangest thing of all occurred. London began to cheer. I would have been prepared for it in Paris, or Rome, or Berlin, or even New York, but that the Briton — who of all men in the world most fears the sound of his own voice lifted in unrestrained jubilation — was really cheering, and in millions, was almost too much. I pinched my arm to be sure that I had not dozed away, and, lost in wonder, forgot for a minute or two the great drama just enacted.

Under my window a half-dozen Aus-

tralian 'Tommies' were rending the air with 'coo-ees' and dancing around a lamp-post, while all along the street, from doorways and windows, exultant shouting could be heard. For several blocks in all directions the cheers rang out clear and loud, distinctly recognizable as such; the sound from the millions of throats farther afield came only as a heavy rumbling hum. Perhaps since the dawn of creation the air has not trembled with so strange a sound, a sound which, though entirely human in its origin, was still unhuman, unearthly, fantastic. Certainly never before in history — not even during the great volcanic eruptions — has so huge a number of people (the fall of the Zeppelin had been visible through a fifty to seventy-five-mile radius in all directions, a region with probably from ten to fifteen million inhabitants) been suddenly and intensely stirred by a single event.

It was undoubtedly the spectacular quality of the unexpected *coup* that made these normally repressed millions so suddenly and so violently vocal. Many — perhaps most — stopped cheering when they had had time to realize that a score of human beings were being burned to cinders in the heart of that flaming comet in the northeastern heavens; others — I knew the only recently restored tenements where some of them were — must have shouted in all the grimmer exultation for that very realization. I can hardly say yet which stirred me more deeply, the fall of the Zeppelin itself or that stupendous burst of feeling aroused by its fall.

By taxi, milk-cart, tram, and any other conveyance that offered, but mostly on foot, I threaded highway and byway for the next four hours, and shortly after daybreak scrambled through the last of a dozen thorny

hedgerows and found myself beside the still smouldering wreckage of the fallen raider. An orderly cordon of soldiers surrounding an acre of blackened and twisted metal, miles and miles of tangled wire, and a score or so of Flying Corps men already busily engaged loading the wreckage into waiting motor-lorries — that was about all there was to see. A ten-foot-square green tarpaulin covered all that could be gathered together of the airship's crew. Some of the fragments were readily recognizable as having once been the arms and legs and trunks of men; others were not.

A man at my elbow — a general wearing the red tab of the Staff — stood gazing at the pitiful heap for a space, his brow puckered in thought. Presently he turned to me, a grim light in his eye, and spoke.

'Do you know,' he said, 'that these' (indicating the charred stumps under the square of canvas) 'have just recalled to me the words Count Zeppelin is reported to have used at a great mass meeting called in Berlin to press for a more rigorous prosecution of the war against England by air, for a further increase of "frightfulness." Leading two airship pilots to the front of the platform he shouted to the crowd, "Here are two men who were over London last night!" And the assembled thousands, so the dispatch said, roared their applause and clamored that the Zeppelins be sent again and again until the arrogant Englanders were brought to their knees. Well' — he paused and drew a deep breath as his eyes returned to the heap of blackened fragments — 'it appears that they *did* send the Zeppelins again — more than ever were sent before — and now it is *our* turn to be presented to "the men who were over London last night." I wonder if the flare that consumed these poor devils was bright enough to pierce the

black night that has settled down over Germany.'

After the incidents recorded above befell, I was spending the night in —, which has been a more or less direct objective of half the air-attacks on England. It is a place of great military importance, and, therefore, one which the Germans had a certain justification in smashing up — if they could. There had been a bit of indiscriminate bombing of the sea and sands in this region during the big raid, and early on the evening in question, word went round that the Zeppelins were expected over — before morning. The information proved to be correct. The raiders *did* come. Here is what I set down of the attack in my journal.

'All were on the *qui vive* last night, for word had come that the Zepps might be expected any time after midnight. I got up and sat by the window along toward one o'clock, for a peep out had revealed a fog-bank creeping in, and if the raiders were going to come they would have to do so before the fog masked the coast entirely from their view. The night was inky — not the flicker of a candle showed at the edge of a curtain, not even the watery reflection of a riding-light blinked in the harbor. Suddenly, without an audible signal or alarm of any kind, a searchlight was unmasked somewhere on the foreshore, and a hot gush of radiance leaped seaward as its beam was directed, at a low angle, straight out to some point apparently located in advance.

'A crisp crescent of the in-rolling fog-bank turned to golden vapor in the lower semi-circle of the piercing beam; but the upper pricked out of the velvety blackness two tiny wriggling glow-worms, which anything less powerful than the lenses of my "prism" would never have magnified enough to make recognizable as Zeppelins. I was just barely able to discern that

they were in motion, apparently executing some manoeuvre. Now they were microscopic balls, now rounded oblongs, now straight-lined slivers; and then, in reverse, they became oblongs and balls again. "Head-on, side-on, tail-on," I repeated to myself; and then, with dawning comprehension, "As I live, they're 'hooking it'! They're funkling the 'Archies' before a shot has been fired."

The schooling beam of the searchlight shook back and forth for a few moments like a warning finger, and then, as if in confirmation of my conjecture, blinked once or twice and went to sleep. The tenseness passed out of the night, and — the raid was over. Who knows but that — so far as the threat to England is concerned — the passing of a Zeppelin marked also the passing of *the* Zeppelin!

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ENDICOTT AND I CONDUCT AN ORCHESTRA

WHEN two people conduct an orchestra there is plot material. If the two are knit by marriage ties, the plot thickens. Endicott and I conduct a family orchestra, he at the piano, I playing second violin. I know more about music than does Endicott; he is more musical than I. I keep the time; he has the temperament. Temperament is more noble than time, but time, I shall always insist, has its place, perhaps nowhere more appropriately than in an orchestra. He, at the piano, can dominate the situation more neatly than I. In my position among the strings, however, I can more readily organize a strike.

The rest of the 'pieces' are presided over by our children, young people of inflexible spirit and chromatic moods. Sometimes we doubt whether we have our troupe under the rigid control which, as parents, we might expect to command. The conductivity of an orchestra, says our son Geoffrey, varies with the distance of the blood-relation-

ship between artists and conductor. When the children were little, we held the pleasant theory that a family orchestra would draw us all close together, standing always as a symbol of our perfect harmony. That would be all right if the harmony would only go to suit us all equally at the same time. As it is, our little band, in which observers find so touching a picture of hearthside unity, suggests sometimes all the elements of guerrilla warfare.

The question most likely to strain diplomatic relations is the choice of what to play. This is complicated by the fact that we each judge music by a different norm. Geoffrey, for instance, begs us not to play anything where the cornet has to rest too much. He says that he cannot keep track of a rest of more than forty-seven measures, and be absolutely sure of coming in again at the right place. Every one admits that it is unfortunate when Geoffrey comes in at the wrong place. There is no smoothing over the astonishing effect of his premature trumpeting. 'You cannot,' says Geoffrey, 'do the dumb shuffle on the cornet.' For his sake, then, in

looking over new music, we examine the cornet part for rests before we buy.

Endicott, a quorum in himself, agrees to anything except five sharps. Once seated upon the long piano bench, he is the genial patriarch at home. The girls, gracefully in league, object to extremes of any kind. They are our star performers, and must be humored at any cost. Knowing that the first violin and the 'cello are too valuable for us to lose, they exercise a cool and shameless power of veto at every turn. I myself admire extremes. My tastes are catholic, and my choices range all the way from the *Unfinished Symphony* to *The Swing*, by Sudds. The one thing in all the world that I really will not play is Schumann's *Warum*, a favorite with the first violin. This worthy composition leaves me undone for days. Its insane, insistent question slides through my mind, over and over. I will not play it. I will not think of it. I will not even explain my antipathy. I have hidden the music.

Probably the assembling of an orchestra is, to the audience, a conventional and colorless affair enough. Any players of chamber music, however, who have been confined to a space that housed as many other things as does our sitting-room, know better. After bringing in enough dining-room chairs to seat the players, and adjusting the cross-legged music-stands, we find ourselves a little short of room. We have as yet been unable to find a type of music-stand which will not trip up long-limbed cornetists off their guard. One evening when Geoffrey, threading his way to his seat, really did lose his balance, and plunged head-first into my work-basket, one foot in the fireplace and the other still entangled in Barbara's music-stand, affairs rose to a climax.

'Everybody more than a mile high please leave the room,' said Barbara,

leaning over her 'cello and unweaving the legs of the stand from among her brother's feet. Any quotation from *Alice in Wonderland* is always calculated to infuriate the men of our family, and Endicott turned at once to his son's support.

'I don't see,' said Endicott, 'why Barbara does n't arrange some little device for her music, just as Margaret does. Those tin spider-legs are really dangerous.'

Margaret's 'device' is at least not dangerous. She always pins her music to the tomato pin-cushion on the mantel, and stands aloof, compactly.

'There is no need of taking up all the room that Geoffrey takes,' said Barbara sweetly. 'I can hardly keep my bow from getting broken on his knee. No 'cellist ought to have to suit his bowing to the traffic.'

Once comfortably settled, we tune. That is one thing that we all will do. Ever since the children began to learn, when even the baby would bring his harmonica and say, 'Give me *M*,' they have always played to pitch. For this fact, Endicott is not responsible. In the midst of the most critical attuning of our strings, Endicott will cease his obvious business of giving us 'A,' and will break into little improvised arpeggios and fanfares, incorrigibly. Why pianists do this will never fully appear. After the best disciplinary training that accompanist ever had, Endicott still continues to 'practice his part' while the rest of us are tuning our fifths.

From my position in the orchestra, I can see the whole group reflected in the mirror over the fireplace. This helps me to conduct, and it also gives me pleasure. Barbara's 'cello is the most picturesque of our instruments. I find something very lovable about the long, vibrant strings, and the gracious curves of its worn, dark form. A 'cello is big enough so that you can embrace it

and treat it as an equal, — big enough to satisfy your love for layer on layer of velvet tone. And Geoffrey is the most picturesque of all our players. There may be men who can play a cornet with a perfectly natural cast of countenance, concealing their attention to a proper 'lip' under a nonchalant expression. There is nothing nonchalant about Geoffrey's lean cheek and beetling brows. His eyes are purposeful and all his hair erect. His incalculable legs are far astray, and the very angle of his elbows has a look of do or die. Margaret, on tiptoe, before her tomato pin-cushion, is perhaps not wholly at one with the group. One evening she turned briskly about, waved her violin like a brakeman's flag, and announced that somebody was out, and we'd better begin at 'K.'

'It was old Meggie herself,' said Geoffrey fraternally. 'Everybody's out of step but Meggie.'

Does every amateur orchestra, I wonder, when trying new music, interrupt itself sometimes for the tentative inquiry, 'Are we all at "J"?' Now and then we have an uneasy feeling that we all are *not* at 'J,' and a general assurance that we are lends confidence. Another amateur pleasure of ours is in taking liberties with repeat signs. If we like the passage extremely, we mind the repeat; if we are not acutely stirred, we take the second ending. With new music, we have no way of knowing beforehand what we shall especially admire. It chances, accordingly, that the cornet and the 'cello perhaps shout in the same breath, 'Repeat!' and 'Don't repeat!' respectively. At such moments, it is impossible to keep the orchestra together, even with two conductors. We usually stop and have a family consultation as to who is conducting this band, anyway.

Orders of the sort just mentioned, shouted into the middle of the music,

are apt to sound blunt, not to say savage. When you have a violin beneath your chin, and a melody beneath your bow, you simply cannot converse in human tones, no matter how mild your mood. There is a certain tenseness about your voice, a dictatorial crispness about your brief request, that is likely to sound domineering. Margaret and Geoffrey, one evening, almost became permanently estranged because Geoffrey in the midst of a lovely passage took the mouth-piece of his cornet from his lips long enough to roar, 'Three flats! Three flats!' for her guidance. Such stage directions have a brusque and startling tone, as if the speaker had stood all he could from you, up to the explosion point, and must now relieve his mind. Then too, there is of course a subtle excitement about the playing that approaches the danger-mark if anything happens to spoil the spell. Julia Ward Howe used to be all keyed up, she says, when she played with an orchestra; and so am I. Little things seem vital in such moods.

But I think that the part that we shall all remember is something more difficult to describe. Sometimes, of a witching night, when we all are keyed for the music, and outside circumstances behave in normal fashion, there comes an experience worth all the years of scratchy scales that went before. We are in the midst of the *Larghetto*, in the *Second Symphony*, perhaps. I am not conducting. Neither is Endicott. Perhaps Beethoven prefers to conduct the *Larghetto* himself. And then, suddenly, as one sometimes on a journey becomes vividly aware of a breeze and blue distance, and firm hills beneath his feet, I really hear the chord that we are playing. It is no longer a measured flow of mingled sound, but distinct, exquisite, richly personal to me. There is the queer little rush of the accent

that comes from the first violin when Margaret is really stirred; the 'cello's full response, vibrant, but soft with hidden masses of covered tone. I can feel my own little second fiddle quivering beneath my bow. There is some curious connecting of the spirit in the playing of a chord. Again and again we find it. Probably these moments are what we live for, varied though our programmes always are. In our cabinet are certain ragged folios that we try not to play too often. They live in a promiscuous company: *Peer Gynt* and the *Edinburgh Quadrille*; Massenet and MacDowell; *The Red Mill*; Liszt and Bach; *The Toy Symphony* and Schumann's *Liebesgarten* — each of these has its time. Our only question is, What next?

At times, when we have been ambitious all the evening, and Geoffrey's lip is tired, we hunt up one of the songs arranged for voice and orchestra. The 'Shoogy Shoo' is one of these. Endicott then, with generous baritone, sings as he will, while the rest of us, with mutes astride our bridges, follow on. I shall not hear that song without the picture of the group in the mirror: Endicott upon the old red piano-bench, his hair silver under the lamp-light, his mood transformed. He is no longer the down-trodden accompanist, to whom a measure is restraint, but the untrammelled artist creating his own rhythms. What is a measure or two among friends? Then I watch the girls, now wholly at ease, their bows moving softly, their eyes upon their muted strings. Geoffrey listens, with his cornet on his knee.

After all, though music that we long to play is far beyond us, though we can not always find all the parts, no matter how many times we search the piles; though the telephone rings, and the heater blows off steam — these all are only passing discords. Some sort of

music is always ready, alluring: Mr. Strauss for times of enterprise, with all our reckless hearts; the 'Shoogy Shoo' for moments when strings have snapped; ancient hymns at twilight of a Sunday evening, with Endicott to sing, and now and then a guest with a fiddle of his own. After such evenings as these are over, when the children are putting away the instruments and folding the stands, and I go about locking up the house for the night, I think that I do not greatly care who really conducts that orchestra — Endicott or I.

OUR ENGLISH FRIENDS

Hardy

AN English oak
Whose leaves have so long listened
To the winds from Stonehenge
That their own messages
Are tinged with Druid sadness;
But what a stately melancholy,
A noble pensiveness
That hawthorn blossoms cannot last,
That summer must come claiming at
the end;
And then autumn, and then winter!
The golden gorse and purple heather
Hearken to him quite as rapt as we!

Galsworthy

So unmistakably the gentleman
That, now and again,
One suffers embarrassment
On being led to Whitechapel,
Into gaol or the coal-pits.
An artist hampered a bit
By his 'varsity blazer,
His 'varsity accent,
By formulæ and strings;
An artist, a genuine artist,
So much the devotee of Nemesis,
That Sophocles would have said:
'Behold a mind of amber!'
But first and last, the gentleman!

Wells

A seer under a brown derby,
 With ideas so outrageously active
 That they leap-frog over one another
 Straight into the To-morrow!
 Guy Fawkes to Mrs. Grundy:
 Her house is doomed;
 Her daughters fan the fuse,
 For he knows their quirks
 And the twists of their antagonists —
 Meaning all men.
 From the tragedies and comedies
 Of his own up-hill life,
 He has ferreted out,
 Piece by piece,
 The heart of realities.
 These pieces he has unblushingly
 Combined and recombined,
 And cast before us,
 Bound together by an invincible
 dream —
 This glorified Mr. Polly!

Kipling

The man stands outside of his work, —
 A little cold, a little hard,
 For all the tenderness of
 'Wee Willie Winkie' and 'The Brush-
 wood Boy';
 And most of us treat him
 As though he had died some fifteen
 years ago.
 And if he did, it is because we killed
 him:
 Starving the whole great heart of In-
 dia
 — Which was his own —
 When we passed by the hands which
 reached out
 From the deep magnificence of 'Kim'!

LITERARY STEPPING-STONES

At a meeting of a certain Writers'
 Guild, not long ago, there occurred a
 general confession, during which several
 of the 'arrived' related their first timid

adventures along the insidious shoals
 which lead to the solid ground of edi-
 torial recognition. Each told how he
 first came to sell an offspring of his pen,
 and what he did with the money. The
 variety of literary experiences ranged
 from that of the magazine-story writer,
 who broke into print with a newspaper
 item that brought him a dollar and a
 half to buy a pair of silk socks, to the
 Pallas-like entrance from obscurity of
 a young woman, who, not having 'writ-
 ten' anything in her life, leaped full
 armed into fame with a two-hundred-
 dollar short story.

Thinking over these early beginnings
 of some of our still industrious climbers,
 one is moved to wonder about the early
 beginnings of the truly great ones of
 the trade. Henry James, for instance.
 It would be enlightening to know for
 just what scholarly emission he received
 his first bona-fide and undeniable and
 soul-inspiring check. And Stevenson.
 I have often wondered whether that in-
 comparably dull essay of his, *Roads*,
 were not the misshapen, colorless em-
 bryo that was to develop into *Aes Tri-
 plex* and *Treasure Island*.

It is difficult to recollect when the
 verb 'to write' took, in my vocabulary,
 a meaning disassociated from my ef-
 forts Spencian or vertical. Long be-
 fore I could read, I used to spend happy
 hours transcribing, with pencil and pa-
 per, the stories in my Andersen and
 Grimm. I did not know one letter from
 another, but I filled whole pages with
 straggling lines of characters, copied
 laboriously with cramped little fingers
 as one draws a picture. Gradually,
 these took on individuality, and I
 taught myself to read in this way, but
 I preferred print to writing until after I
 started to school.

My first story, about a New York
 society woman who gave a bull-fight in
 Madison Square Garden, — not at any
 time since have I conceived such an

original plot, — was written when I was nine years old; but I was well on in high school when I first came to know the smug pleasure of hearing a girl in the locker hall whisper to another girl, indicating me, —

'She writes, you know.'

As the recognized literary member of the family, whose stories had appeared in print in the high-school paper, I was naturally disgruntled when my sister Elizabeth, who was not generally recognized as literary, received five dollars from a magazine for something she had 'written.' Immediately I set to work to redeem myself. The *Woman's Home Companion* at that time conducted a department called the 'Help One Another Club,' and, reading that the 'club' desired helpful hints for invalids, I conceived a wholly mythical bed-ridden aunt, and wrote of her an equally mythical life history, telling, in two hundred words, how she had kept a large family happily and safely together. For this touching biography, I received a crisp, new one-dollar bill. Elizabeth had gained a like amount from the invention of an invalid friend in Texas, and we went down town to luncheon and the matinée. We knew a lovely tea-room, where it was a joy to eat, and whenever one of us had any money she invited the other to lunch.

During the year after my first success, I earned a number of lunches by writing helpful hints for the *Woman's Home Companion* and the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and I learned early that the more imaginative my hints were, the more sure they were of publication.

Stevenson once remarked that a check never seemed like money to him, and that when he received one in the mail he went in terror lest payment on it be stopped, or the bank fail before he could cash it. For myself, I like the dignity and importance which a check

imparts. All my early literary successes were paid for with one- or two-dollar bills, which were so plebeian and homey that they prevented me from realizing that I was actually writing for the magazines. My first check came from *Good Housekeeping*. I had written the story of a colony club in our city — a true story this time — and was paid eighteen dollars therefor. I decided at once to go into the 'writing game' for life, and used fourteen dollars of my check to buy an *International Dictionary* and a stand. It was one purchase, at all events, that I did not afterwards regret.

With the help and stimulus of the dictionary, I essayed higher flights, and landed next time in the *Atlantic Monthly* with a contribution for this Club. Elizabeth was the only one who knew about it before I sent it in; it was the first thing I had ever submitted to a literary magazine; and the essay represented, also, the first typewriting that I had ever done. It consisted of probably twelve hundred words, but I worked all day over the final copy, perspiring freely before a friend's typewriter, and using about a hundred sheets of paper. I learned then the power of an inked ribbon to transfer its color from the human fingers to a white margin, thereby eliminating the open spaces which the advertising experts assure us are imperiously necessary as being restful to the eye. In appearance my essay was as smeared and blotchy and disreputable as a piece of writing could well be. I mailed it without hope, and it was accepted at once, which fact has always enabled me to discount the pessimistic utterances of certain writers as to the treatment of beginners by the editors.

I shall never, never forget the day that wonderful acceptance came. We had guests in the house, and the women folks were all arraying themselves for a

day's shopping. I was taking a bath. I expect that every crisis in my life will find me taking a bath. I often wake in the night shivering from a recurrent and awful dream in which my tulle veil and orange flowers lie waiting in their box and a pair of white satin shoes stand empty side by side, while I struggle with frantic and terrified ablutions that will not complete themselves and lengthen out interminably, my relatives and bridegroom calling to me all the time.

On this occasion, I had hurriedly begun to dress, when there came a thundering pound upon the door.

Thinking that somebody had fallen downstairs, I rushed to open it, and there stood Elizabeth, jumping up and down, waving a white envelope and crying, —

'Look! The *Atlantic*! An acceptance! An acceptance!'

'It is n't. I don't believe it,' I stammered incoherently, while I tore open the envelope. I hope that the editor who penned those magic lines, 'Dear madam: We shall be very happy to accept your Club on "The Unattainable,"' received, from the All-encircling Good, that day, enough happiness to balance the pleasure that he gave. It was quite too much for me to bear. I had never been so happy in my life,

and I put my head down on the edge of the chiffonier and began to cry.

Elizabeth, who should be named the Zealot because of her facile enthusiasms, still stood there, making loud vocal noises and patting me on the back. One guest, hearing the commotion, and seeing only an envelope and me with my head on the chiffonier, believed, not unnaturally, that somebody was dead and that I was about to faint away. She hastened back to her room for her traveling flask. Before I could protest or explain, she was pouring whiskey down my throat, and I went immediately into a violent choking fit, which so alarmed my mother on the floor below that she hurried upstairs as fast as she could with a glass of water, with which I was deluged by the time the situation became clear.

Then everybody talked and questioned and congratulated, for we are fond and foolish folk, who rejoice mightily over one another's good fortune. I do not recall what payment I received for that Club essay, nor what I did with the money. The remuneration was immaterial. The acceptance was the thing — the sweetest, most blissful reality. I have had many acceptances since then, but none so exciting and momentous. The first great thrill cannot come again.